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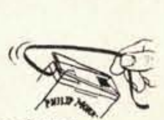
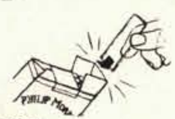
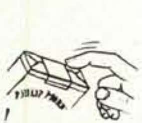

ZIP *the tape...*


SNAP *it's open...*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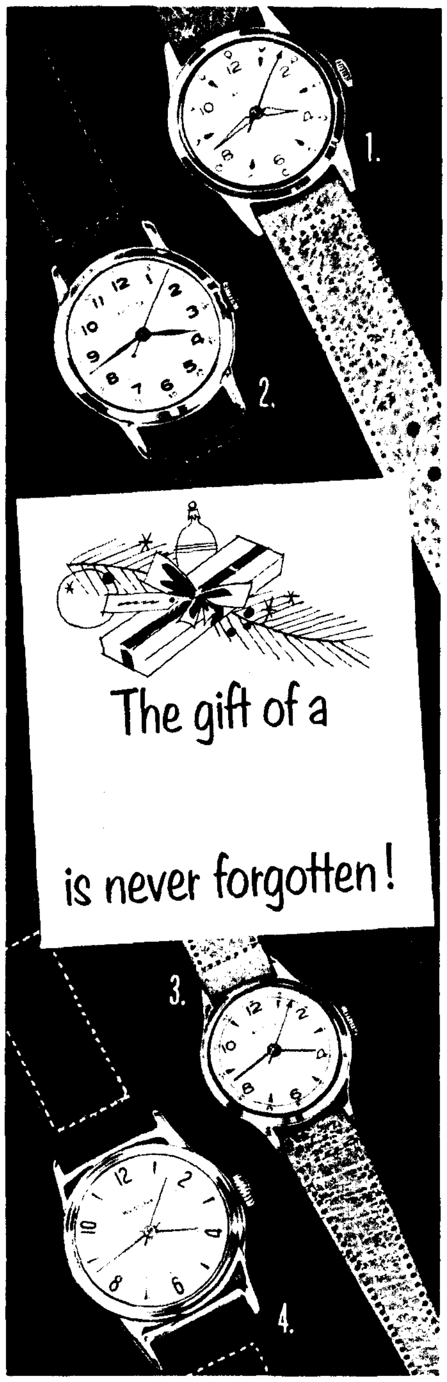

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NOVEMBER 26, 1954

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Americans are gone—real gone, in fact—on the Old Egypt craze. No wonder comedienne Imogene Coca is making like the Sphinx—with a Scarab Look, a "wig" and all the other trappings. For more photographs of Imogene and a report on the current fad, turn to Murray Robinson's hilarious article on page 21

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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They're 70 now . . . and still healthy, happy and active!

If you doubt that it's good to be alive at 70, 80 . . . or even 90 . . . look about you. You will find many of our senior citizens at these ages "spry as larks" . . . living long and liking it!

Liking it? Yes, indeed! For much is being learned about how to make life's later years happy, active and rewarding. Equally important, much has been learned about how to keep older people in good health and how to help them withstand the illnesses which formerly deprived so many of their later years.

Geriatrics . . . the science of helping older people enjoy longer life . . . has contributed much to our brighter outlook on growing older. As research in this specialty continues, perhaps even greater gains in life conservation may be made.

In addition to the striking advances made in geriatrics and other health and medical sciences, the rapid rise in our standard of living has been an important factor in making life longer and more healthful. The effect of all these advances is highlighted by the following facts:

> *The average life span for Americans is now 69 years.*
>
> *There are now more than 13 million Americans who are 65 and older, and by 1960 it is estimated that they will number 16 million.*

Specialists agree that when a man reaches his 65th or 70th birthday, his "age" depends not so much on the calendar as on his earlier health habits . . . especially during mid-life when so many of the chronic or degenerative diseases begin to develop. To help forestall such disorders, or lessen their effects if they should occur, authorities make this recommendation:

> *Go to your doctor for regular health examinations.* He may be able to detect conditions of which you are unaware. Through prompt diagnosis and treatment, he may spare you serious illness later on and perhaps add years to your life.

In addition to regular medical check-ups, a healthy old age may depend on the living habits that you follow after 40. It is important, for instance, to control your weight through proper diet. It is also wise to slow down, to get your required sleep regularly, and to take the type and amount of exercise that is best suited to your physical abilities.

For lasting contentment, it is also wise to develop a hobby or an interest in other outside activities . . . something that will help keep your mind sharp and alert. This is especially important for anyone whose previous years were spent in work requiring great mental concentration.

There is no "magic formula" for a long and healthy life. However, experts agree that the person who prepares early has the best chance of getting more . . . rather than less . . . out of the years beyond 65.

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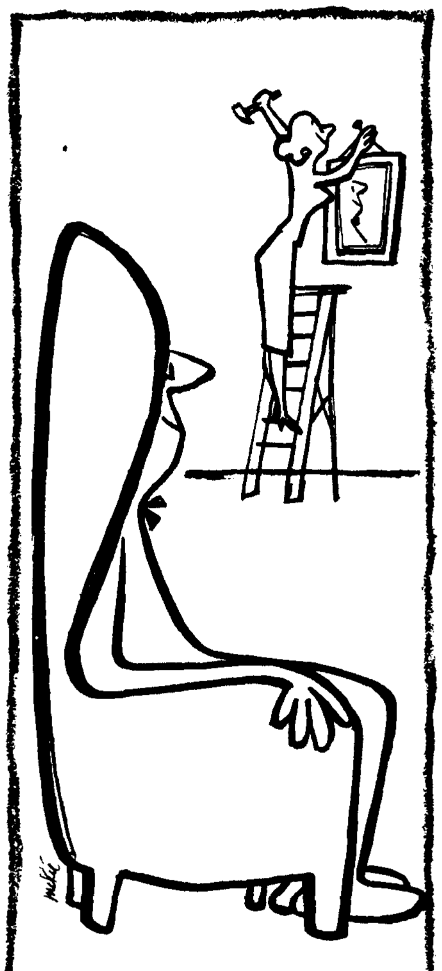

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

JUST had a look at the calendar, and you know something? It's not a bit too early to start learning the words of Auld Lang Syne. For the last five New Year's Eves I have visited the same friends, and along with the toasts and the kisses there has been an almost total blackout on the Burns lyric. This year (if the Henrys invite me again) I'm going to know Auld Lang Syne and sing it, even at the not inconsiderable risk of singing it solo.

★ ★ ★

THE RESPONSE to a few random remarks here recently about motoring manners proved, if nothing else, that the auto is here to stay, and, that being the case, I shall from time to time toss out a cultured pearl on the subject. For this issue I offer a game I've invented. On a longish motor trip I find it a pleasant pastime to sentence bad drivers, as though I were a sitting magistrate. For a minor offense I sentence the guy in the black sedan to a week's suspension of his driver's license; for major offenses without serious consequences I take away the blue convertible's license for six months. For major or minor offenses with dangerous implications, suspension for a year. And so on. It may sound like a rather patronizing game (and it is), but since I started playing it I notice I drive a little more carefully myself, if only because I don't want to have to banish myself to the company of those other jerks.

★ ★ ★

YOU CAN'T copyright a title. So two friends of mine will be represented on Broadway this season by titles alone. One of the friends is Joel Sayre, who wrote a satire called Hizzoner the Mayor. The other is Wilder Hobson, who wrote a sophisticated novella called All Summer Long. Now I see that there are to be plays called Hizzoner the Mayor and All Summer Long, in no way related to Hobson or Sayre or their much earlier works. I think that instead of going to see the plays I'll just re-read the books, which would be a pleasure anyway.

★ ★ ★

IF YOU are the father of a young daughter (and I am, happily and proudly) and you make your home outside metropolitan New York or Neapolitan Naples or Kuklapolitan Hollywood, I advise you to keep her home. No matter what ideals she may have or what ambitions, or how passionately she wants to get away from you and your wife, keep her home. Don't let her go to New York, don't let her go to Hollywood. Don't let her go anywhere.

However, if you are thinking of murdering your wife, my first suggestion to you is to arrange to have your daughter become a big movie star, and *then* knock off the missus. Your daughter will testify in your behalf and you will beat the uxoricide rap. The girl will go on to worse things, but you'll be in the clear.

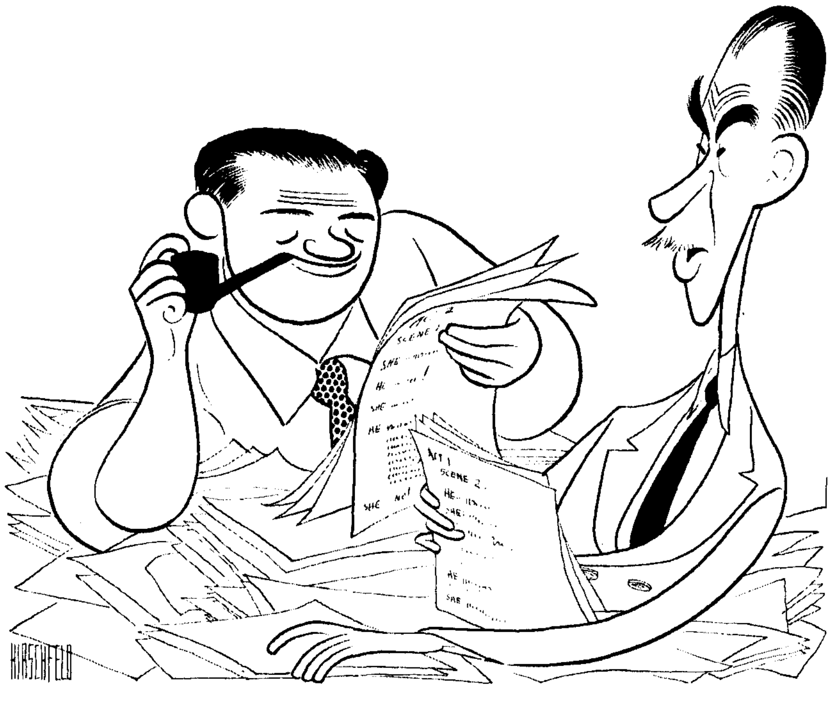
The doctrine that a girl is better off at home, in a little Spanish town or in a New England community, has found two active supporters lately. One is Robert E. Sherwood, the other is Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Joseph L. Mankiewicz is the author and director of The Barefoot Contessa, a movie; and Sherwood wrote a TV play called Diary, the second of a batch of scripts he contracted for about a year ago. There is no evidence to support the theory that Mankiewicz and Sherwood got together on the campaign to keep our daughters home. Mere coincidence, just as it is mere coincidence that both are married to former movie actresses. Mankiewicz is not in my latest edition of Who's Who, so I don't know if he has a daughter. Sherwood has a daughter.

Sherwood's second television play was rather more successful than the first in his series, which is not exactly showering him with praise. It tells the story of a New England girl who comes to New York in search of a knight in shining armor and ends up with a young hood with a gleaming .38. The girl, as played by Janice Rule, is like a lot of other teen-agers who create problems for the Travelers Aid Society, although Sherwood has seen fit to hoke her up by giving her a prop copy of Crime and Punishment, which she reads in cafeterias. The girl is not only an old story to the Travelers Aid; she is an old character of Sherwood's out of The Petrified Forest, with the difference that in twenty years Sherwood's little heroine has proceeded from Villon to Dostoevski. And let us not forget that Villon himself was a bit of a hood; the fifteenth-century dicks had a sheet on him, you know. (I love to talk out of the side of my mouth.)

The critical word this season is "resolved" or "resolution." Everything has to be resolved this year. In previous years it had to be "rewarding." Well, Sherwood's resolution seems to be that the way to stay out of trouble is not to get born, which may or may not be a subtle argument for birth control, but in any event does not square with the philosophy of Sherwood's friend, Oscar Hammerstein 2d, who would like you to be a dope for a thing called hope.

At least Sherwood's work is a pearl of simplicity in contrast with the Mankiewicz movie, which is junk jewelry or, in my book, just junk. Mankiewicz the producer-director exercised no control over Mankiewicz the screenwriter, and consequently the characters acted

AL HIRSCHFELD



There is no evidence Joe Mankiewicz and Bob Sherwood got together

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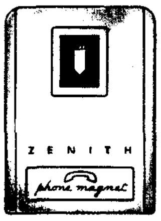

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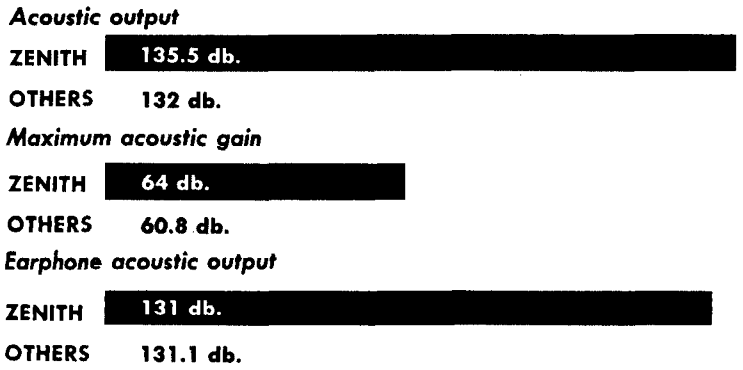

3. **The 3-transistor Zenith "Royal-T" cost $18.93 *less* to operate per year than the average of the other aids tested.**
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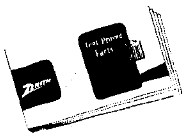

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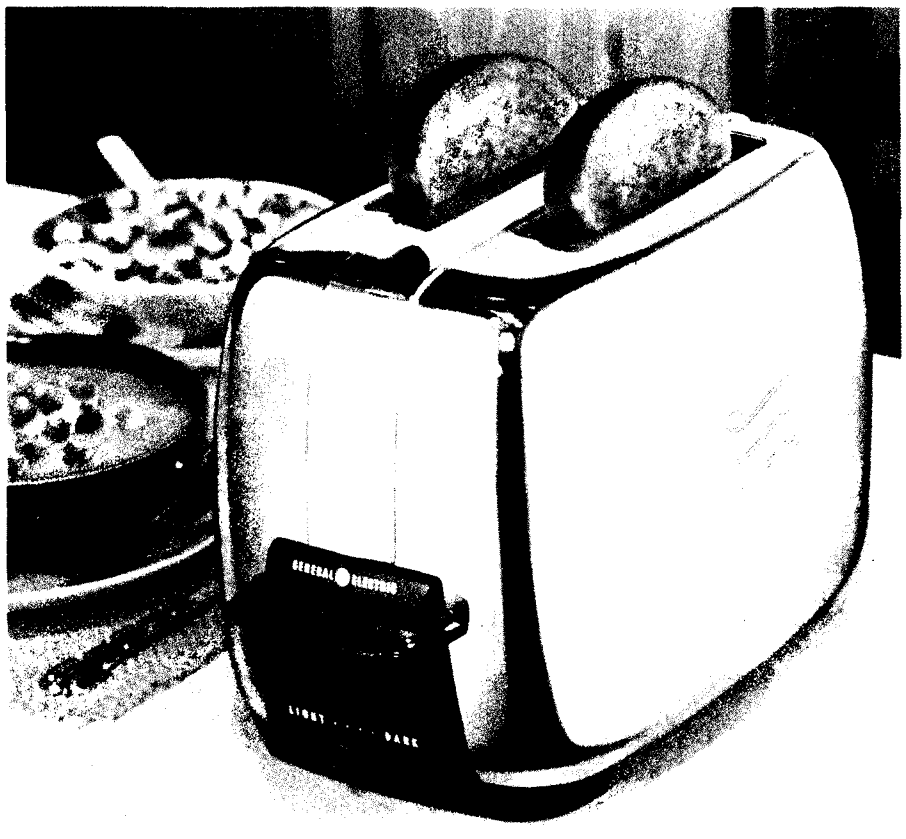

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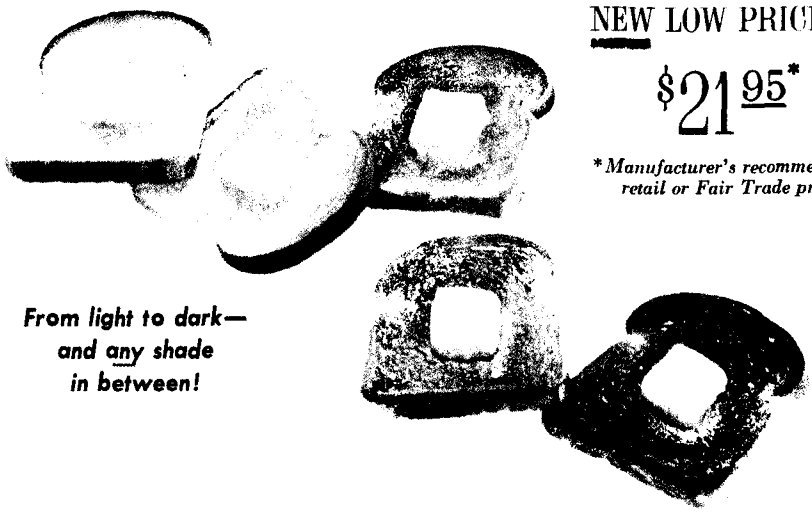

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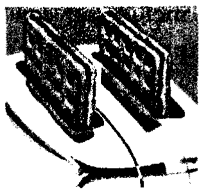
6-position control!



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by Humphrey Bogart and Edmond O'Brien talk the same idiom, which is a sort of educated wise-guy patter. The character played by Ava Gardner is something for young writers to study: she is a singer in a Spanish night club, who has all the men crazy for her but saves her favors for a guitar player, which is true enough to life in American night-club circles and must be even truer in Spain, where there are more guitar players. But she is also made out to be a cold fish and there are even some hints that she doesn't like fellows at all.

She becomes a big movie star, and when she finally marries she takes for mate an Italian count who, in October, 1942, suffered an injury that I thought Ernest Hemingway owned the copyright on. To be delicate about it, he has been wounded everywhere but in his heart. As a favor to him, although without consulting him, she decides to make him happy by having a child by someone else. The un-co-operative count bangs away with a pistol and Mankiewicz has written his tragedy.

Bogart has nothing to do and does it unobtrusively; O'Brien is good as a frenetic public-relations man, and Miss Gardner is the most unconvincing cold fish in piscatorial or pictorial history.

The first-night audience for The Barefoot Contessa did a lot of chirping as to the real-life identity of the picture's characters, but in spite of that advance publicity I didn't believe *any* of the characters, with the possible exception of O'Brien. On the way home I kept asking myself what Mankiewicz (the screenwriter) was trying to do, and at long last it came to me: he was trying to write like the F. Scott Fitzgerald of Tender Is the Night. Well, it's a laudable ambition.

It is also a laudable objective to try to keep our girls home and out of trouble. Unfortunately, however, there are two things wrong with the objective: the girls can get into trouble at home, and (b) if they all stayed home we would not have replacements for Janice Rule and Ava Gardner. Not that I am calling for replacements: Janice Rule is what is always called a good little actress, and Ava Gardner is a handsome woman who works in the movies. I am glad they left home and I hope they have a nice Thanksgiving.

★ ★ ★

I PUT ON my trench coat (which never heard a shot fired in anger) and went to see the movie Dragnet, partly out of curiosity and admiration for the radio and TV versions, and partly because my nine-year-old associate went to see it three times.

Well, I didn't find the reason for the strong box-office pull that Dragnet exerts in my little cottage, but as so often occurs on these field trips of mine, I found a nugget or two that I hadn't started to search for. I rediscovered the truth of the French saying that the more it is change, the more it is the same thing. Back in the 1930s those distinguished sociologists, the brothers Warner, were using the cinema to reveal that phenomenon called the gangster, through the documentary lectures of Professors James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. As a press agent it was my duty to make the public aware, through the newspaper and magazine folk, of the availability of the Warner course in criminology. How well we succeeded is best demonstrated, I suppose, by the income-tax returns of Harry and Jack and Albert Warner, who had the great satisfaction of enjoying financial profit while engaging in their high-minded crusade. But down at my level the greatest satisfaction was in the knowledge that whenever we opened a new gangster picture our first audience was bound to include such practical men as Pretty Amberg and Legs Diamond, not to mention other less famous but equally zealous figures. It was almost exactly as though the Warners' later studies in science had attracted a houseful of Nobel prize winners, as though the justices of the Supreme Court had flocked to the Dreyfus case, Warner version.

It was only mildly reassuring to see the face of Sgt. Joe Friday

The same kind of accolade is once again being bestowed on a Warner work: wherever I looked in the theater the other day I could see a student of modern criminology, and not one of your bookish professor types, those ivory-tower fellers that never heisted a poke or rolled a lush. No, sir. These were the successors to the Ambergs of yesteryear, practical young men in the Diamond tradition. Somehow you just knew that if you dozed off in that balcony you would wake up minus your wallet and watch. It was only mildly reassuring to have Sergeant Joe Friday's face up there on the screen. I have no great confidence in the protective power of a man who looks so much like Oscar Levant.

★ ★ ★

JUST ABOUT NOW the various committees are beginning to make their selections of the football teams that will play in the Bowl games. There are the Rose Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Grapefruit Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, the Peanut Bowl, and I don't know how many others. Since there are so many, I have a suggestion for one more. It would be a contest between two teams in the Northwest, where the trees grow, and it would be called, naturally, the Bole Bowl. (They might hold the game in Walla Walla.) ▲▲▲

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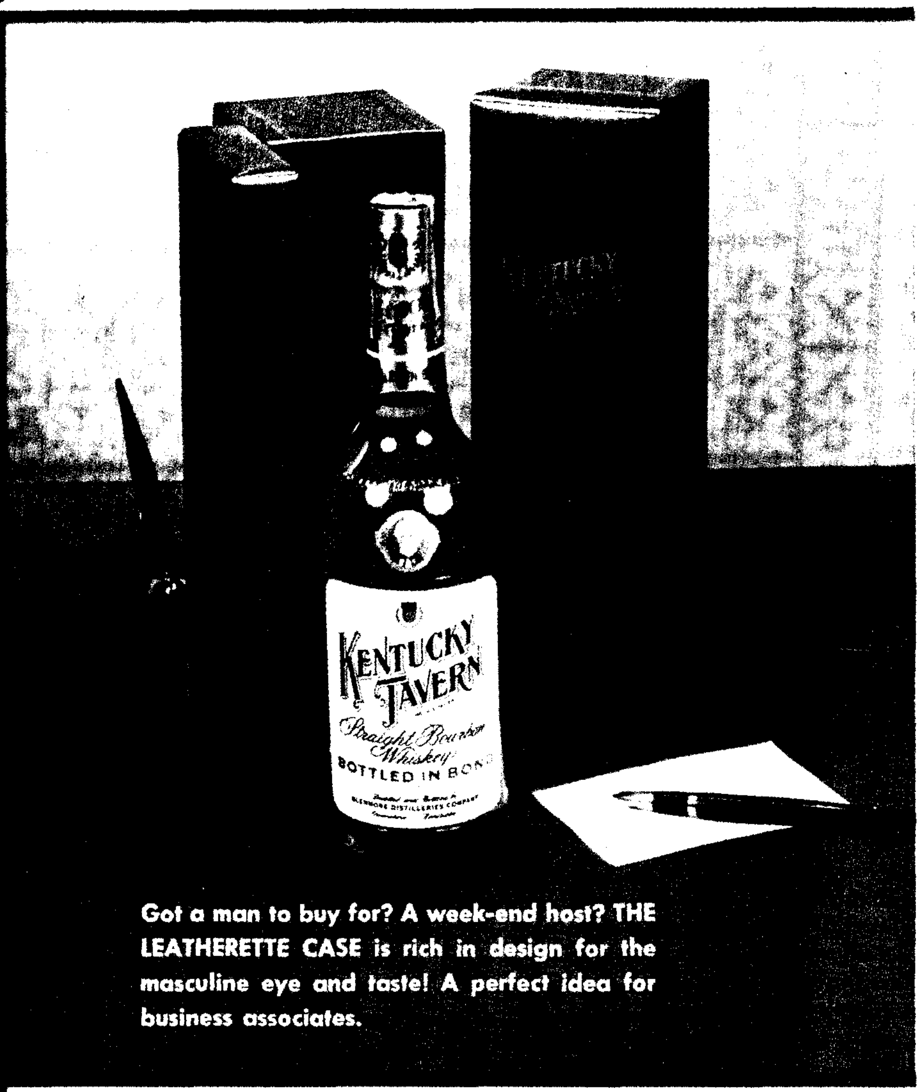

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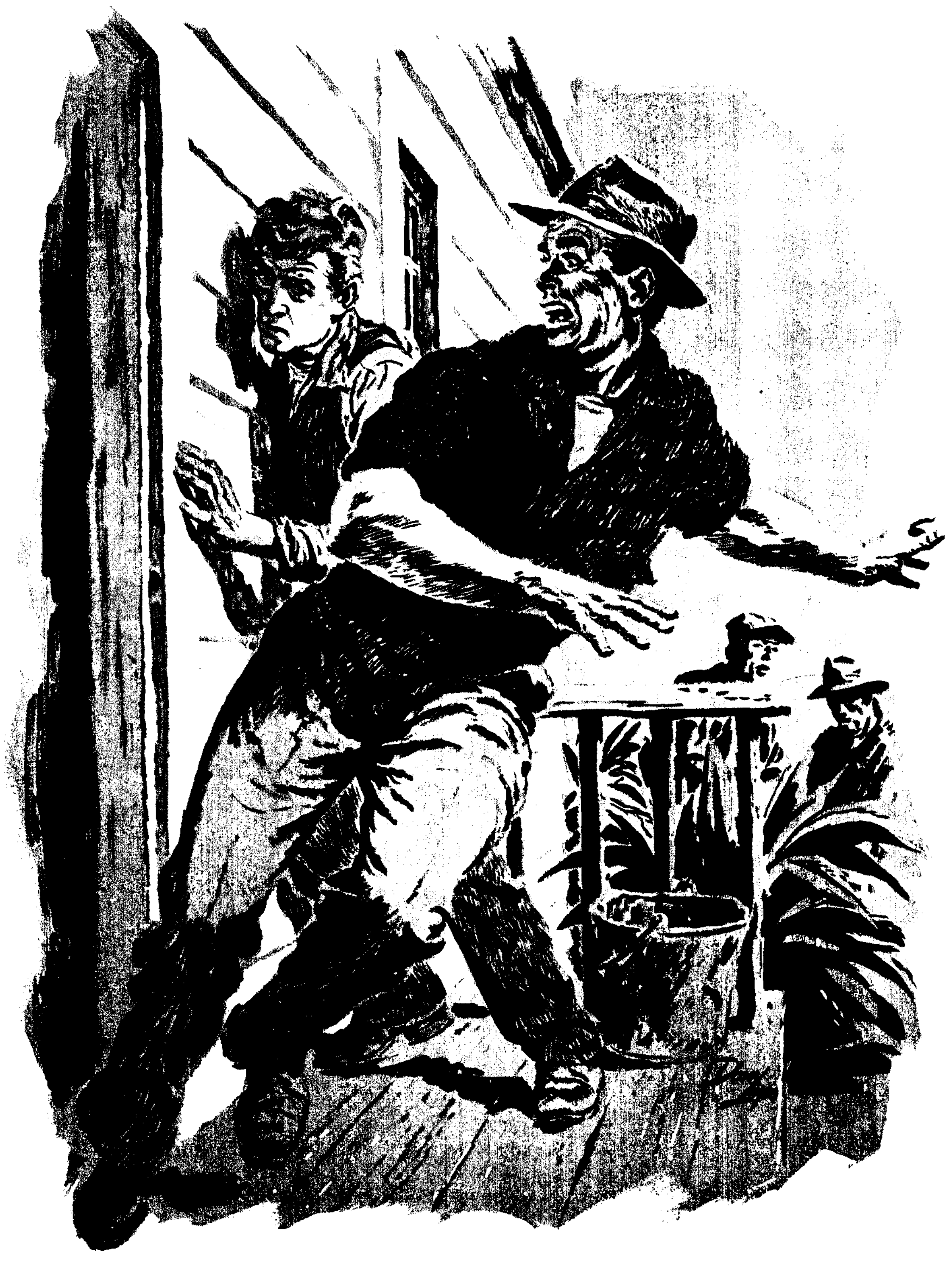
The Man Who Went Too Far

By WYATT BLASSINGAME



Mr. Grimer ran out, shaking and stumbling and yelling: "My leg, my leg!"

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

UNCLE JIMMY REDFORD was the champion coward of Melancholy Key, and he was the first to admit it. "Some folks are ashamed of being scared," Uncle Jimmy said, "but I ain't. Being scared and admitting it has saved me a powerful lot of trouble."

Uncle Jimmy was afraid of everything, and always with reason. He was afraid of the water, and as proof of the wisdom of this he would tell you about the three men who had drowned during the forty years he had lived on the island. He was terrified of physical combat—and was, as he put it, "the only man on Melancholy Key who ain't been beat up in at least one fight." He was deathly afraid of work, and could name several persons who had shortened their lives by too much of it.

"But what I'm really most scared of," Uncle Jimmy would say, "is trouble. And being scared of other things keeps me out of it."

Of course he took a lot of teasing about being a coward, but it wasn't the vicious kind of teasing. Actually, everybody liked him. He was a little man and he looked just the way you'd expect him to look. He lived by himself down on Muddy Bayou (he was afraid of women), and he liked to feed the birds and rabbits and gophers and coons that came into his yard.

Then one day a man named Henry Grimer arrived on the island and bought some land adjoining Uncle Jimmy's. And with the arrival of Mr. Grimer, Uncle Jimmy's system for keeping out of trouble blew sky-high.

This Henry Grimer was a real big shot: a big man with a big voice and big ideas. He was going to put Melancholy Key on the map. He was going to clear off the land around the bayou and build houses and maybe a yacht basin. He was, he told us as he sat on a barstool at The Anchorage, going to make something out of us crackers, whether we liked it or not. He slapped Uncle Jimmy on the back so hard his hat fell off; and he said that when he got through, Uncle Jimmy's property would be worth twenty times what it was worth now. All his pal Jim needed to do was co-operate.

Uncle Jimmy said something about kind of liking the island the way it was, but Mr. Grimer didn't hear him. He had his arm around Uncle Jimmy's shoulders, and he announced that he was going to take old James to the mainland and they'd rent an airplane and fly over the bayou and he'd point out just what had to be done. Uncle Jimmy said thanks, but he didn't think—

Mr. Grimer paid him no heed. He had Uncle Jimmy pretty well smothered under one arm, and he was booming to the rest of us about what he was going to do. He half dragged Uncle Jimmy into his car, and they were making eighty miles an hour before they turned the corner.

We didn't see Uncle Jimmy until a couple of days later, and he was still kind of pale and shaky. By then, he'd come to fear Mr. Grimer more than death itself—and Mr. Grimer, it seemed, was just about as inevitable. Not that there were any more airplane flights—it was worse than that. Mr. Grimer was a developer, and Uncle Jimmy didn't want his property developed. He didn't want houses and yacht basins like they've got in Miami. Uncle Jimmy was used to everything the way it was, and he was afraid of changing.

When Mr. Grimer learned this, Uncle Jimmy wasn't his pal any more. He was an ignorant old fool, a stumbling block in the way of progress. And Henry Grimer hated stumbling blocks.

He also hated cowards, as he frequently announced in a loud voice, particularly when Uncle Jimmy was around. Sometimes when Uncle Jimmy came into The Anchorage, Mr. Grimer would wink at the rest of us and pretend to be fighting drunk, challenging Uncle Jimmy to come outside with him. It got so Uncle Jimmy would peep in the window to make sure Mr. Grimer wasn't there before he came in.

Mr. Grimer built a dock and boathouse, and when somebody pointed out that it extended about five feet onto Uncle Jimmy's property, Mr. Grimer just laughed. Uncle Jimmy said he had enough land so the boathouse didn't hurt anything.

When Mr. Grimer began to clear off his own

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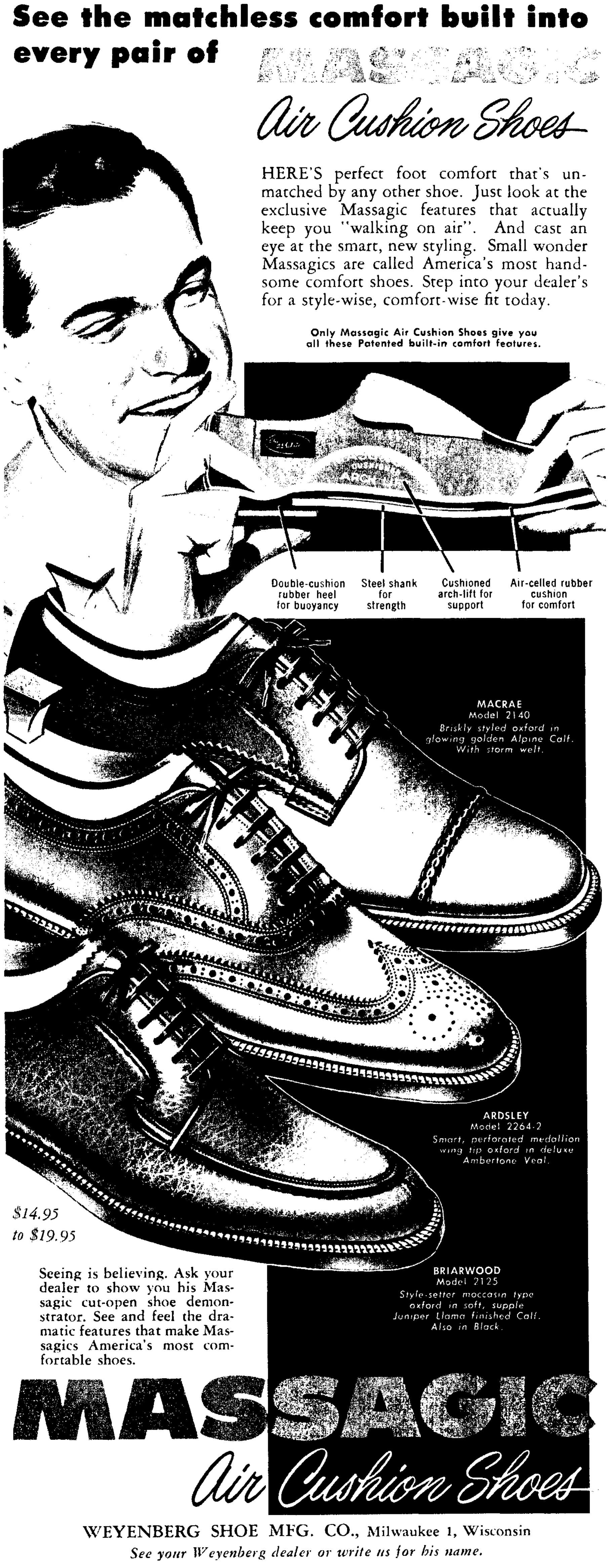

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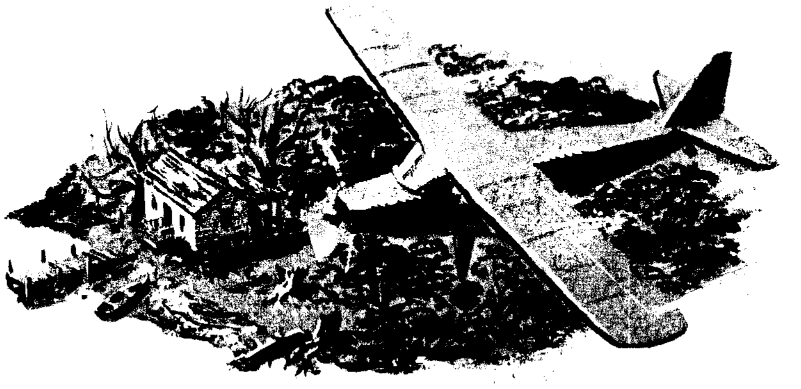

Uncle Jimmy was scared of planes but more scared of Mr. Grimer

land, he threw a whole lot of brush and trash over onto Uncle Jimmy's. Maybe Uncle Jimmy didn't really mind—it furnished more cover for the coons and other animals he liked to feed. But then Mr. Grimer got a .22 rifle and began to shoot the animals; and sometimes he shot a hole or two in Uncle Jimmy's roof, just by mistake.

We never were sure why Mr. Grimer picked on Uncle Jimmy the way he did. Maybe it was just because Grimer was the sort of man who couldn't help picking on somebody who wouldn't fight back. Maybe he was trying to run Uncle Jimmy off the island so he could buy his property cheap. Probably it was some of both. Whatever the reason, it was amazing the tricks he could think up to devil Uncle Jimmy. When he found out that if you burn poison ivy the smoke will give you a rash quicker than the plant itself, he began to burn big piles of it every time the wind blew toward Uncle Jimmy's. Uncle Jimmy's face swelled up like a full moon. He had to go to the doctor, and he was afraid of doctors.

Maybe Uncle Jimmy would have sold out and left the island if he hadn't been afraid of that too. "I been here forty years," he said. "I know everybody and everything on this island. I don't know a soul nowhere else. And I always been scared of strangers."

THEN one night he came into The Anchorage when Mr. Grimer was there, telling us how we crackers ought to appreciate what he was doing for us by living here. He didn't see Uncle Jimmy, and Uncle Jimmy sort of sneaked around back of him and touched Dewey, the bartender, on the arm. "Dewey," he said, "I'm scared."

Mr. Grimer saw him then. "The titmouse of Muddy Bayou!" he yelled.

"There's something in my house," Uncle Jimmy said, trying to pretend he didn't hear Mr. Grimer. "Right there in the front hall. I could hear it."

"What was it?" Dewey asked.

"Another mouse," Mr. Grimer said. "What else would go in that shack?"

"I don't know what it is," Uncle Jimmy said. "I was scared to go inside."

"A titmouse afraid of a mouse," Mr. Grimer said. He must have thought this was funny.

"Dewey . . ." Uncle Jimmy said.

"I can't leave my customers," Dewey said. "You know that."

Mr. Grimer got down off his stool. "The Champion Coward of Melancholy Key," he said. "You want the big man to come chase the mouse away?"

Uncle Jimmy looked out at the night (he had always been afraid of the dark) and he looked at Mr. Grimer. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down. "I'd appreciate it," he said.

"We'll all go!" Mr. Grimer yelled. He waved his arms for us to come with him. There was no telling, he said, what horrible danger lay ahead, if it had frightened a brave man like Uncle Jimmy. We would make a safari of it and Henry Grimer would buy the liquor.

IT WAS a little house with palmetto and mangrove around it. Mr. Grimer put on a big show of leading us all there, and by the time we reached the door he was several feet out in front. The rest of us were hanging back. I don't know why, exactly, but I guess we all had a kind of funny feeling, as though there were something evil behind that door.

"Who's going to volunteer for this dangerous mission?" Mr. Grimer said with a laugh. He was making a big joke out of it. Nobody said anything.

Then Uncle Jimmy spoke up. "I ain't asking anybody to go in there," he said, real serious.

Mr. Grimer laughed. "I'll bet there's panthers and Indians in there," he boomed. He snatched open the screen door and went inside.

Then he really yelled. He came out backwards, stumbling and hollering. It took three of us to hold him. He was shaking, and yelling, "My leg, my leg!" We didn't know what he meant until someone shone a light through the doorway. The entrance hall of Uncle Jimmy's house wasn't more than six feet square, and over in one corner was a big coiled rattlesnake. It struck at the light. It reached almost from wall to wall.

Mr. Grimer didn't die from the bite, but he was a sick man for a while; and he never seemed to recover completely. I don't know what it was exactly. Maybe it was the first time anyone ever called his bluff. Anyway, his voice shrunk to a kind of a whisper and he seemed to lose interest in Melancholy Key. He sold his land for about half of what he had paid for it and moved away.

What none of us could ever understand was how the snake got there. There were plenty of snakes around, but there didn't seem to be any way it could have crawled into the house. Uncle Jimmy had always been afraid of burglars, and he kept his door locked.

And nobody believed a coward like Uncle Jimmy had put it there—though of course he'd always said that what he was scared of most of all was trouble, and that he would do almost anything to keep out of that.

—WYATT BLASSINGAME

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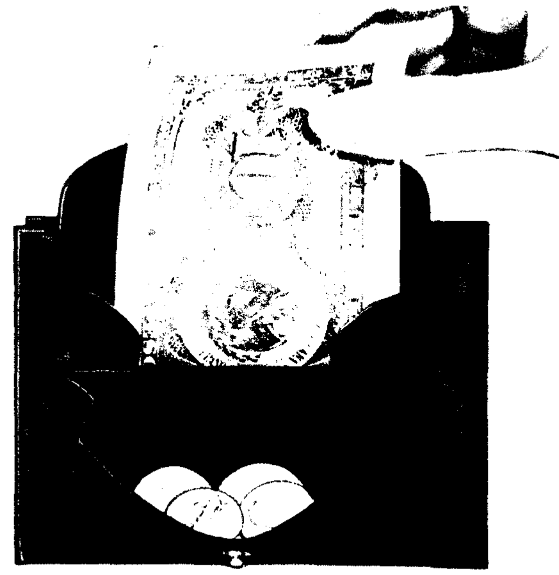

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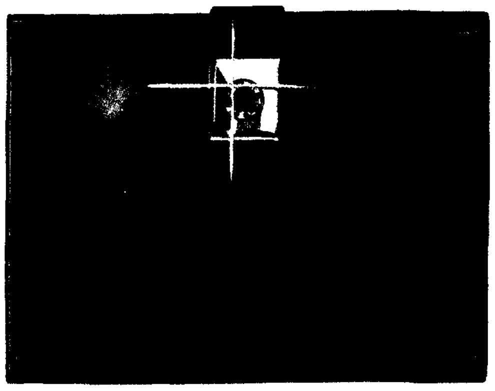

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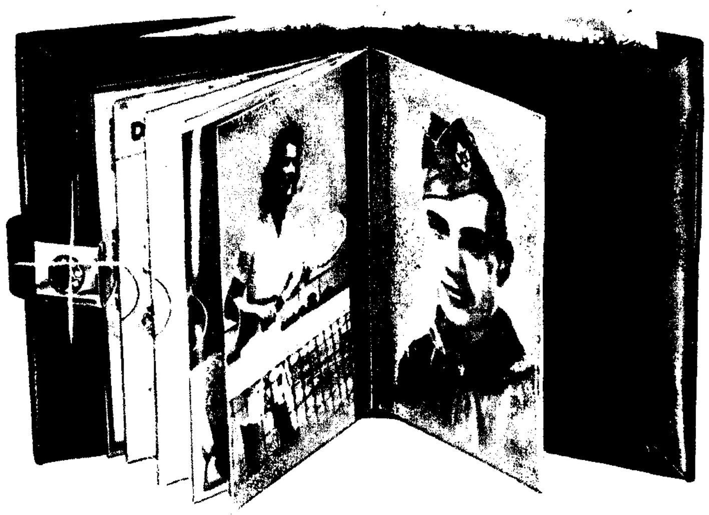

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Now here's something that could come in real handy for any senator the next time he goes on a filibuster and needs something to read into the Record by way of killing time. It's a brochure all about how to give a dirty canary a bath. How to dip it into the rinse water tail first and how to roll it in a towel afterward—all very time-consuming and instructive.

* * *

Gentleman describing himself as Heels Brannigan is filled with indignation. Cause: in St. Louis County you may be barred from the job of deputy sheriff if you have flat feet or false teeth. Cries Mr. Brannigan: "Whoever saw a deputy sheriff whose teeth weren't boughten and whose feet weren't flat? The two are practically a badge of office. This is an outrage."

* * *

After scraping the bottom of the barrel for a subject worthy of an intellectual haggle, a number of agile minds got together in Boston to talk about political analysts. The public was not invited, but our infiltrator reports they got as far as to agree that a political pundit is a journalist who interviews but frequently misquotes himself.

* * *

Let's say you're one of those onrushing people too busy to read thermometers. And yet you'd like to know whether atmospherically it's time to change your underwear. Tell you what you do. You catch a cricket. You feed it, scratch its back and otherwise reassure it. Then count its number of cheerful chirps per minute, divide by four and add 40. The result, according to an anonymous contributor to this ever-helpful department of Collier's, will be just about the correct Fahrenheit temperature. All this and a lot of superior reading and entertainment, too, for just fifteen cents.

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

In our determination to yield to no publication in the worst-joke-of-the-week competition we proudly present our contributor, Mr. Harold Frischl, of Bagdad (sometimes known as Badgag), Florida. Mr. Frischl's joke is as follows: A boy said to his father: "Dad, what's a Grecian urn?" And his father replied: "That depends, my boy, on what he does for a living." (It's cracks like this that make Jack Benny and Milton Berle so jealous of us.)

* * *

Now here's a gentleman with a suggestion. Name's Mr. O. McBrayer. He writes from Ishawooa, Wyoming. Mr. McBrayer thinks it would be very helpful if all these archaeological guys quit digging into the bowels of the earth to find out what was going on centuries ago and came to the surface to dig up the answer to what's happening today. Anyway, it's the first letter we've ever received from Ishawooa, Wyoming.

* * *

Since Mr. J. W. (Dub) Wheeler took over direction of the boys' reform school at Stringtown, Oklahoma, that institution's affairs have been on the upswing. Athletics have helped. Mr. Wheeler, an old football tackle at the University of Oklahoma, is proud of his athletes. The only thing he lacks is a cross-country team. He says the boys might carry things too far.

* * *

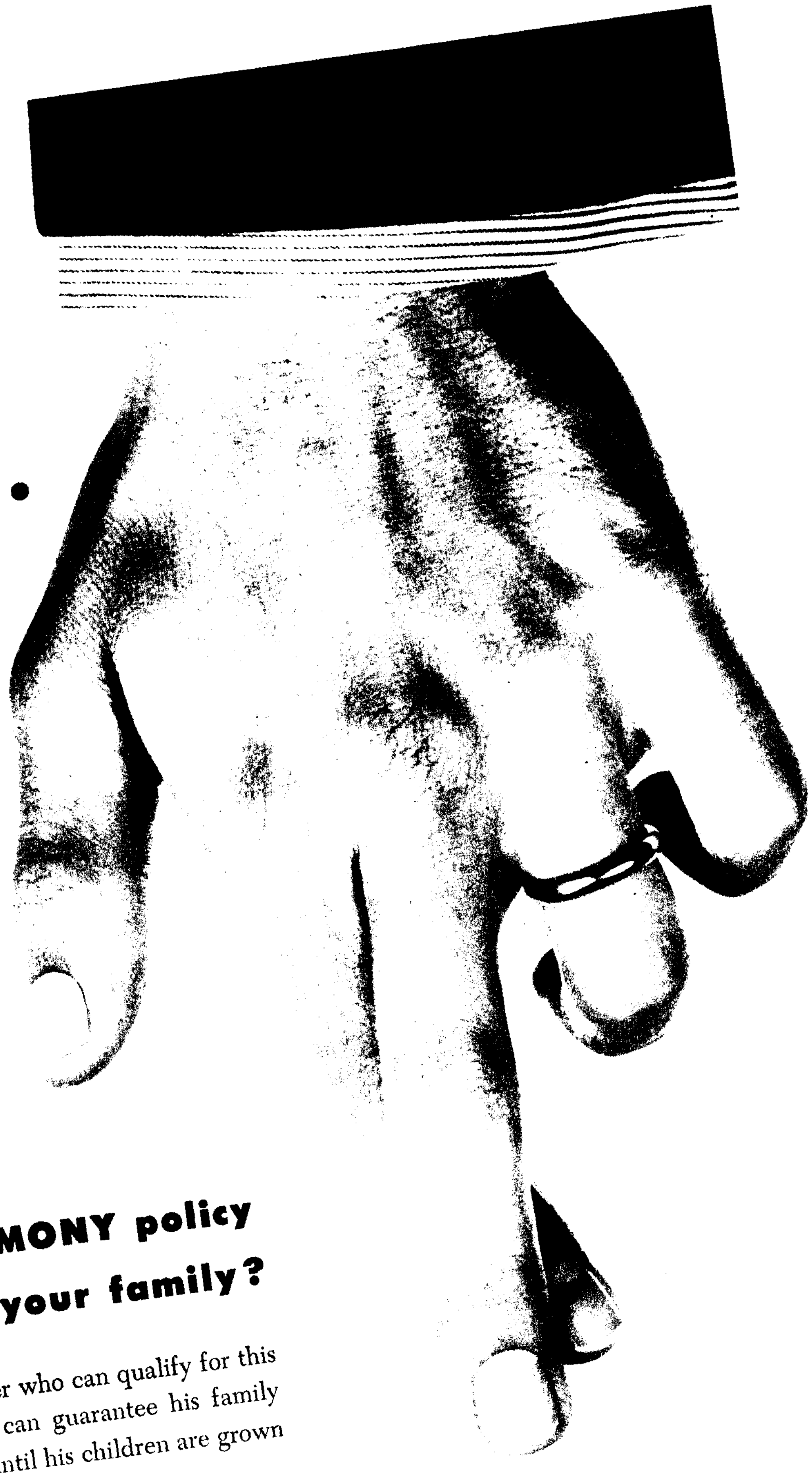
She was pretty mad. Just as she got outside the supermarket in San Francisco her bundles slipped and apples were all over the pavement. The guy who helped her retrieve them inquired brightly: "Did the bag break, lady?" Sweetly she replied: "Oh, no. I just find it so much fun to roll them home."

* * *

The heroine of this one is not Miss Emily Gonofaldo, of Racine, Wisconsin. She's merely our informant. But this other girl complained to her doctor that she felt awful. Had trouble breathing or something. Cramped. Pain in her back too. He could find nothing wrong but gave her a few pills anyway. Next morning she called him up and said everything was okay. She had had her new-design girdle on backward.

* * *

Exclusive! Georgia has seceded again. The proof is in an item from the Atlanta Journal, and M. H. Philbrick, of Decatur, wants the news to be an old 48 scoop. The item: "Georgia's longleaf and slash pine timber produces more gum than any other *country* in the world." ▲▲▲



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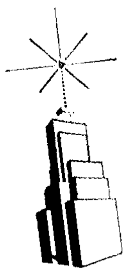

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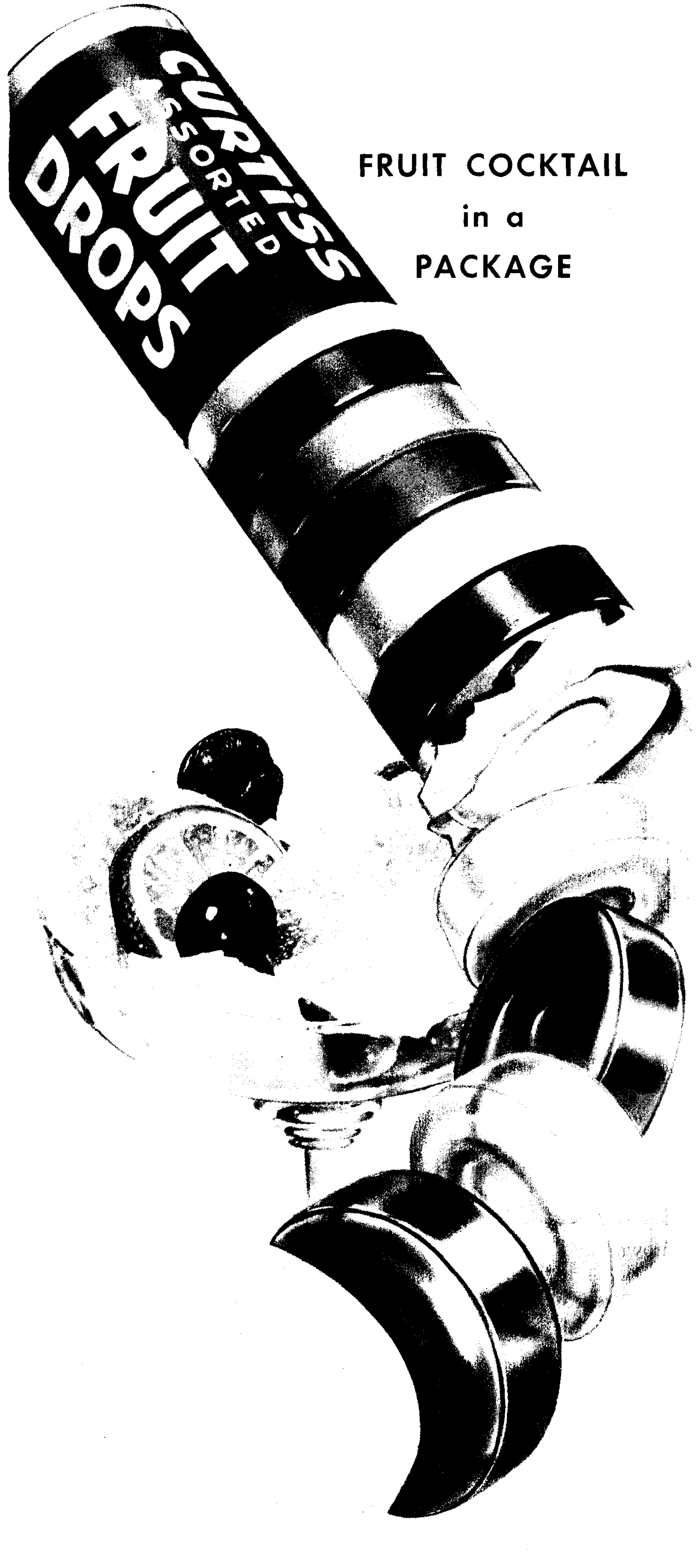

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

ORMOND GIGLI

Editor Harvey tries Burmese box top on Cleopatra's head

PLACING Imogene Coca in an Egyptian setting, as we have done on the cover and on page 21, was the responsibility of one of our editors, Evelyn Harvey, who is shown above looking remarkably composed considering what she accomplished without leaving New York. Actually, it was the other way round: the Egyptian setting was placed on Imogene. Here's how.

Verdi's opera Aïda, Miss Harvey knew, takes place on the banks of the Nile, so she decided to try the Metropolitan Opera House, for a costume or two. In reply to her request, Met official Burton Wohl informed her that Aïda is just about the grandest spectacle the company performs, and if Miss Harvey would come around she could have her pick of not one or two costumes, but of 500 Aïda props—from the huge 35-foot statue of the god Ptah to slave-girl anklets. This was almost more Egypt than Miss Harvey had bargained for, but she finally made her selections and had them transported a few miles uptown to the studio of photographer Ormond Gigli, where Miss Coca waited, Cleopatra-like, for her trappings. The results, we think you'll agree, are as original as the opening of King Tut's tomb.

The settings for Aïda have always been almost as spectacular as the music. Most of the set in use today was designed a few years ago by Rolf Gerard. An exception is the sphinx on our cover with Miss Coca. Known to the stagehands as Li'l Eva, it is old enough to have seen and heard the historic performances of the great Caruso. Not as ancient as a pyramid or a solar boat, but quite enough to provide a link between Collier's and the Pharaohs.

The object on Miss Coca's head has a story, too. It's the top of a Burmese lacquer box that belongs to Miss Harvey. It's attached to the Coca head with tape, and it's no more Egyptian than Coca is.

★ ★ ★

JACK RATCLIFF has an article in this issue which is one of a couple of hundred he's written as a free-lance author in the last 15 years. But that isn't what we wanted to tell you.

Two years ago Ratcliff decided to take his family to Europe to live, so he closed his house in Palisades, New York, and with his wife and four kids—Tony, now eight, Johnny, ten, Alexandra, twelve, and Lydia, twenty—wandered around over there until for a song they rented a 25-room marble palace in Santa Margherita, Italy. The three youngest children marched down the street and started in at the public school where, since no one spoke English, they picked up Italian (and Latin, too) in no time. Lydia was sent to school in Paris and learned perfect French. The children made great friendships among the Italians in Santa Margherita, traveled extensively with their parents on vacations and in general had a highly delightful and educational existence.

Let's face it: when the Ratcliffs decided to return to America last spring they had trouble selling the idea to the kids. To appease Tony, his father gave in to one of the boy's fondest desires: to have his hair dyed red. (No one knows why.) This was done at the Santa Margherita beauty parlor, getting around Tony's mother's objections simply by not consulting her. With a couple of weeks of growth behind it, Tony's hair arrived in Palisades red at the tips only.

It's only fair to report, though, that there are at least two piggy banks in active operation in the Ratcliff household. Alex saves baby-sitting fees for a return fare to Italy, and Tony is planning on another dye job.

★ ★ ★

AS THE picture below indicates, Kitty Barry, the New York narcotics detective, has to remain relatively anonymous. On the other hand, Gledhill Cameron, who wrote the story about Miss Barry in this issue, is someone we can photograph and talk about.

Miss Cameron is a young woman who always wanted to be on the stage. She did some amateur acting while at Pembroke College in Providence, her home town, and after she was graduated in 1942 she spent two seasons at the Newport Casino, a summer theater. She played many parts, large and small, but every one of them was of a girl who got in trouble. Miss Cameron acted the bad woman so much that she began to suspect that plays with naughty-girl parts were being staged just so she could perform this specialty.

The suspicion was enough to turn her to journalism. After a stint on the Providence Evening Bulletin, she went to New York in 1945 and joined the staff of the New York World-Telegram. She left there in 1946 to marry Bronislaw Zapolski, industrial designer, and since then she's been too busy writing magazine articles and coping with two lively children to think about the stage. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

MARTIN HARRIS

Cameron, right, and Kitty Barry

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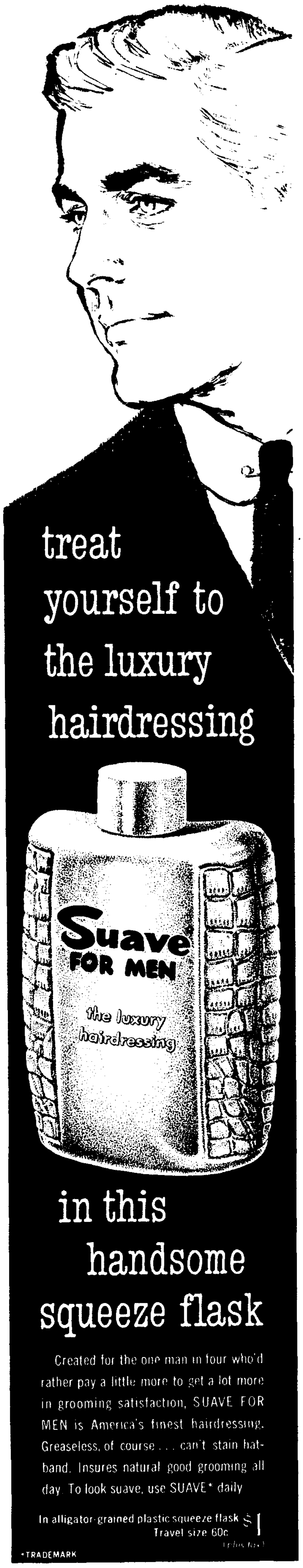

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Letters . . .

Negro in America

EDITOR: Alan Paton's article The Negro in America Today (Oct. 15th) is beautiful, heart-warming and hopeful. This objective analysis by a reporter who so obviously loves his fellow beings gives one a new perspective on an old and shameful situation. I am again assured that America *is* wonderful and that people *are* basically good.
MRS. SHIRLEE SCOTT,
Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . Collier's deserves the highest commendation. If one is to be Christian and American, one must demand for *everyone* the same rights and privileges one expects for oneself. It's as simple as that. Segregation violates the golden rule. It is contrary to the principle of fair play. Now that the Supreme Court has spoken with a unanimous voice against discrimination—this nefarious, un-American and un-Christian practice will disappear. PALMER VAN GUNDY,
Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . A truly Christian article . . .
FRANCES GOTT, Pemaquid, Me.

. . . A sensitive and penetrating appraisal. It is a privilege to read such an encouraging, if somewhat optimistic, analysis by such a distinguished gentleman, and to see ourselves in the eyes of one long familiar with the problems of a segregated society.
JEAN RIGHTER, Birmingham, Mich.

. . . Magnificent. I have never read another article in any magazine that describes so completely the advancements of a progressive race . . .
JEREMIAH FLOYD,
Parks Air Force Base, Cal.

. . . Alan Paton presented a good picture of what South Carolina is doing to improve her Negroes. This problem must be solved gradually—segregation cannot be removed overnight and be expected to work. South Carolina realizes her situation and is taking the *best* steps to accomplish even better racial understanding. Americans must be patient as progress is made.
WILTON FOWLER, Anderson, S.C.

. . . For the first time in my thirty-three years, I'm glad I'm not going to live forever. I don't want to be around to see the white race vanish and, in its place, a strange half-breed mixture emerge . . .
ANNE MARLOW, Van Nuys, Cal.

. . . If nonsegregation really were the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, there would not be a single colored person living in the South. All would have left for "the promised land" of the North. Freedom will live in America only so long as local self-government, guaranteed us under the Constitution, is respected. No nine men can make laws to replace the will of the people. The white race will not be destroyed, but will live to carry the light of Christianity and of civilization . . .
MARTHA PEEL, Paris, Tenn.

. . . Hogwash. I defy you to show me any man in this world who does not have a greater sin on his soul than attempting to keep his race and that of the Negro pure.
A/1C STEPHEN A. LANGSTON,
San Antonio, Tex.

. . . No government on earth can tell individuals whom they *must* associate with. There are distinct barriers of social custom even within the white race.

As for the churches' acceptance of Negroes, it has been coming a long time—anything else would be inconsistent with their spirit—but one is not necessarily intimate friends with all one's fellow churchgoers. Left alone, the South would have worked out its "separate but equal" program to the betterment of both races. Now stiffened opposition from the white people will usher the Negro back—not forward. MRS. W. M. CHRISTISEN,
Grand Prairie, Tex.

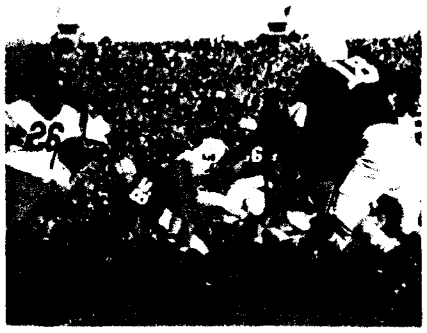
. . . As a transplanted Southerner, I blush for shame at some of the quotations of the Southern people. If there are any second-class Americans it surely must be those narrow-minded whites. I am thankful that in the West my children can be taught the equality of all Americans and not that they are superior because they happen to be a different color than other people . . .
JAYNE S. WAYMAN, McGill, Nev.

. . . Alan Paton, shown with Lieutenant Melvin Scott (below), says: "It was unforgettable to see him saluted by white soldiers . . ." What Army was Paton visiting? In the U.S. Army, no *man* salutes another *man*, either white or Negro. It is the officer's rank that is saluted, not the man himself.
L. E. MOUSER, Bellefontaine, Ohio

. . . I've never watched a white soldier salute a Negro officer, but I've watched and heard white students cheer for a Negro member of our local high-school football team. And I've watched white girls dance with him, too. So I have also felt proud, as did Mr. Paton. May my fellow countrymen of the South soon learn to accept a person for his character, rather than the color of his skin. ELSIE SMITH, Oakley, Idaho

Signals Off!

EDITOR: As a sports fan, I greatly enjoyed the piece on ball-toter J. C. Caroline of the Illini (Can't You Hear Them Calling Caroline, Oct. 1st). You quote him as saying: "I just tuck the ball under my *right* arm . . ." How come, then, the ball rests under J.C.'s *left* arm in the color picture (below)?
WM. W. WILCOX, JR., Syracuse, N.Y.



J.C., like most ball carriers, shifts the ball to the arm away from oncoming tacklers. The nearest opponent—No. 18—is approaching from J.C.'s right; hence the switch-over. Signals on!

Knowland Knows

EDITOR: Thank you for your publication of Senator Knowland's brilliant analysis of the present world situation, "We Must Be Willing to Fight Now" (Oct. 1st). Within the next few years historians will have to admit that Senator Knowland was right. I am preserving this copy of Collier's. This penetrating document will give comfort to those of us who agree with Senator Knowland that there is no easy way out of our present dilemma . . .
MRS. MARY WAGGONER,
Kansas City, Mo.

Clear Crystal Ball

EDITOR: Just before Purdue's 27-14 defeat of Notre Dame, I looked up your Mr. Wallace's football forecasts for the season in Collier's, September 17th, and discovered:

"Purdue could be the sleeper. Most of the vets who upset Michigan State last year will be on hand, with depth support from a dozen fancy *sophs headed by quarterback Lenny Dawson. The Boilermakers get a dandy upset chance at Notre Dame.*"

So I offered a friendly bet to our local Notre Dame rooter. He took it with: "You've got a taker, sucker!"

Dawson completed four touchdown passes against Notre Dame and at the moment looks like All-America material to me. My thanks to Mr. Wallace.
GEORGE X. DECKER, Highland, N.Y.

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"I've been a stockholder in highways for 30 years..."

"Those plates bring back pleasant memories of the cars that carried them. But they also remind me of my annual investment in highways. They're my highway 'stock certificates'!

"With each license I get I invest more money in roads. So do you. We invest in roads every time we pay the tax on a tankful of gas or pay a toll. That's where money comes from to build and maintain highways. *It's all our money.*

"As a highway stockholder I'm interested in getting the best return on my money. I've found I do when our main roads are concrete.

"Concrete costs us less than other pavements and earns the most. Sound crazy? Look—

"Engineers say concrete usually costs less to build than any pavement designed for the same traffic. For instance, they estimate concrete saved $9,740,000 on the Indiana Turnpike.

"Concrete costs less to maintain too. Highway departments in 24 states have kept up-to-date figures on this. These records cover 200,000 miles of highway and an average period of 23 years. They show it costs from 26% to 59% less to maintain concrete than other pavements.

"Concrete also lasts longer. Latest engineering surveys show that its average service life is twice that of the nearest competitive type of pavement.

"All of which means our investment in roads goes farther when they're paved with concrete. Low first cost plus low maintenance cost divided by long life equals ***low annual cost.***

"Roads earn money, too, in gas and other taxes we pay to drive on them. Concrete roads carry heavy traffic and have long life so they usually earn more than they cost. The profit pays for more highways. Other pavements often earn less than they cost, a drain on new road funds.

"Then concrete's built-in safety features save us money and lives in fewer accidents. Its skid-resistant surface permits quicker stops. Its light color gives us better nighttime visibility. *We can't be safe if we can't see!*

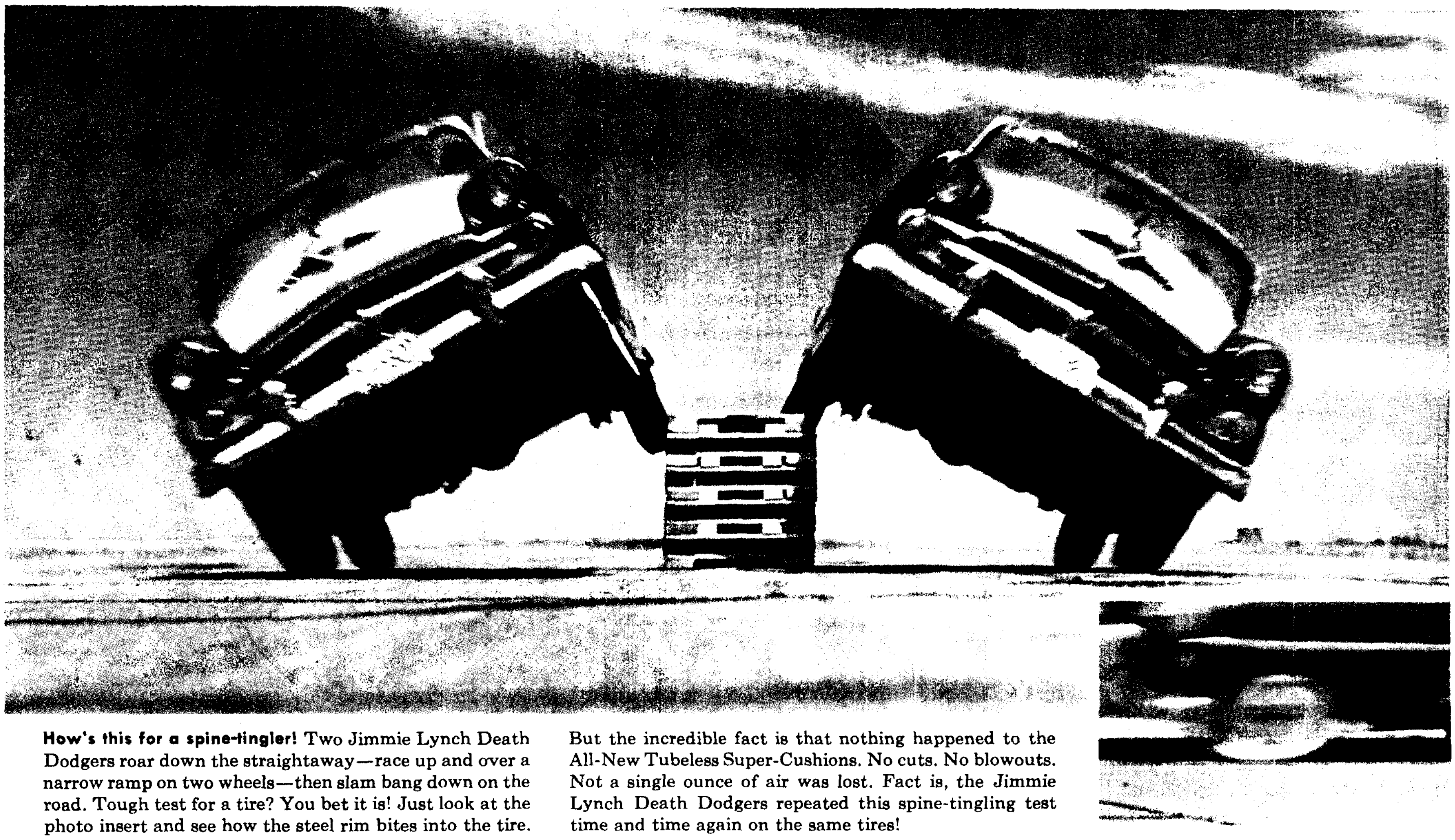
"I discuss all this with friends, neighbors and club members. I urge my governor and state highway department to pave all main roads with concrete. As a highway stockholder I want the best return on my investment. How about you?"

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
Dept. 11d-92, 33 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

Concrete highways such as this, U.S. 80 at the intersection of Mississippi Routes 49 and 51, with overpasses to separate intersecting traffic, median strips to separate opposing streams of traffic, wide lanes, adequate shoulders, low grades, broad curves and long sight distances are examples of modern, safe roads. Concrete roads like this are *low-annual-cost, high-annual-earning* capacity highways.

If you'd like more information about this subject write for a free booklet, *"It's Concrete 11 to 1."* It is distributed only in the United States and Canada.

Rugged rim pinching ramp ride fails to damage ALL-NEW TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION!



How's this for a spine-tingler! Two Jimmie Lynch Death Dodgers roar down the straightaway—race up and over a narrow ramp on two wheels—then slam bang down on the road. Tough test for a tire? You bet it is! Just look at the photo insert and see how the steel rim bites into the tire.

But the incredible fact is that nothing happened to the All-New Tubeless Super-Cushions. No cuts. No blowouts. Not a single ounce of air was lost. Fact is, the Jimmie Lynch Death Dodgers repeated this spine-tingling test time and time again on the same tires!

Tough triple-tempered 3-T Cord makes this new kind of tubeless tire a reality.

In its exclusive and patented 3-T process, Goodyear triple tempers tough cord sinews and integrates them with improved rubber compounds under Tension, Temperature and Time to produce a mighty tire body that's completely unified—completely airtight.

The new Tubeless Super-Cushion gives:

1. Puncture Protection—of a kind never offered before in either standard or tubeless tires.

2. Blowout Protection — providing a greatly increased margin of safety.

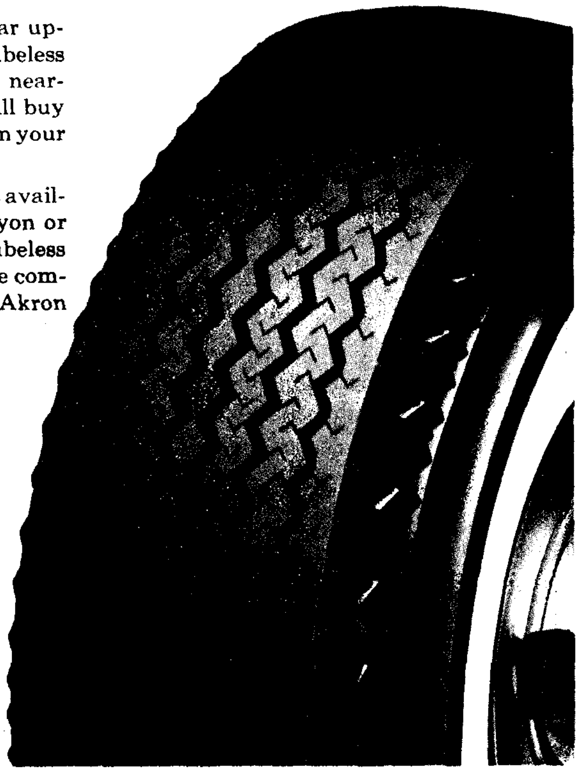
3. Better Performance—a quieter, smoother, easier ride—plus even greater mileage than today's great standard tires.

4. And it combines all these advantages at a reasonable price—no higher than the price of a standard tire and tube.

Perhaps the best proof of these statements is found in the action of the automobile industry. The All-New Tubeless Super-Cushion will be standard equipment on many of the new '55 cars.

Why not bring *your* car up-to-date with new Tubeless Super-Cushions? Your nearby Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires.

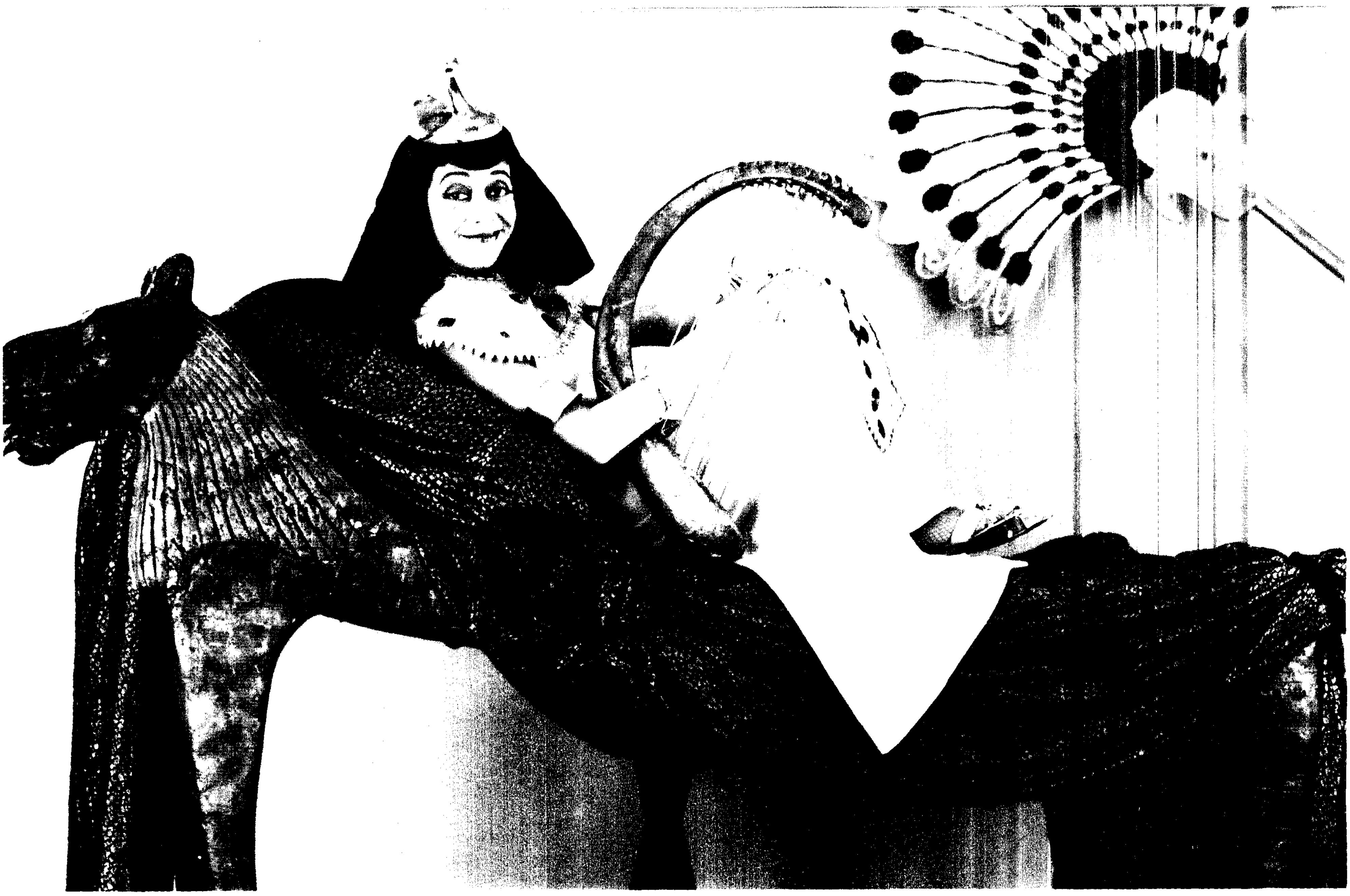
This great new tire is available in either 3-T Rayon or Nylon Cord—as a tubeless tire or in a tire and tube combination. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



ALL-NEW TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Imogene Coca goes Egyptian. Her inspiration: *The Egyptian was by nature docile and peace-loving*
—VAN LOON: THE ARTS

Everybody's Making Like Cleopatra

[illegible] Movies, clothes, [illegible] [illegible] influence. Where will it all end?

By MURRAY ROBINSON

MRS. ELIZABETH RIEFSTAHL, assistant curator of the Egyptian Department of the Brooklyn Museum, recently received an urgent telephone call from a corset manufacturer. He wanted to know what an ancient Egyptian corset looked like so that he could design an adaptation in a hurry.

Mrs. Riefstahl gently told him one of the more interesting facts of life in ancient Egypt—its women didn't wear corsets, or anything else, under their transparent gowns.

The corset man seemed annoyed. He muttered that some alleged expert had given him a bum steer. "I was told," he said crossly, "that they did wear corsets, only with reed stays instead of whalebone. Well, there goes my line of Cleopatra Corsets. . . ."

The call didn't especially surprise Mrs. Riefstahl. Egyptologists everywhere have been getting similar queries and there has been heavy traffic in their formerly hushed galleries and libraries ever since Americans went on an Egyptian kick early last summer.

The boom began after the discovery of a 5,000-year-old solar ship belonging to Cheops, the Fourth Dynasty Egyptian king who built the Great Pyramid. The ancient vessel was uncovered by a thirty-four-year-old archaeologist, Kamal el-Malakh, near the Pyramids at Giza late in May. Soon after, Dr. Zakaria Ghoneim, another archaeologist, found a sarcophagus at Sakkara. Egyptologists tell you there's nothing like news of this sort to bring out the avid excavation-watcher in all of us. We dig it the most, you might say.

Actually, an Egyptian yen had been building slowly for several years. First, there was the impact of the best-selling novel, The Egyptian, followed by the trumpeted start of a cycle of supercolossal Hollywood pictures with ancient Egyptian backgrounds. But it took the dramatic El-Malakh discovery to light the fuse. Now we find a

A model demonstrates 1954 Egyptian styles: Helena Rubinstein's Scarab Look, Mr. John hat, Monet jewelry

Coca the Queen: *Egypt honored women and was ruled at different times by several queens*
—WELLS: OUTLINE OF HISTORY

real cool Cheops Craze stirring from coast to coast, and it apparently will be with us for some time. Some of the costly camel operas are still to be finished or released, and El-Malakh and Dr. Ghoneim are lecturing on their finds in most big American cities, the better to keep interest in the Pharaohs pyramiding.

Don't panic, then, if you meet a gal soon who has gone 100 per cent Old Egypt. She won't be hard to spot. Her eyes will be weirded up with ghastly paints and her hair will look like, or be, a long wig. She'll have a pale face with the deadest of all dead pans, the Sphinx Stare. Her dress neckline will be so low she could wear Liberace's candelabra as a lavaliere. And she'll be jangling with costume jewelry as she comes at you sideways, the way they always seem to walk in Egyptian pictures.

Perhaps the current Egyptian fad will take its place in dizzy history along with hobble skirts, the Charleston, ukuleles, plus fours and pyramid clubs. However, this isn't the first time Egypt has cast her spell over us vulnerable Americans. Maybe I shouldn't bring this up in a learned monograph, but did you ever hear of Little Egypt?

Well, Little Egypt, nee Ashea Waba, was a hootchy-kootchy dancer who had farmers and city slickers alike waggling their whiskers delightedly at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Although she wore more clothes at work than a modern chorine does in a blizzard, she was a scandal in her day. Showed her ankles below her veils, she did.

Theda Bara, the number one vampire of the silent movies, started another mild Egyptian craze with her Serpent of the Nile picture shortly after World War I.

In Fear of the "Curse" of King Tut

Then, in 1922, America, along with the rest of the world, got its biggest Egyptian bang of modern times. It was occasioned by the discovery and opening of the tomb of one of Cheops' successors, King Tutankhamen, at Luxor, Egypt, and was kept alive for at least a decade by a "curse" which mowed down many of the individuals present at the king's coming-out party. The archaeologists hooted at the alleged jinx. Those who survived, that is.

King Tutankhamen, dead 3,000 years, was honored by the United States in a singular fashion. A prize fighter was named after him, a claim no other Pharaoh can make. The pug was blond Henry Tuttle, of Minneapolis, who became known as King Tut. He was a pretty good welterweight, a break for the old king.

Incidentally, the last living survivor (he thinks) of the party which entered King Tutankhamen's tomb 32 years ago is also known as King Tut. That's what they call Tom Terriss around the Lambs Club, the actors' resort in New York. Terriss, a onetime movie director now writing television scripts, was working on a picture in Egypt at the time and wangled his way in with the official party. He later made a career of lecturing on the historic episode. I asked him about the "curse."

"Well," he replied, "I can only speak for myself, and I'm still around."

The Tutankhamen furor begat a resurgence of interest in ancient Egyptian fashions, the first since Napoleon's Egyptian expedition in 1798 led to the introduction of the early nineteenth-century "Empire" styles.

In the Napoleonic version of what they wore in ancient Egypt, the gown was long and flowing—with a waistline up around the armpits. The Egyptian adaptations of the 1920s were also on "Empire" lines. They were pioneered by Paris designers and had a certain vogue, experts recall.

In the 1954 Egyptian boom, women's fashions again are right at the head of the atavistic march back into ancient times. There are new models in virtually every item of wear (corsets excepted)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

which bear at least some resemblance to what the well-dressed dolls of, say, Akhnaton wore, or are supposed to have worn.

Dresses, blouses, coiffures, make-up, jewelry, hats, wigs and bathing suits all show this influence, their designers hope. And men's ties, furniture and dolls are added starters.

Egyptian Gowns in the Empire Manner

As in the 1920s, Paris took the first step. Designer Jean Desses showed an Egyptian collection last July. His gowns emphasized the clinging qualities of the Empire school, and he quite superfluously announced: "The appeal of the new [Egyptian] trend is that, instead of concealment, it tends to bring out the eternal feminine in every woman."

From what I learned in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the Brooklyn Museum, I can't imagine why anyone would want to look like a Pharaoh's daughter, or even his missus. If you want to be real catty about it, you could say that fashionable Egyptian ladies of those bygone days went about in transparent nightgowns too short at the top (the gowns started below the bosom) and too long at the bottom; that they wore fright wigs which didn't fit too well; that they sported eye make-up of the hues you see in a three-day-old shiner (the green-and-purple stage), and that they were usually as oily as sardines (sun-tan stuff, no doubt).

The working girls in those days literally had nothing to wear, except, perhaps, a secondhand wig on bank holidays. All the higher-class men, by the way, wore kilts, some of them pleated. The slaves had no pleats—or kilts.

The American women's fashion world, centered on New York's Seventh Avenue, whence the new styles radiate to every hamlet in the country, became "inspired," as they say in the trade, following El-Malakh's discovery.

There can be mad moments in any man's search for the facts, ma'am, in fashion developments, and I encountered a number of them in my Seventh Avenue safari. There was the time I asked a veteran in ladies' garments if he thought this budding Egyptian jag was the Cheops McCoy.

"Yup," he replied, "this is the Egyptian era, all right."

An "era" sounded like a record run for a fashion, so I checked with my man on how long he figured it to be.

He looked surprised. "An era," he said, "is a season. You know, five-six months, what else?"

Another expert in the field suggested that some of the designers who hopped on the Egyptian chariot early in the boom were more interested in getting publicity through tie-ins with movie spectacles than in turning out authentic adaptations of the ancient styles. But earnest designers did research in museums and libraries in an honest effort to produce wearable modern versions of fashions long buried under the sands of Egypt.

Among the sincere group are Carolyn Schnurer, who showed her collection last month, and Ted Shore of Will Steinman, who designed some Egyptian dresses for his current line. "The snake-hipped look was out for us," Shore said. "We had to use full skirts to make these things look young, so we concentrated on getting Egypt into the bodice."

The slinky look didn't faze Oleg Cassini, former husband of actress Gene Tierney, one of the principals in the movie version of The Egyptian. He has given his current collection some sultry Queen of the Nile touches, and he plans to cut loose even more in his spring line.

Though outdoor bathing was shunned by the sarcophagus set, and sun worship was confined to the temple, Seventh Avenue hasn't let these depressing facts stand in the way of style. Using bits and pieces of other garments worn along the Nile, Milo Anderson of California has designed bathing suits and sportswear for Catalina, Incorporated's 1955 collection.

Fabric houses have plastered hieroglyphic wall scrawls and little marching figures of Pharaohland over endless yards of dress goods—mostly cottons. Those used in the Catalina collection were designed by Lamartine Le Goullon, a member of the Associated American Artists, for M. Lowenstein & Sons Company, which makes Signature prints. However, the colors actually are Etruscan earth shades, according to Le Goullon. The ingenuity of the garment trade apparently knows no geographic bounds.

On the other hand, El-Malakh's find sent Kay C. Jones of Burlington Mills and her staff flocking to the Metropolitan Museum for authentic Fourth Dynasty colors. Results of this expedition: a collection of 14 shades Miss Jones dubbed "Cheops Colors." Blouse fabrics in these colors were offered to the trade and eagerly accepted. Morlove Blouses, largest manufacturers of more-expensive blouses in the country, found them especially useful, since they had been specializing in beading effects, typical of Egyptian influence, for a number of years. The Cheops Colors were taken from murals, gems and woods.

The colors may be authentic for the period, but not for use in clothing. I'm sure it won't bother the designers, but Mrs. Riefstahl, the Brooklyn Museum Egyptologist, says: "Actually, the highest-placed ladies of ancient Egypt wore white gowns. The gowns were of linen, and the ancient Egyptians couldn't dye linen because they didn't have the mordant which the process requires."

Both Cassini and Mrs. Schnurer pointed out that accessories and cosmetics would be important in completing the Egyptian Look, so let's take a gander at those departments. First: the "Scarab Look," Helena Rubinstein's version of Ye Olde Egyptian Eye-Do. It is quite startling. The experts say the Egyptians of thousands of years ago did a lot of work around the eyes with paint and mascara because these helped soften the hard glare of the Egyptian sun.

Coca portrays a devastating siren of the Nile smart set: *The Egyptian is apt to depict his men and women with a certain worldly elegance*

—VAN LOON: THE ARTS

I freely translated the Scarab Look into "Beetle Brow," to the indignation of Mme. Rubinstein's agent. When she simmered down, she had this to say about it: "Liquid rouge in a soft rose color is lightly applied to the upper eyelid, starting at one corner and tapering out and up to the eyebrows. Then, on the lower edge of the eyelid, jade eye shadow is blended out toward the eye's corner. The eyelashes are accentuated with blue-green waterproof mascara and the lash ends gently tipped with black waterproof mascara."

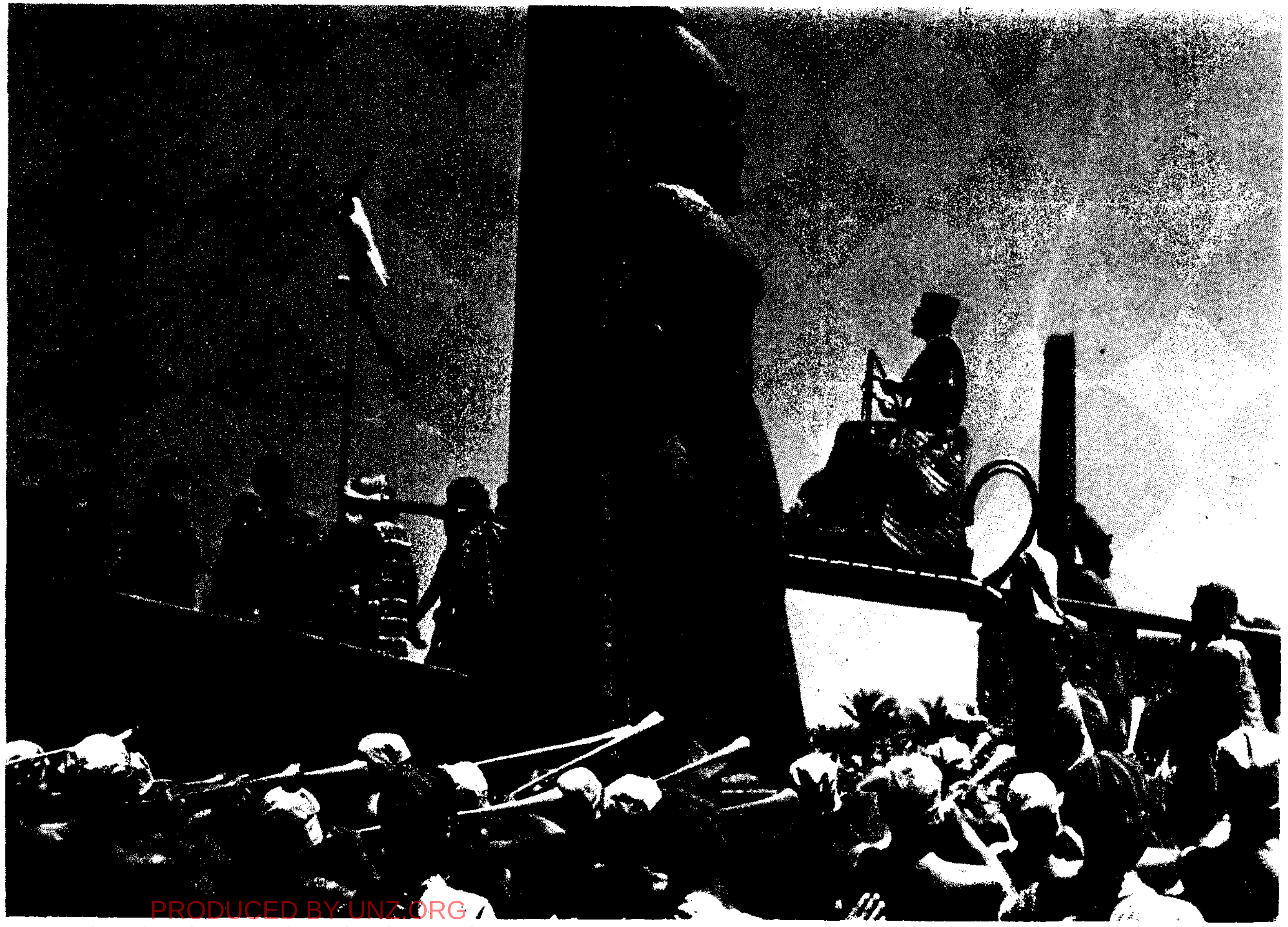
Nothing but Headdresses and Jewelry

Next we come to hats, a really important item in simulating ancient Egyptian fashions because, as Mr. John, the volatile hatter, said recently: "The ancient Egyptian lady was considered chic if she wore henna on her toes and fingers, jewelry, and something on her head. Female entertainers were so loyal to their favorite milliners that they wore nothing but headdresses and clusters of jewelry."

Mr. John dedicated his entire 1954 fall and winter hat collection to Egyptian-type styles. The unsmiling faces of "high fashion" staring out of his helmetlike, zebra-striped headgear are as Middle

The movie makers dig ancient Egypt the most. Among the desert epics is Howard Hawks's Land of the Pharaohs. It stars Jack Hawkins, shown being carried on throne chair in procession

ERNST HAAS



There may be a boom in

Kingdom as all get out. But Mr. John doesn't want anyone to think that his "Egyptian" hats will make a woman look like Cleopatra. "Who in her right mind would want to look like Cleopatra today?" he demanded pettishly. "Can you imagine Cleopatra at a cocktail party?"

Mr. John reported his Egyptian collection has caught on wherever he has taken it on the road. San Francisco, for example. The occasion was a benefit for the Orphans' Fund of the American-Korean Foundation at the Fairmont Hotel. "We got $10,000 worth of orders from this showing," Mr. John noted thriftily.

When the dolls of Pharaohland weren't wearing hats, they wore wigs, according to Egyptologists—and there's some debate over what they wore under the wigs, similar to the age-old question of what Scotsmen wear under their kilts. One school holds that the ancient wig wearers had bald heads under their king-size toupees; the other argues it ain't necessarily so.

When I put the question to Mrs. Riefstahl, she pointed to a feminine figure with a wig on a relief panel in the Brooklyn Museum and said: "Look, you can see her own hair sticking out from under the wig." Sure enough, the ancient Egyptian lady seemed to have her wig on askew, and her short hair was coyly peeping out.

The fact that the ladies of old Egypt wore wigs but didn't all shave their heads billiard-ball shiny gave Victor Vito, a New York hairdresser, an idea—colored wigs for modern women to carry out the Egyptian Look.

ORMOND GIGLI

Egyptian influence shows in print pattern and drape of Catalina swimsuit. Actually suit is closest approach to what Egyptain working girl of Fourth Dynasty wore—which was nothing

ORMOND GIGLI

Gold braid trim used by designer Perullo for a David Hart dress reflects Egyptian inspiration

wigs—à la Cleopatra. One hairdresser will offer 'em in colors and stripes

"My research," Vito said, "shows that the ancient Egyptians cut their hair short and wore wigs of different colors in the interests of cleanliness. Today, women are washing their hair more often than ever before. They keep it short, so why not wear wigs over it like the old Egyptians?

"My wigs are ventilated to keep the head cool," he added proudly. "I look ahead to popularizing striped wigs, as well as straight colors. It's possible." That will be in the Zebra era, no doubt.

Costume jewelry designers have been busy, too. A spokesman for Monet, one of the largest manufacturers in this field, said the Egyptian Look, with its bare neckline, calls for necklaces, wide bracelets (some worn on the biceps) and "earrings that drop." (From complaints heard around, earrings *always* seem to be dropping, regardless of dynasty or era.)

Egyptian-inspired furniture by a New York outfit called The Blackamoor, and cravats with sphinxes and such are other fillips of the new mode.

Aside from fashions, the Egyptian boom is most clearly apparent in American tourist interest in the ancient country. Trans World Airlines, which provides a direct service to North Africa, reported an increase of 44.2 per cent in passenger traffic during the first seven months of 1954 over the same period in 1953. Last month an Egyptian tourist office was opened in New York to help handle the rush to Egypt.

Both TWA and Egyptian Tourist Office agents say Americans ask serious questions about Egypt. "They seldom want to know about night life in Cairo," a TWA man said. "They ask about ancient Egypt and farming along the Nile."

Still, a recent issue of the official magazine of the State Tourist Department carried a big picture of belly dancer Samia Gamal and called her "one of Egypt's most famous dancers." This wasn't exactly a cultural pitch.

Meanwhile, the big American movie makers who helped lay the groundwork for the present Egyptian fad continue to pile splendor atop splendor out on the sands above the sleeping Pharaohs.

Already seen on the screen in dazzling color are 20th Century-Fox's The Egyptian and M-G-M's Valley of the Kings, both of which were released last August.

Warner Brothers' Land of the Pharaohs, directed by Howard Hawks and written by William Faulkner, Nobel prize-winning novelist, has been completed, but not yet released.

At Work on Two More Biblical Films

Currently being filmed in Egypt is The Ten Commandments, an $8,000,000 Paramount spectacle directed by Cecil B. de Mille, the old master of mob and marble. Columbia's Joseph and His Brethren, for which location shooting in Egypt has already been finished, has not been cast at this writing. Each picture has used or is using so many Egyptian extras that the Egyptian army has had to help handle the crowds.

In addition to these boosts to the Egyptian kick, an Italian-made movie of Aïda—the opera written by Verdi to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal—is scheduled for national release soon in the U.S. And, on November 30th, the 100th anniversary of the start of digging for the canal, the Suez Canal Company will entertain dignitaries at a New York Metropolitan Opera House presentation of the opera.

De Mille, now seventy-three, made a silent version of The Ten Commandments in the early 1920s. Before sailing for Egypt some weeks ago, he said he regards his present undertaking as a pilgrimage. "I shall follow the exact route of the Exodus in my picture," he said, "and I myself shall climb to the top of Mount Sinai, 7,000 feet high. I shall go halfway up by camel and walk the rest. It has to be done that way."

I happened to mention De Mille's remark later to Dr. Said Karim, a leading Egyptian architect, who was visiting in New York. He seemed puzzled. "Mr. de Mille," remarked the former professor of architecture at Cairo University, "is going to do it the hard way. I always go to the top of Mount Sinai by automobile."

Research for movies on ancient Egypt often becomes too finicky, according to some Egyptologists. But the high-budget producers live in mortal terror of getting caught with their anachronisms down, and consequently go to morbid lengths to be correct to the tiniest detail.

A precious example of this perfection which, I'm sure, few movie-goers will be in a position to appreciate, was offered by Henry Noerdlinger, De Mille's research expert. "The question came up," he said, "about the language in which the Ten Commandments would be inscribed. We felt we had to be right, and consulted Dr. Ralph Marcus of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. He decided it would be South Canaanite script, and that's what it will be in the picture."

"That's one they were right about," an Egyptologist remarked when he heard the story, "but I can tell you about a big one that got away. One of the Pharaoh pictures is loaded with camels. They are very photogenic, but the fact is that there were no camels in Egypt at that time. They were imported centuries later."

And while I'm at it, let me tell you what another expert had to say about the fancy dresses some of the ancient Egyptian dolls wear in the movie spectaculars, to borrow a word from TV.

"It couldn't be," this Egyptologist said. "The women of ancient Egypt were lousy with the needle. Their dresses were just tubes with shoulder straps."

First of current crop of movies about Old Egypt was 20th Century-Fox's The Egyptian, based on best-seller of the same name. Cast included Judith Evelyn (l.) and Gene Tierney

Sophia Loren stars in Italian movie version of Verdi's opera Aïda, soon to be released in U.S.

The BODY SNATCHERS

by JACK FINNEY

I was terrified, and yet there was nothing I could do. One by one, I saw the people in my home town becoming obsessed with a weird, sinister idea

A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

IT WAS around six o'clock on Thursday evening when I let my last patient—a sprained thumb—out the side door of my office. But I had a feeling the day wasn't over for me. And I wished I weren't a doctor, because with doctors that kind of hunch is usually right.

When I heard a light rapping on the locked door of my reception room, I just wanted to stand there motionless till whoever it was went away. In any other business you could do that, but not in mine. My nurse was gone—she'd probably raced the last patient to the stairway, winning handily—and now, for a moment or so, one foot on the radiator under the window, I stood looking down at the street, pretending I wasn't going to answer the door.

Then the rapping sounded again and I walked out, unlocked the door and opened it. I guess I blinked a couple times, my mouth open foolishly; Becky Driscoll was standing there.

"Hello, Miles," she said and smiled, pleased at the surprise and pleasure on my face.

"Becky," I said, stepping aside to let her in, "it's good to see you. Come on in." She walked in past me, and on through the reception room toward my office. "What is this," I said, closing the door, "a professional call?"

"No"—Becky stopped and turned toward me—"this isn't a professional call—not exactly." And then she sobbed, a dry, down-in-the-throat gasp, her breath sucking in convulsively. Her eyes brimmed with sudden bright tears, and she turned quickly away, her shoulders hunched, her hands over her face.

I said, "Sit down," speaking very gently, and Becky slumped into the leather chair before my desk. Then I walked around the desk and sat down facing her, leaning back in my swivel chair, giving her a few moments to get hold of herself.

Now I could really look at her face again, and I saw how little she had changed: the bones prominent and well-shaped under the skin; the kind and intelligent eyes, the rims a little red just now; the full, good-looking mouth. Her hair was different—it was shorter, or something—but it was the same rich brown, almost black, and looked naturally wavy, though I remembered it wasn't. She'd actually changed of course; she wasn't eighteen now, but into her twenties, and looked it, no more and no less. But she was also still the same girl I'd known in high school. I'd dated her a few times in my senior year.

"It's good to see you again, Becky," I said. I wanted to get her talking on something else, before she got down to whatever the trouble was.

"Good to see you, Miles." Becky knew what I was doing, and went along with it.

I said, "Becky, I heard about your divorce, of course, and I'm sorry."

She nodded. "Thanks, Miles. And I've heard about yours. I'm sorry too."

I shrugged. "Guess we're lodge brothers now."

BECKY and I had both left Santa Mira after high school, she to work in Chicago and I to go to medical school. We had both married, neither had been able to make it work, and now we were back in our staid little home town.

"Well," she said, getting down to business, "Miles, I've come about Wilma." Wilma's her cousin.

"What's the trouble?"

"I don't know. She has a—" She stopped, hating to say what she had to. "Well, I guess you'd call it a delusion. You know her uncle—Uncle Ira?"

"Yes."

"Miles, she's got herself thinking that he *isn't* her uncle."

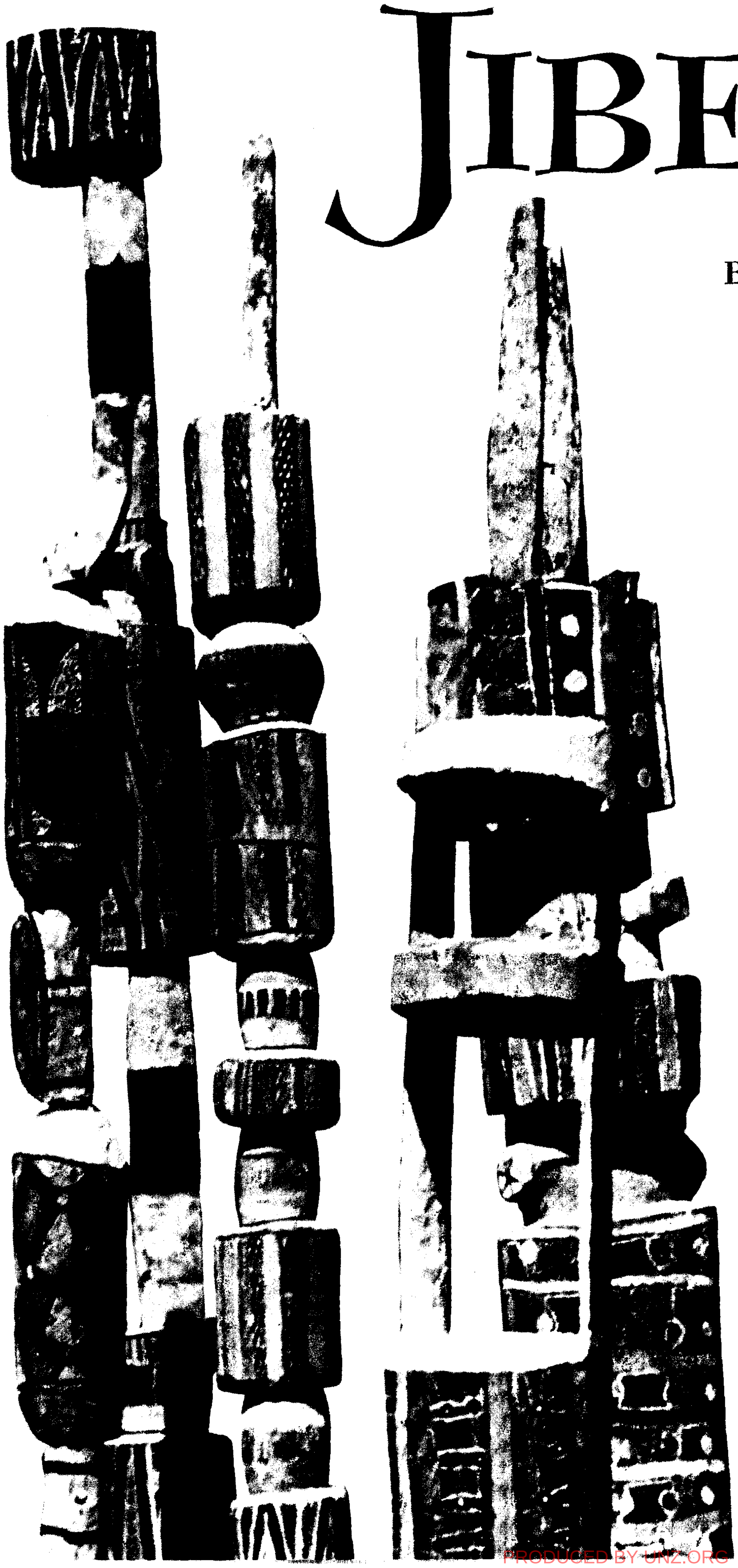
"How do you mean?" I said. "That they aren't really related?"

"No, no." She shook her head impatiently. "I mean she thinks he's"—one shoulder lifted in a puzzled shrug—"an impostor, or something. She says he looks like Uncle Ira, talks like him, acts like him—everything. She *(Continued on page* 90)

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

A vacationing Supreme Court justice finds adventure among one of the most primitive peoples on earth, the Australian aborigines. They live in a land of "dream time," ancient rites, strange marriage customs. Here's—

JIBERABU



By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the U.S. Supreme Court has spent his vacations since 1949 touring far countries and meeting their peoples. This year, during a round-the-world flight, he stopped off for more than a month in Australia. He spent two weeks getting to know the aborigines

JIBERABU is the Tiwi word for "pointing," and it appropriately has become the name of a long finger of white sand, dotted with koolabah and honey trees, running far out into Snake Bay on Melville Island, off Australia's north coast. But Jiberabu has also come to designate the land toward which the finger points—the opposite side of Snake Bay with its mud flats lined with mangrove trees, and white beaches spotted with palms, gums and wattles. It was on one of those beaches of Jiberabu that I was camped.

The wind was soft and warm. It came from the southeast and brought with it a powerful surf. Our camp was high at the edge of the white sand, which was mixed with fine charcoal from bonfires the aboriginals had built from time out of mind. It was there that Bill Harney, an Australian who champions the rights of the aboriginals, composed songs before our campfires and sang them above the roaring surf to an old Irish tune:

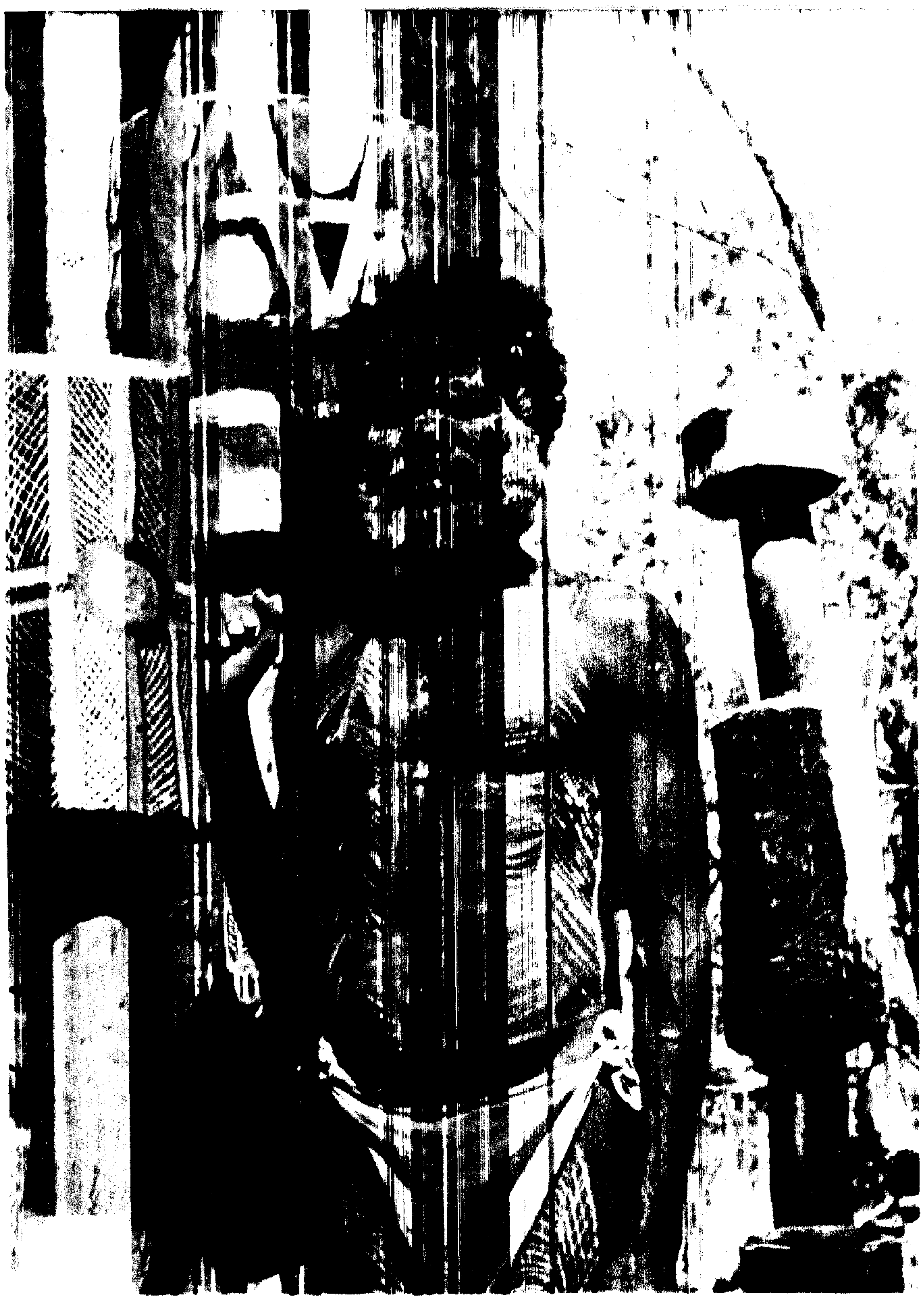
"The waves from the southeast are pounding the shore;
The wattles are blooming, the honey trees too.
A flock of bright parrots streak by with a roar
At our camp on the beaches of Jiberabu.
Jiberabu, Jiberabu,
At our camp on the beaches of Jiberabu."

It was at Jiberabu that I came to know the Tiwis, one of the few tribes of Australian aboriginals still intact. And it was 100 yards or so behind the beach at Jiberabu that I witnessed a time-honored aboriginal ritual—a *pookoomani.*

The ancient institutions of the aboriginal tribes are varied and colorful. There are rites to make women fertile; rites to make harvests bountiful; rites to increase the run of fish and crabs; rites to bring rain. These ceremonies, however, are fast disappearing. Most of the old tribes are gone, and, with them, the ancient practices. In fact, the Tiwi *pookoomani* I attended was probably one of the last anyone will ever see. The Tiwis, though still intact as a tribe, are beginning to experience the disintegrating influences of Western civilization.

The *pookoomani* is a burial service, filled with ancient ritual. When a man dies, his spirit must be kept from going away and taking with it the deceased's dearest friend. The tribes of central Australia break the legs of the deceased to prevent the spirit from escaping; the Tiwis tie the big toes together. Then the body is buried. In ensuing weeks, friends and relatives carve logs, paint them and place them upright around the grave.

These totem poles stand 6 to 12 feet high. Sometimes they are carved to perpetuate some symbolism surrounding the deceased. Or they may merely represent the artistic taste of the artist. Some



After an aboriginal dies, friends and relatives erect totem poles six to 12 feet high around his grave and conduct a *pookoomani* (burial service)

Ritual dancers at *pookoomani* daub their bodies with paint—all over (as above) or in designs (as at left)

Symbolic dances at *pookoomani* illustrate high lights in life of deceased. Service may continue for hours

depict animals; others are cut like forked sticks or are notched to make broad rings, gaily painted. One I saw was a gum tree flattened near the top. The head of a cowboy in a 10-gallon Stetson was painted in white on the flat surface. The *pookoomani* is held after the totem poles have been finished.

The *pookoomani* I attended was for a child. She had died in Darwin and was already buried there, so her *pookoomani* was held at the grave of her sister, who had died a year earlier. No new totem poles were erected; the second child was commemorated by a long garland of goose feathers stretched between the poles.

The *pookoomani* consists of wailing and weeping, of singing and dancing. The Tiwis make their music by clapping their hands and slapping their thighs. The dancers—men and women (and at a child's funeral, little children)—are naked except for a *nagha* (loincloth), and are heavily painted. At the *pookoomani* I attended, some of the dancers were painted white all over; others were yellow; still others were decorated with ugly, grotesque features.

The dances are symbolic, illustrative of the life of the deceased. They are short, lasting a minute or so each, and are accompanied by singing and shouting. Some are done by both men and women; others are solo performances.

A man dancing with a spear symbolizes the conception of the child, because the unborn child, also carrying a spear, often appears to its father in his dreams to learn who its mother is. A man, crouching low and advancing with a spring and a shout, depicts a woman wailing. A man, dancing and howling, pretending he has a toothache, represents the birth. And so it goes, for hours on end.

There are usually professional mourners at these services. They do their wailing in a businesslike manner, moaning at one pitch for hours on end. One of the best the Tiwis have is Hattie. Hattie is twice as big as Beulah, the rotund maid who appeared on American television, and almost as funny. Nowadays Hattie wears dresses, at least for some occasions. But for a *pookoomani* she puts on only her loincloth, and then paints herself in gaudy colors. She can moan better than anyone I ever knew, and through the longest *pookoomani.* At this service Hattie stood near the edge of the grave, leaning against a totem pole, wailing as though she were about to die. Bill Harney came by and whispered in her ear, "How things going, Hattie?"

Hattie stopped moaning long enough to wink at Bill and whisper, "Fine. Collected five tins of oysters this morning." Then, hardly losing a beat, she broke into loud and anguished cries of grief.

The wailing, the dancing and the singing are designed to appease the spirit and send it on its way. But there is more than the spirit to appease. The contractor—the man who has arranged for the show and produced it—also must be satisfied. Near the end of the service, he places a basket near the center totem pole. The head mourner—the son, brother or father of the deceased—comes forward with an offering for the contractor and, after much shouting and dancing, places it in the basket. The father's offering at this *pookoomani* was some cotton-print cloth. The contractor apparently was satisfied, for he bowed and took the basket away.

The ritual of the *pookoomani* is exacting. During the day of the service, the dancers cannot feed themselves. One dancer must feed another. The taboo forbids touching one's own food with anything but the mouth.

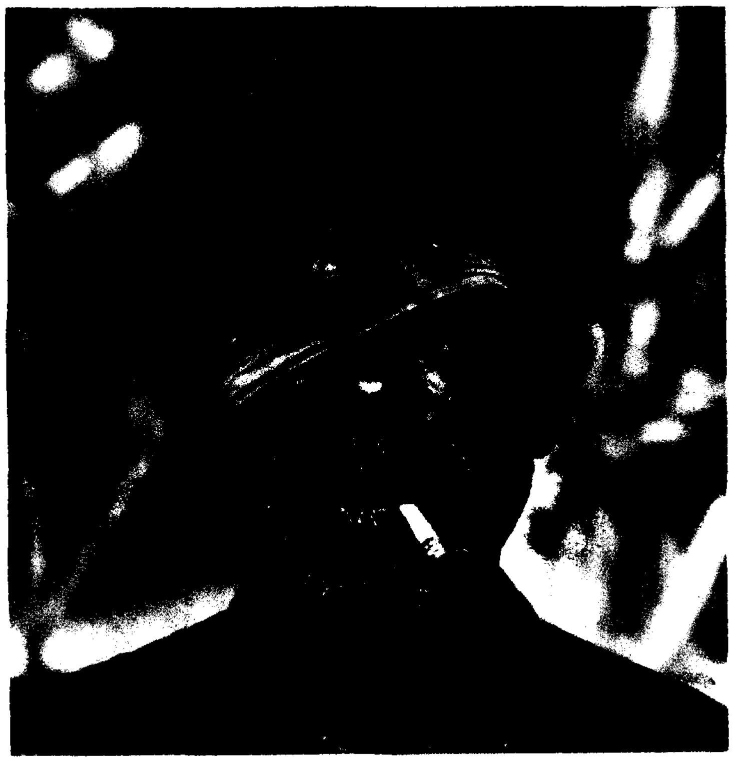
I asked Alley, a tall, handsome man in his thirties with a shock of gray hair, the reason for the ban. Alley pondered long over my question but could not answer it. He knew only that the taboo

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The Tiwi marriage law is strict—but an elde

Rosie told Douglas about marriage practices

Alley's hair turned gray virtually overnight after he broke taboo by eating ritual bread set aside solely for use by the Tiwi elders



Larry returned to tribal life on Melville Island after two years spent on Australian mainland, where he lost right eye in a fight

had come down from ancient days and was religiously observed.

"What would happen if a dancer fed himself?" I asked.

Alley looked at me incredulously. "Very bad," he finally replied.

"What happened to the last man who did not obey the rule?"

"No one feed himself."

"But suppose he did. What would happen?"

Alley thought a long time but could not answer. Finally he compromised by giving a half-hour recital concerning his gray hair. Years ago Alley had violated another taboo. He did it innocently, before he had been initiated into the mysteries of the Tiwi religion. He attended a *corroboree*, a festival. The elders, as part of the ritual, took dough, rolled it and placed it on the coals of a fire to make *damper* —ceremonial bread as strong in symbolism as the bread used in our Communion services.

His Mother's Prophecy Was Fulfilled

Alley did not know what the *damper* symbolized; nor did he know that it was to be eaten only by the elders. But Alley was hungry, and when he thought no one was looking he ate some of the *damper*. He was caught in the act and severely reprimanded. That night in the small bark hut where he and his parents slept on the ground, his mother wept and told him that his hair would turn gray.

"And it did?"

"Right away," he said sorrowfully.

There are other ancient customs that still prevail among the Tiwis. I learned of some of them through Larry, another member of the tribe. Larry is perhaps forty, nearly six feet tall, square-shouldered with narrow hips and long, spindly legs. He is coal black and his curly hair is a tangle. He has the stately walk of a person who all his life has carried vessels of water on his head. Civilization has brought him a shirt which he sometimes wears. But his usual dress is only a loincloth.

Larry, several years after his marriage to Dolly, left her and Melville Island for some unexplained, impulsive reason, and went to the mainland city of Darwin, capital of Australia's Northern Territory. He was away from Dolly and Melville Island for two years. During that time, two important events occurred. Larry lost his right eye in a fight. Dolly became pregnant and gave birth to a daughter which she presented to Larry at the end of his two-year absence.

One moonlight night on the beach of Jiberabu I came across Larry, holding the little black baby in his arms and singing tenderly to her. His one eye fairly danced with excitement. He was delighted with Dolly; he was in ecstasy over the baby girl. He sang a strange melody and his thoughts were far, far away in the spirit land from which all people come and to which they return on death.

It was from the spirit world that the baby girl had recently come. Larry knew, for the baby had sought him out before her birth. She had come to him in a dream, touched him with a spear and asked for her mother. Larry, in Darwin, told the spirit child where to find Dolly at Snake Bay. And so the spirit entered Dolly's body and in due time the baby girl was born.

Larry loves this illegitimate child with all the tenderness a father can command. The fact that she was conceived by another man does not make the slightest difference. Larry knows the baby is his, because she came to him during "dream time."

"Dream time" is a powerful force in the lives of the aboriginals. The "dreaming" is not always done when a person sleeps. "Dreaming" is any contact with the nether world where spirits live. These spirits are real; they are powerful. They are to the aboriginals what God is to the most devout of us.

It is the task of the older men to initiate the younger ones into the mysteries of the spirit world, to teach them the earthly symbols of spirit power, to show them how to perform rites that will serve the function of prayer, to acquaint them with the myths, the songs and the legends.

Contact with the spirit world holds the tribe together. It is the faith that gives meaning to life. It gives a tie to the past, a direction for the future. Without it, the aboriginal becomes sick—first psychologically, then physically. He has no moorings, no source of strength or protection; his life is aimless. Sometimes he becomes a menace. Sometimes the loss of his "dreaming" is so devastating that he just lies down and dies.

The word of the elders is law among the aboriginals. Violation of the law carries the death penalty —whether it be for running off with another man's wife or for disobeying a command not to eat kangaroo meat, but to bring it to the chieftains. (Thus the aboriginals guarantee the food supply of the elders when they no longer can hunt for themselves.)

The elders also protect the race against inbreeding. The aboriginals practice polygamy, and there has long been a fixed formula for marriage: "A mother's daughter's daughter's daughter's daughter marries the mother's brother's daughter's daughter's son." The ancient tribal chieftains made violation of this rule punishable by death. In this way —and with some insight into genetics—they sought to make sure that the tribe would live eternally, never endangering the strain.

Since the law commits a child to marriage before it is born, the ceremony, the troth, the pageantry, the solemnity become unimportant. Moreover, although the marriage formula is the keystone of the aboriginal tribal structure and inviolable in form, it is not inviolable in substance.

When Dolly, during Larry's absence, slept with another man, she broke the spirit, not the letter, of the ancient marriage law. Other illustrations are common. An old man following the ancient marriage formula may end up with young wives (or an old woman with young husbands); the old man may proffer a young man conjugal rights to one of his young wives in exchange for some provision for his security in his advancing years. When a man dies, all of his wives become the wives of his brothers; the brothers may trade a young wife for food. In such cases, the consideration may be so many kangaroos or tins of oysters a week, or so many sea cows or crocodiles or turtle eggs over the years.

Rosie the Cook Knew All the Answers

Rosie, my cook at Jiberabu, was well acquainted with the marriage law—and ways to get around it. She temporarily held her husband, Brownie, in high esteem, for he had carved a pipe for her from the claw of a crab. This pipe was her pride and joy, and she smoked it whenever she could find cigarette butts to fill it. One day while she was doing the breakfast dishes, I asked her about this problem of old men with young wives and old women with young husbands. I felt I was asking an expert, for there were tales about Rosie.

Rosie's first love, I had been told, was Ginger. She had claimed him as her own when she was in her teens. The law said she'd marry Brownie, and she did. But before that, she had given herself to Ginger. To commemorate their love she had followed an ancient tribal custom. She took a knife and cut two slits down the outside of Ginger's upper right arm. These slits were about four inches long and a quarter inch apart. Rosie then cut the skin from that narrow strip of flesh and filled the wound with a white chalk the natives use for making paint. The wound festered and puffed up. Finally it healed, leaving a deep, ugly scar that Ginger will carry to his grave. Throughout his life, the scar will advertise to the world that some woman claims him, and if Ginger won't tell who the woman is, the grapevine will oblige.

Rosie at first giggled at my question about old people with younger mates. But I pressed her, and she finally answered in halting English.

tribesman may exchange one of his younger wives for food in his old age

It seems that young people forced into marriage with older mates by the ancient formula find extramarital romance on the hunt. Old spouses are left in camp; the young ones—both men and women—take to the bush, and they may be gone for days. "Love, it is good," said Rosie, adding with a laugh that showed all her white teeth—"in the bush."

Rosie has been on many hunts. It was on a hunt that she had carved her stripe in Ginger's arm. It was on other hunts that she had carved her claim to other men.

"And Ginger, was he heavily carved?" I asked. The question had the torment of jealousy in it for her. It turned out that Ginger, Rosie's favorite, was also the favorite of many women of other tribes.

Still another ancient custom followed by the Tiwis is the *kululula*—the trek the whole family frequently takes for change of scenery or for a bit of hunting or fishing. Although some tribesmen have modern weapons, the Tiwis still hunt mainly with the spear and throwing stick. They throw the stick end over end with such force that it can break the leg of a kangaroo. They use the spear for fish and all sorts of game.

Food on Melville Island is abundant. There are buffalo as well as kangaroo. There are turtles and turtle eggs, pythons (carpet snakes) with a fine flavor, and tender water snakes. There are tasty crabs and prawns, as well as oysters; geese and duck and emu; the great sea cow; and fish too numerous to mention. But the one food the Tiwis seem to put above the rest is the crocodile.

One night in the dark of the moon, two tribesmen known as Billy Two and Alec taught me what they knew about the crocodile hunt. We went by boat 10 miles east from Jiberabu, then headed quietly up an unnamed river. The tide was in, flooding the roots of the mangroves. At low tide, the crocodiles would have been on the mudbanks. Tonight they were in the water, and only a spotlight could pick up their red eyes. Billy Two handled the light from the bow, while Alec poled in the stern.

We went for miles up the dark river, the jungle thick on all sides. The spotlight would often pick out strange-looking birds in the treetops. Now and then huge pythons would loom up in the overhanging branches, draped in grotesque patterns. There was only one sound—the dropping of the nuts of the mangrove trees, which sounded like cherries falling into a pool. I was with primitive man aeons ago stalking the prey in dangerous waters.

Suddenly a slight movement of Billy Two brought me to attention. Two red eyes were a dozen feet off the port side. The harpoon drove home. A thrashing mass of flesh lunged out of the roots of the mangrove. Then a shot from a carbine echoed in the dark walls of the jungle. Alec had drilled the crocodile between the eyes. The reptile was nearly eight feet long.

Next day, as I watched the Tiwis skin and cook the crocodile, I learned what a great feast it could provide.

In many ways the Tiwis cling to their ancient way of life. But it is slowly breaking down. The Australian government has a settlement on Melville Island. Some Tiwis are finding employment there, and they get weekly rations of soap, biweekly rations of tobacco. A school for Tiwis has been established at Snake Bay, and one day as I sat in the little schoolhouse the inevitability of the disappearance of the Tiwis as a tribe was brought home to me. It was singing hour, and on their own the children burst into The Old Gray Mare She Ain't What She Used to Be. I knew then they were destined as adults to a new and different kind of life.

Aboriginals in Various Occupations

Altogether there are probably close to 50,000 full-blooded aboriginals in Australia today. Most of them are not in tribes. Some are in the cities; some are on cattle stations; many are in missions and government settlements. They are in the process of being transformed by Western civilization.

The transition is difficult. When the old tribal system breaks down, there must be something to take its place. If there is no substitute, if the aboriginal is cast on his own to make his way in civilization, he fast disintegrates. He needs help, lest he die. The missions give that help. So do the religious activities of the settlements run by the Native Affairs branch of the Australian government.

Religion takes the place of the old "dream time"; a new faith gives the aboriginals meaning and direction to life, and solace and comfort in dark days of trouble. I saw the transformation taking place—in Bible classes, church services, devotionals.

Assimilation of the aboriginals into the body politic is Australia's long-range policy. The government does not want them to form permanent colonies or enclaves within the country. It wants them to work and live as other people and to assume the rights and duties of citizenship. More and more are becoming full-fledged citizens, especially in Queensland. More and more have made the transition from tribal life to ranch or city life. And many are flourishing in their new status.

These people—once more despised than our Indians and never as much loved as our Negroes—will add a distinct flavor to Australian life.

Perhaps I am prejudiced. The Tiwis of the far north, by their politeness, their kindness, their good manners, their gentle qualities, won my affection. A thousand miles south, in central Australia, the aboriginals are taciturn and reserved. They have lived for centuries in the dry forests of desert oak, mulga and ironwood. The sun, the harsh environment, the scarcity of food, the great droughts have changed their character.

Up north, the weather is benign; the food plentiful. The Tiwis are the product of a friendly environment. They usually smile. They are generous and friendly. Every morning as I walked among their huts, I was deluged with greetings. If there were 23 people under a tree, each would say, not in a chorus but one after another, "Good morning." And they would say it in a gracious, dignified manner. In return I would say "Good morning" 23 times.

My departure was a sentimental occasion. A crowd of Tiwis said good-by on the edge of the narrow air-strip at Snake Bay. Rosie, my cook, cried. But there were mostly smiles as they showered me with presents. Several presented me with throwing sticks they had made, others with priceless bark baskets decorated with ancient Tiwi designs.

And then the Tiwis bestowed a title on me. Bill Harney translated the words. It seems that to the Tiwis I was to be known as The Properly Number One Man.

A woman member of the Tiwi tribe digs oysters on the shore of Jiberabu. They're a choice delicacy, but the favorite food of the people is crocodile

Douglas found that the aboriginal tribes in central Australia desert country have bronze hue from bleaching by the sun. Altogether there are 50,000 aboriginals in Australia, but tribal life is disappearing under impact of Western civilization

Kitty, who is forbidden to show face in pictures, sorts evidence picked up on raid

DETECTIVE Kitty Barry

By GLEDHILL CAMERON

A police sergeant's daughter, she always wanted to be a cop. Today she's been cited for unusual bravery and is one of the nation's top lady narcotics police officers

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

THE ferret-faced youth entering a Manhattan tenement late one night scarcely glanced at the loving couple standing close in the hallway. He'd have trembled down to the cuffs of his peg pants—where he'd stashed eight cigarettes, curiously nipped at both ends—if he had recognized either of them. The cigarettes were marijuana, the man in the hallway was a police officer—and the girl in the bandanna and the shapeless coat was none other than Kitty Barry, ace detective of the narcotics squad and the most decorated lady cop in New York.

Detective first grade Kathryn Barry is a legend in the underworld, where (it is said) the name Kitty alone is enough to give a junkie a jolt more powerful than a shot of pure heroin. In the last two years, she has arrested more dope peddlers and users than any other member of the narcotics squad. Last year the 98 men and 12 women on the squad made about 1,500 arrests, or an average of about 14 per cop; Kitty made 54 of them.

As a consequence, Detective Barry has achieved almost unparalleled prestige among both her colleagues and her victims. Her exploits are fabled in at least two pieces of jailhouse literature widely circulated in the narcotics rackets—a poem, largely unprintable, written to "this pretty pink queen" by a pusher-user she once arrested, and a song, by another junkie, whose chorus (sung to the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic) goes like this:

"Glory, how that gal can fool ya!
She gets your dearest friend to stool ya!
Then sends you to the pen to school ya!
And Miss Barry goes marching on!"

The affection in which she is held by other members of the New York Police Department was demonstrated unmistakably one day when the word got around three precincts that Kitty, out on a case, was in danger. Although it was just before four o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when the shifts change, two to three hundred uniformed policemen, plain-clothes men and detectives about to go off duty remained in their precincts well into the evening—until a report came that Kitty was okay.

That was a proud moment for Kitty Barry, a police sergeant's daughter who "always wanted to be a cop."

"You know how all kids play cops and robbers? I never got over it—just retarded, I guess," she smiles. "My father was Sergeant James Barry, a cop for 18 years, and I had two uncles on the force. Dad taught me the difference between petty and grand larceny before I was eight. He also convinced me that something awful would happen—like my head would roll off—if I ever touched his gun. I was so scared of guns that years later, when I fired a pistol for the first time at the Police Academy, I fainted."

Apparently that was Kitty's last moment of timidity. At least she has overcome it enough to win an impressive 14 citations for unusual bravery and "meritorious conduct" during her 15 years on the force.

An unusually modest woman, she had to look up her own record at police headquarters when I asked her for the stories behind the citations. One citation was for an incident she casually describes as a "little scuffle." A dope peddler she had arrested in mid-Manhattan tried to escape in his car. Kitty jumped on the running board. With one hand, the man drove madly down the crowded street; with the other, he repeatedly punched her in the face, trying to knock her off. But she hung on and beat the driver on the head with her handbag ("I couldn't reach my gun"). This feminine weapon proved effective. The peddler stopped the car and, by now only semiconscious, agreed that he was indeed under arrest.

Such an active professional life has given Kitty close acquaintance with many of the underworld's more colorful characters, including "Charlie the Blade," "Hymie the Ho," "Kid Squeaks," and, of course, the ladies—"Indian Pat," "Helen the Greek," "Dotty Blueyes" and one old friend, "Pegleg Bertha."

"Bertha sold narcotics in the subways mostly,"

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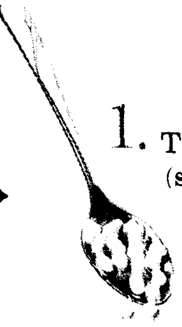
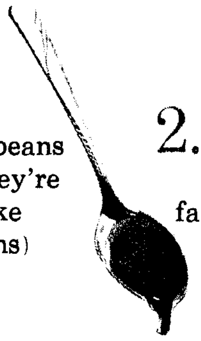


1. The very best of beans (soaked before they're cooked, just like homemade beans)



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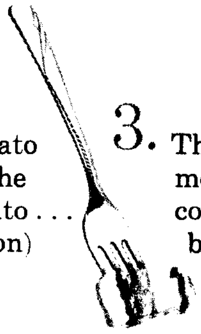

3. The leanest bacon pork money can buy (slow-cooked along with the beans and the sauce)

3 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM: REGULAR, LARGE, AND THE BIG *NEW* FAMILY SIZE.

Kitty explains. "When someone wanted to buy from her, she'd go into the ladies' room and take the stuff out of her artificial leg."

The woman detective's largest single haul of illegal narcotics came during an arrest she worked on in 1949. It comprised 20 pounds of raw opium, seven large Mason jars of cooked opium, 22 "toys" (small salve containers in which opium is customarily sold) and 18 ounces of pure heroin. The take was worth at least $100,000 wholesale and an estimated more-than-a-million dollars in sales to addicts.

Of all commonly known narcotics heroin is the most ravaging to the human system, and police department experts say that only two weeks' daily use could make almost anyone an addict. These facts, chiefly, led to its total prohibition in the United States. Heroin now may not be manufactured, sold or possessed legally anywhere in the country. Doctors may not prescribe it as they sometimes do other narcotics, and druggists may not handle it.

Yet 85 per cent of all narcotics addicts today use heroin, and the amount being smuggled into the country seems to be increasing. The New York Police Department's narcotics squad last year seized 806 ounces of the stuff as against only 191 in 1950.

"You can always spot the junkies—the heroin addicts," Kitty Barry says. "The white junkie gets a kind of yellowish tone to his skin, the Negro junkie a grayish look. When they're brought to headquarters from the precincts, they've usually been without a shot for a while, and are beginning to have withdrawal symptoms. They're miserable and they look it; they sniff, sniff, sniff, because their noses run; their eyes water. Later they get terrible stomach cramps and nausea."

WHY do men and women become addicts? Kitty has asked the question hundreds of times. I sat with her recently as she asked it of a young heroin addict whom she had arrested in the early-morning hours at a cheap hotel. He was a pale, unhealthy-looking fellow with dark hair pulled back from his forehead and darting dark eyes. His natty light gray suit with stitched lapels hung without a wrinkle on his well-built frame; there was hardly an extra ounce of flesh on his body. He wore a handsome gold watch and carried an expensive pigskin wallet—both stolen, it later developed.

"Zip," as I will call him, answered readily. He started on drugs for the same reason given so monotonously by all addicts: "I was curious. I didn't think I'd get hooked." At twenty-six, he'd already had four cures: two at the Federal Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, one at Rikers Island in New York, and one at a veterans' hospital. He insisted that the bottles of Demerol tablets which had been found in his room, and for which he had no prescription, were to help him break his addiction to heroin.

"Why do I take junk?" he grinned sickly. "Just to feel like you do now. To feel normal. Sure I want to kick the habit. Who wants it?" Yet when asked to explain how he felt after taking heroin, he instantly replied: "Gimme a 'fix.' I'll let you watch."

Kitty didn't oblige. Instead she asked him whether he thought heroin addiction was increasing.

Zip shrugged his shoulders. "When I started six-seven years ago, there was just one junkie in my neighborhood. But now? Everybody!"

Kitty told me later that most new addicts are made when a junkie induces someone else to try the drug so that he, as a pusher-user, can sell more heroin and get an additional supply for himself. (A wholesaler will usually give a pusher-user one free "deck" of heroin for every three he sells.) It's not uncommon for a man addicted to heroin to induce his wife to start using the drug. Once she becomes an addict, she often will willingly go into prostitution to get enough money to support her habit and his. In one case recently, a man persuaded his wife and his mother to start using heroin.

ALTHOUGH most activity today is in heroin, Kitty Barry has also arrested her share of "pipies" during her 11 years on the narcotics squad. "Pipies" are opium users; they either smoke or chew the dried juice of the poppy. "The pipies are called 'the 400' among users," Kitty says. "Opium appeals to the more intellectual type, and it's expensive. It's a sticky brownish substance which is usually sold in 'toys,' the small metal salve containers, at $25 each. A pipie with a medium habit can get about three or four smokes out of one toy."

Kitty has also brought in morphine users, called "hops"; "weedheads," who smoke or chew marijuana ("green tea," "hemp," "weed," "pot"); "cokies," who sniff or shoot cocaine ("C," "happy dust," "snow," "sleighride"); and "goofballs," who regularly take any of the barbiturates, such as Seconal or phenobarbital. (Many addicts also use synthetic drugs like Dolophine or Demerol, but usually only as a substitute when they can't get or can't afford real narcotics.)

This lingo of the narcotics set ran through the "sweet nothings" that Kitty Barry was whispering to her partner, Detective Max Renner, that night in the tenement-house hallway when the unsuspecting peg-panted "weedhead" walked past. Kitty was telling Renner of the passer-by's prison record, narcotics specialty and underworld connections. She needed only a glance at the sharpie, known to his intimates as "Squirrel," to flip the correct dossier on him in her mental "Who's Who" among narcotics criminals. This file runs from the top echelon of importers and big wholesalers, who rarely use drugs or handle them personally, down to the lowest street pusher—the "lollygob" or "boot and shoe bum" who shoves the stuff mainly to get a supply for himself in return.

It's likely that "Squirrel," a busy man at his trade, had heard all about Detective Kitty Barry. But that night he was flying too high on his way to a "jag" (narcotics party) even to notice the two detectives as they swiftly followed him to the apartment of a character known as "Jealous Jack," a fast man with a knife. Kitty and Renner listened for a moment at the door, from which came the sound of a dreamy fox trot and a smell "like burning hay," instantly recognized as marijuana. Seconds later, the pair broke into the room.

"There were ten men and one woman 'on the nod' when we went in," Max Renner told me later. "As soon as we said, 'Police officers!' one guy with a gun lunges past us and out the door. I have to chase him all the way to the street and scuffle with him before I subdue him. Meanwhile, there is Kitty alone with the roomful of weedheads, and some of them pretty high. Marijuana is flying all over the place. They're swallowing it and stuffing it behind furniture and trying to throw it out the window. Kitty has her gun out and she tells them to keep still. Obviously she can't search them all alone, so she tells them to throw everything they have on the floor. When I bring back the guy with the gun, there's a pile of knives and switchknives and even a blackjack on the floor. We also got about four pounds of marijuana and a couple of dozen reefers [marijuana cigarettes]."

"Oh, it was a real high-class 'tea party' or 'pad,' with all the trimmings, the blue lights, soft music and everything," Kitty recalled. "Only Max and I didn't expect to handle so many guests. Besides the twelve already there, we were the reception committee for fourteen more before the night was through—twenty-six characters altogether!"

Max took over the story:

"Kitty was terrific! She held those monkeys under control. If just one of them got the idea of rushing her, she'd have been a goner. But she can always gentle them down. She keeps things calm no matter where we make the arrest, in an apartment, on the street, in a rooming house, in the subway, even in a tearoom. We once arrested a seaman in a tearoom while a lot of nice ladies having afternoon tea got hysterical; the seaman had a two-pound 'bellyband' of raw opium under his shirt.

"Kitty handles each situation differently. If a prisoner gets difficult, she may say, 'Now, baby! Settle down. You know you're made. Why make things harder for yourself?' If we're in a bar or cafeteria, things may get a little tense after we nab the guy. Kitty will glance around for a likely character and say, 'Here, son, put this quarter in the jukebox. We might as well have music with this until the wagon comes.' I don't really know how she does it, but she keeps things light, keeps them moving. And she watches everybody all the time."

"I don't get nervous or butterflies in my stomach or anything like that, before or during an arrest," Kitty admits. "But let's face it. Any arrest is pretty dramatic. *Nobody* is normal during an arrest. When we get the prisoners to the precinct and book them, then I begin to shake. I have to sit down, smoke a cigarette, talk to someone."

THIS confession would undoubtedly surprise the narcotics criminals she has arrested. They might be further astonished to learn that she has a home and a private life. After an afternoon or night of tailing criminals, dodging in and out of doorways, in seamier neighborhoods, chasing suspects in cars, Kitty goes home to a Bronx apartment where her widowed mother still waits up every night for her.

This nightly vigil is more of a sacrifice for Mrs. Barry than it might sound. Like all detectives on the narcotics squad, Kitty is on 24-hour, seven-day-a-week duty (although she can usually count on sleeping late enough on Sundays to attend twelve-thirty Mass, and a few hours for her relaxations—bridge or golf—with the close friends who understand her schedule).

Detective Barry's normal bedtime is between 2:00 and 4:00 A.M., and she averages only four to five hours sleep a night. This rugged schedule is dictated by two realities of the narcotics detective's job: first, under the law the cop must catch the criminal buying, selling or in possession of the drug or the equipment for using it—and the junkies don't come out until the sun goes down. Second, the cop has to appear in court, which convenes at 10:00 A.M., about four out of five mornings, either for the arraignment of prisoners arrested the night before or to testify in the trials of suspects who had been arrested previously.

Even after an arrest, when the prisoner is booked at the precinct, hours elapse before Kitty can call it a night and go home. Ironically her prisoner may have two or three hours' sleep before Kitty herself finishes the paper work for each arrest—filling out some 15 or 17 separate forms.

KITTY, who can look forward to the possibility of retirement at half pay when she has spent 20 years as a cop, earns $6,080 annually as a detective first grade—tops for women police officers, who may not take the police department's competitive exams for higher rank and salary. Out of her pay, Kitty must pay for the car she uses, gasoline and other expenses—including traffic tickets. She has the same parking problem as all New York autoists; even when hot on the trail of a narcotics criminal, she must worry about getting a parking ticket. So far, she cheerfully admits she's had two—$15 each.

If Kitty kept her press clippings, which she doesn't, she could fill a dozen scrapbooks with news stories of her exploits, but there would be not a photograph showing her face. That's a police department rule, and it can't be broken—even for a queen.

Former Queen Helen of Romania and her son, ex-King Michael, were visiting the New York police line-up a few years ago when Kitty brought in two narcotics prisoners. "What! That little girl?" gasped the queen. "She captured those men?" ("I was slimmer then," Kitty grins.) The queen asked to meet the woman detective; as Kitty recalls, Her Majesty asked the "usual questions—how could I do it, wasn't I afraid? She said she would be. I told her so was I."

When the queen turned to a news photographer to request that her picture be taken with Detective Barry, the police official assigned to guide the royal pair was forced to tell her, hastily and uncomfortably, that Kitty could not be photographed.

Partly because of this no-photograph rule, even the narcotics criminals who infest New York City cannot describe Kitty Barry—though she spends most of her waking hours among them. Some of those who have been arrested by her say she's a blonde; some say she's a redhead; others swear she dyes her hair back and forth.

Kitty's hair is, in fact, a reddish-brown, now graying. She has Irish blue eyes, straight dark brows and strong handsome features. She is forty-two years old and unmarried.

"Six of the women on the squad are married—all before they joined us. If you're not married before you join the squad, you never will be—not with the hours we keep," Kitty says with her warm chuckle. Although a chilling tone of command readily comes to her voice when the need arises, ordinarily it is soft and pleasant.

Beyond such details, it's hard to describe Kitty Barry very vividly. "That's one of my advantages," she says. "I meld."

This ability to be inconspicuous is no small advantage in her job. She must spend days, weeks, even months, returning again and again to the same

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neighborhoods to shadow suspects and observe specific locations, establishing the operating methods of the narcotics criminal. She must find out how he works, where he sells, who his customers and contacts are and, if possible, where his "plant" or "stash" of narcotics is located.

It's a Tedious Job of Waiting

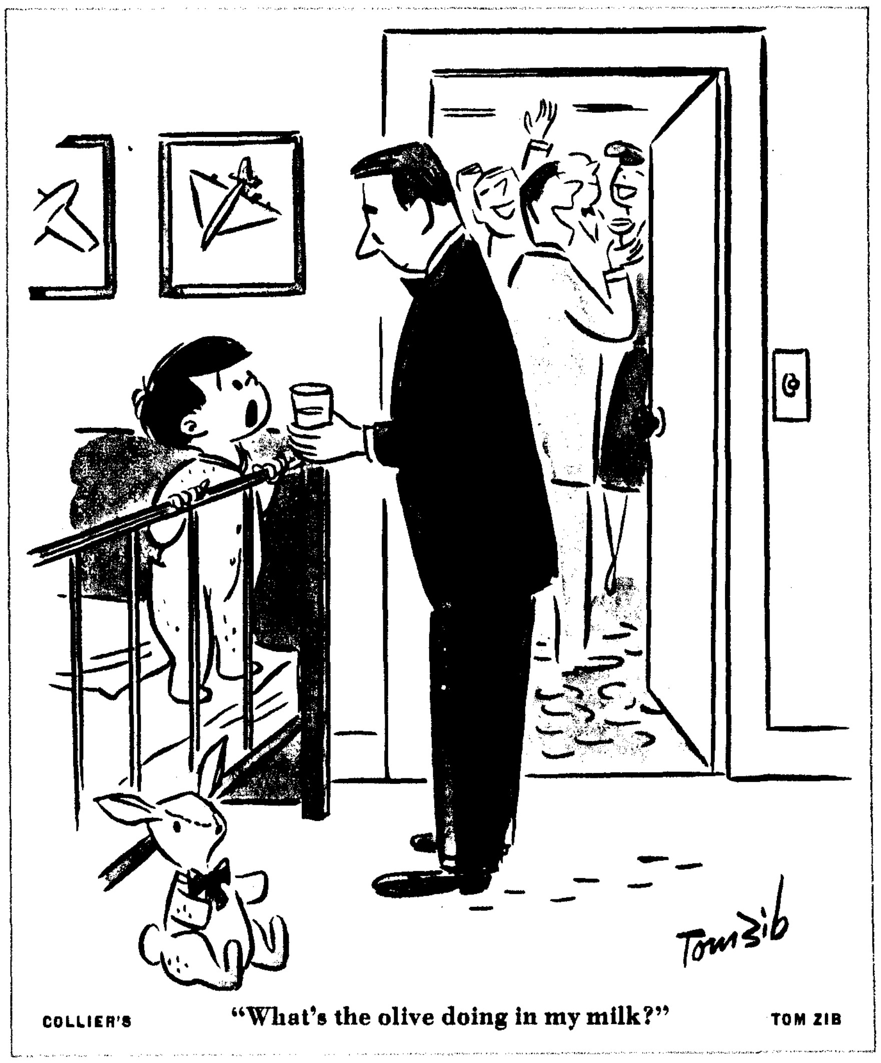
"There's an awful lot of waiting in this job," Kitty sighs. "Waiting for someone to go in someplace. Waiting for someone to come out. Lots of times, as we say, we get 'em up and put 'em to bed. If you learn that the junkie usually comes out around two or three o'clock in the afternoon, you are there when he does. You follow him. Maybe he just goes to a saloon or to a cafeteria for breakfast. You wait. He goes to buy a paper and you follow him. He goes back to his room for a couple of hours. You wait until he comes out again. After a day or two, you see that he usually does business between seven and nine o'clock, say, on a certain street corner or in a bar or drugstore. You may watch for a day or two to see just how he sells the narcotics.

"It's sort of like fishing. You try to let the little fish lead you to the bigger fish. If you know how to do it, you can see practically every move a junkie makes and follow him for days. On the street you 'get lost' in the crowd in a busy neighborhood and stick right up close. If it's not crowded, you 'take a long tail' about three blocks away, but you can still see what he's doing, since there aren't so many people between you and him. You hook 'the little fish,' so *he* won't get away, as soon as you feel you have found out all you can. Then you go on after the bigger ones. Of course, the bigger they are, the harder to catch."

Prisoners get a quick frisk when they are seized, and if the arrest is made where they live, the place is searched for anywhere from one to five hours.

"We always search the prisoners first," Kitty explains. "Say we break into an apartment and arrest two men and a woman. Max Renner and Joe Whiteley, my two regular partners, hold their guns and watch while I search the woman. Then I watch while they search the men. First I take the woman's handbag, if she has one, and her coat or jacket, and lay those aside but in sight of the prisoner. I search her clothing thoroughly, including the hems of her dress, the seams, collar and so on. Women also often hide narcotics in their hair. They slip the flat cellophane decks under the hair and hold them in place with bobby pins, or stash narcotics in high piled-up coiffures. Later, at the station house, prisoners get a more thorough search. Women often secrete the stuff in falsies or bras."

Searching a room or an apartment for narcotics, Kitty is always alert for new hiding places, but, she says: "It's amazing how often we find the stuff in the same old places—in a plastic bag hung out on the clothesline, in compartments built into the floor, in kitchen cabinets, or even placed between the slices of a loaf of bread. I look for well-worn screws, especially on things you wouldn't expect to be taken apart very often. Once we found fifteen or twenty decks of heroin in a telephone wall box whose screws looked a little too worn. The junkies are always thinking of new places, though. Not long



COLLIER'S "What's the olive doing in my milk?" TOM ZIB

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ago we arrested a man and his wife and found they'd hidden an ounce of heroin in the diapers of their six-month-old infant.”

Kitty, whom her boss, Inspector Peter E. Terranova, head of the narcotics squad, describes as “without hesitation, the best female narcotics detective in the country,” usually looks like just another neighborhood woman when she's working. She has no more elaborate disguise than a couple of changes of old clothes she keeps in the back of her car. Frequently she also pushes a baby carriage or carries a shopping bag of groceries to further the illusion that she is just another housewife.

Sometimes, if the situation calls for it, Kitty has made her characterization a little more colorful. She has impersonated every type of woman from a “cannon” (pickpocket) or “booster” (shoplifter) to a streetwalker. Recently, in one of her drabbest costumes, she led a fellow detective who wore dark glasses and strummed a guitar as a “blind musician,” through one district's bars for nearly a month to keep a dope peddler under close surveillance.

“Of course, if we go into a fancier neighborhood or a swankier bar—and we do sometimes—I may have to be dressed to the teeth,” Kitty adds.

When not running down suspects, Kitty favors pert hats, very high heels and softly tailored suits. However, she has trouble persuading salesgirls to sell her suits loose enough through the shoulders to accommodate the shoulder holster for the .32 she carries. Kitty pulls out the gun fairly frequently in the course of her lively workaday schedule, mainly to discourage the throwing of lead, knives, broken bottles and other bric-a-brac in her direction. “All a woman has to do is pull out a gun and everybody freezes,” she smiles. “They figure a woman is going to be a lot more nervous and unpredictable with a gun than a man.”

Proving Her Skill With a Gun

On occasion Kitty has fired her gun at a car's tires with satisfactory results. Once she needed only two shots to stop dead a car speeding down Third Avenue. Her two men partners were grateful for her restraint, as well as her aim. They were clinging to each side of the car, trying to grab the wheel, while the drug-crazed driver caromed his vehicle from side to side, hoping to brush the detectives off against the structural steel pillars of the elevated.

Only once, however, has Kitty shot a man. That was the night of “Jealous Jack's” big party. One of the guests threw a two-pound bag of marijuana at Miss Barry, pulled out a switch-blade knife, and tried to escape. “I shot him in the thigh—which is where I aimed,” she says.

Yet so potent is her reputation in the underworld that many a junkie will tell you all about the notches Detective Kitty Barry has on her gun. Actually, she has none. They'll also tell you how Miss Barry, five foot three and 140 pounds, can disarm a 200-pound man. This is quite true. She once demonstrated jujitsu at the New York World's Fair.

The junkies of New York will also tell you—and so will Renner and Whiteley, her partners—that when Kitty is on a case she doesn't care about either sleep or food. This is almost true.

Kitty considers 40 hours without sleep the normal limit of her endurance, but she has sometimes stretched it to 72 hours. Her lack of interest in food when she's working is so well known that a colleague frequently slips a handful of malted milk tablets in her pockets in the hope that she may absent-mindedly munch them.

Woman's Inhumanity to Man

“Eat?” sighs Joe Whiteley, a tall, rawboned, quiet ex-Navy man. “The most she'll let you stop for is a cup of coffee or maybe a malted.” He groans good-naturedly. “She's awful. Inhuman! I remember once we were planted in an empty store watching through peepholes, waiting for a certain character to do business at a location across the street. It was one of those freezing winter days. We had no heat. No place to sit down. Nothing to eat. We stood there from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. She didn't leave the place once.”

Probably more than anything else, it is this dogged persistence that has given Kitty her fearsome reputation in narcotics circles. Not once in her 15 years as a cop has one of her arrests been dismissed—considered a remarkable record even on the narcotics squad, which is proud of its high score of 97 per cent conviction for all arrests.

One legend about Detective Barry is that she not only can spot a drug user three blocks away walking in the opposite direction on a rainy night, but can tell you what drug he uses. “Well,” she admits, “it's true that once you've seen so many, there are certain signs about anyone with a narcotics habit. I can't explain it very well, but there's something kind of unconnected about the way they move and walk. Of course, different drugs have different effects on different people. In general, the junkies are tractable, just full of ‘peace and pleasure’ when they've had a shot. The goofball is sleepy.

“Those using marijuana or cocaine are unpredictable, since these drugs stimulate rather than soothe, as opium does. The weedhead reacts according to his own personality: if he is an apathetic person he'll have mild delirium; if he's imaginative, he may have brilliant hallucinations; if he's savage, he may go into a mad rage.

“The cokie can be violent and dangerous because he thinks he can do anything. We once arrested a cokie in an apartment and he just held up his handkerchief. He thought we couldn't walk behind it. When we took it away, he turned and tried to walk through the wall—right through the wall. We've even had them walk out of windows five flights up.”

Can the drug traffic be stamped out? Kitty agrees with—but is undismayed by—the oft-expressed opinion of experts that while a single poppy grows in China or Turkey or Iran, there will be an illegal traffic in drugs—and addicts to provide a market.

“International control is the only answer,” she says. “But until we get it—if we ever do—someone must try to stop, or at least check, the drug traffic going on right here and right now. I figure that's my job, and I just try to do it.”

▲▲▲

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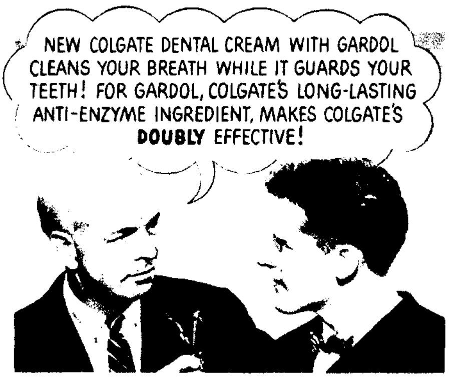
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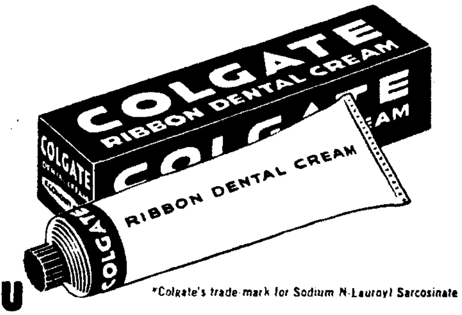

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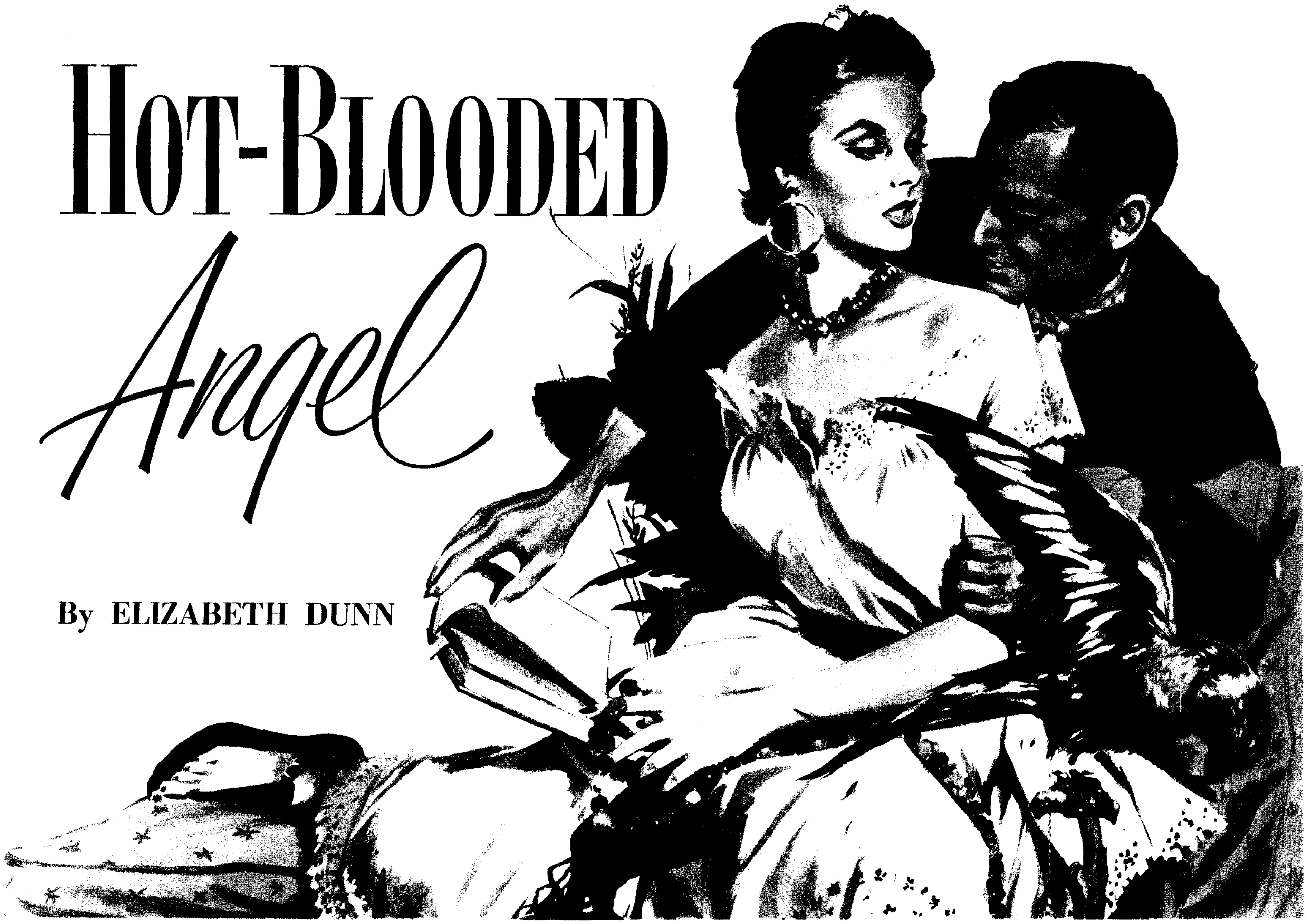
HOT-BLOODED Angel

By ELIZABETH DUNN



Veronica looked at Daniel and said, "Why, that's exactly the way—" She never finished her sentence. A piercing scream rent the air

Daniel was not impressed when Veronica started a riot, but when she started an earthquake—well, that gave him reason to wonder

THE taxi sped away in a cloud of beige dust as Daniel Mason rang the bell beside the high wooden gate of the Casa Mimosa. Instantly he was beset by panic: Suppose he hated the place? Suppose this Miss Hale turned out to be talkative or motherly or frantically gay? This, he told himself bitterly, was what double pneumonia did for you: turned you into an apprehensive neurotic who listened weakly to the words of friends.

Guatemala, they had said. Daniel, old boy, you need a change. Go to Guatemala—marvelous air, hot sun, fascinating native customs. One of his friends had even heard about the perfect place to stay: not a hotel, just a peaceful, private house where a charming spinster rented her guest room.

At the moment, the famous Guatemala air was definitely chilly; the sun was setting theatrically behind an artificial-looking volcano; and the native customs, whatever they might be, did not appear to include answering doorbells. Daniel looked at his luggage and considered returning to the airport.

The huge gate swung open, and a small coffee-colored girl in bare feet and a starched housemaid's cap came out and picked up his suitcases. Wearily, he followed her.

Inside the gate, he paused. He was surrounded by an enormous garden; in the center of it stood the Casa Mimosa, low and rambling and pale blue. After the plane, the taxi, the clouds of dust, this garden was like a fairy tale.

A bass voice said at his elbow: "Mr. Mason? How do you do? Won't you come in?"

Daniel jumped. Beside him stood a tall, muscular lady of middle years, with a square tanned face, small, sharp black eyes and a lavishly powdered Roman nose. This must be Miss Hale, the charming spinster.

"How do you do?" he said weakly.

"Elvira! Tea on the terrace—pronto!" the woman bellowed. "Come along, Mr. Mason! Where is that girl? Always bouncing her hips at Luis—the gardener, you know. Veronica says not, but she's wrong. Highly intelligent, sensitive, very aware—Veronica—but won't see what she doesn't want to. What do you do for a living? Been ill, haven't you? Married? Sit down!"

Daniel sat down, abruptly, in a deck chair. "I'm a lawyer," he said, icily. To himself he added: And if it's any business of yours, madam, I am thirty-five years of age and a bachelor, due to a girl named Mimi who, thank Heaven, decided to marry somebody else, and did so.

Tea came. His hostess poured. "Sugar? Lemon? You play bridge?"

"No, Miss Hale, I don't."

"Pity. But I'm not Miss Hale." Daniel looked up. "I'm Diana Watling. Live with Miss Hale. Veronica. She's out." Miss Watling ate a small sandwich whole. "Ought to be here. Her responsibility. However, I must admit Captain Cox is very persuasive. More tea?"

Daniel was far too exhausted to care what Miss Watling was talking about. She glanced at him sharply and got up.

"Show you to your room, since Veronica isn't here. Bedroom and sitting room. Nobody to bother you. Ought to go straight to bed."

"Oh, I think not," said Daniel, who was longing to.

"Vittorio!" shouted Miss Watling. "Luggage! Pronto!"

After Vittorio had left him, Daniel examined his quarters thoroughly. The basic necessities were enhanced by four wire coat hangers in the wardrobe, a small bottle of dried ink on the desk and a bed lamp that flickered feverishly, as though sending messages in code. The bathroom contained a tub with only one tap, marked *C.* Daniel turned it and nearly scalded his hand, and then he remembered that "hot" in Spanish is *caliente.*

The bed was wide, deep and inviting. For a moment Daniel seriously considered getting into it. But he was not an invalid, he was a man in his prime recovering from an illness. He looked in

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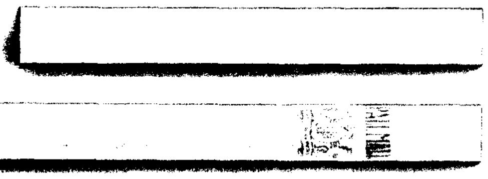

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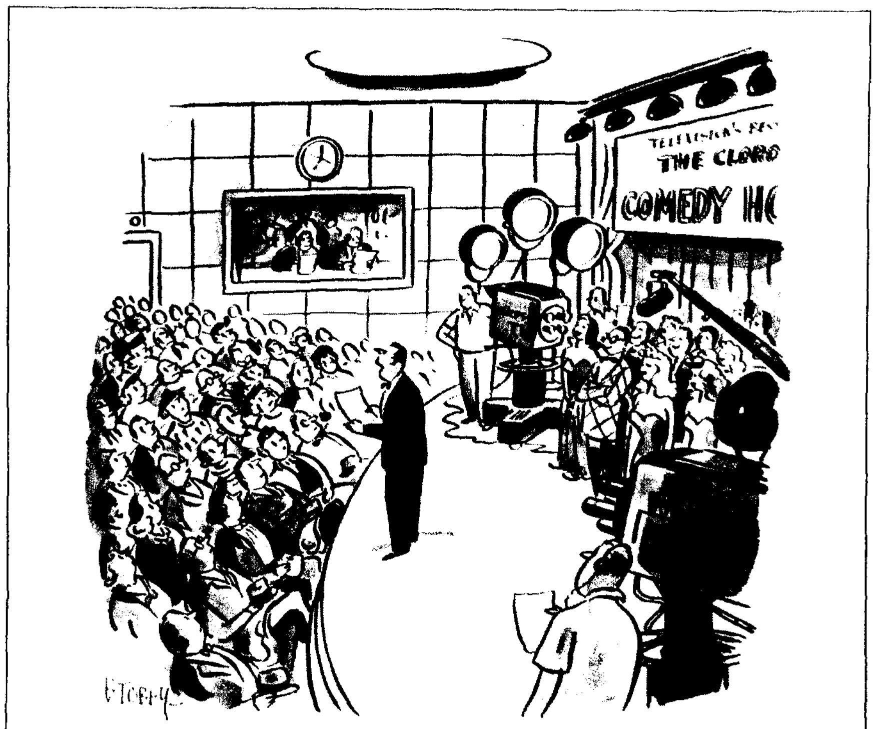

"Once the show gets under way, we must request absolute silence. All necessary laughter will be dubbed in from the control room"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

the mirror for reassurance, and came face to face with a gaunt ghost whose bony jaw and sunken gray eyes reminded him of his grandfather during the last years of the old man's life.

Daniel went to investigate his sitting room. It was filled with white-and-gold furniture, upholstered in pale-blue corduroy. The sofa was eight inches wide, several yards long, and decorated with carved cupids. On the opposite wall hung a picture entitled The Odalisque.

Daniel got a book from his luggage and lay down. He must have dozed, for he was aware suddenly of voices outside on the terrace. He went to the window where, peering out, he could see two figures under the terrace light. The taller was a man in the uniform of the United States Army. The other was a girl, a slight girl, with dark shiny hair, and a complexion that even the merciless overhead light failed to damage.

DANIEL'S first reaction was that it would be hard to find anyone less like Mimi, who had a strong jaw, a very long, very red convertible, and fingernails to match. It was astonishingly refreshing to look at a girl who was so unlike Mimi.

"Veronica," said the Army urgently. "Veronica, darling."

Oh, no, Daniel thought. Not our Miss Hale! Not the spinster who rents her guest room.

The Army reached out, seized Miss Hale and proceeded to kiss her, thoroughly.

Daniel, behind his curtain, held his breath. He was, on the whole, a rather good judge of character: one glimpse of Miss Hale had shown him that she needed gentleness and protection, not the assaults of brutal and licentious soldiery. Miss Hale was the sort of girl who would repulse any such crude advances. . . . At this moment he saw, with a shock, that far from repulsing the Army's crude advances, she was responding to them enthusiastically.

Daniel turned away in disgust. Then he heard her voice: "No, Teddy, *no!* I really *must* go in! I've got a new guest and I have to go and see whether everything—"

A fine time to see whether everything! thought Daniel, furiously. Ten o'clock at night and no coat hangers. Veronica was highly intelligent, sensitive and aware, was she? Veronica was revolting. He sat down on the blue sofa. He could hear—he couldn't help hearing—the conversation outside his window.

"No, Teddy. Oh, dear, you're so strong!"

"You need someone strong to look after you."

"You talk," said Veronica breathlessly, "exactly like Geoffrey."

"And who," inquired the Army ominously, "is Geoffrey?"

"Teddy, *I* am going to bed! Thank you for a lovely day. Good night!"

"But Veron—"

The front door slammed. . . .

Skirts whispered outside Daniel's sitting room. There was a pause and then a quick, light knock.

"Come in!" Daniel called.

Miss Hale came in. She and Daniel looked at each other, and Miss Hale smiled. Her eyes were an extraordinary dark blue.

"How do you do, Mr. Mason. I'm Veronica Hale. I just came in to see that everything is all right. I do hope you'll like the Casa Mimosa."

Daniel held his rage in control. "Well," he said evenly, "the acoustics are good."

A blush swept up over Miss Hale's exquisite skin. "Oh," she said. *"Oh.* You—we—" She stopped. The blush subsided. Her chin rose a little and she said with cool dignity, "Are you *comfortable* on that sofa, Mr. Mason?"

"No," Daniel said.

For a moment, Miss Hale's eyes sparkled; then she said gravely, "I rented the house furnished. Wouldn't it be a good idea to go to bed?"

"I can't read in bed," Daniel said levelly. "My bed lamp winks."

"Oh, dear, that's Vittorio! You see, he's madly jealous of Elvira, his wife." Miss Hale looked as though she were going to giggle. "He's really an awful nuisance, and so *silly!* Because what could *you*—anyway, that lamp was all right when I left this morning."

Daniel felt his rage growing. "When you left this morning, Miss Hale, was the ink still fluid?"

Startled guilt shone in her eyes. "Oh, I forgot it! I'm *so* sorry! I was thinking of—I mean, I was so—" She took a deep breath. "What you need, Mr. Mason, is a glass of nice hot milk."

"I can't write a letter with nice hot milk, Miss Hale."

"Milk would soothe your nerves. After all," said Miss Hale, who was clearly reminding herself of the fact, "you've been sick."

For years Daniel had kept his temper; bidding it good-by was an exquisite sensation. "All that would soothe my nerves is a few coat hangers," he said loudly. "If I ran my business the way you run yours, Miss Hale—"

Her blue eyes had turned almost black. She said, "I am very sorry, Mr. Mason. You'll have everything you want, in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," Daniel said. In the morning he would go.

BUT in the morning he was too tired to do more than crawl out into the sunshine. At lunchtime, when he crawled in again, he found his wardrobe crowded with coat hangers, his bedside lamp burning with a steady light, and a giant bottle of fresh ink on his desk. He no longer cared. In a far corner of the garden he had found a nook screened by a little grove of orange trees. Here he had lain motionless in a deck chair under the blazing Guatemala sun. Trays appeared, borne by Elvira or a sullen Vittorio.

Once or twice during the next week, Miss Diana Watling strode across the grass and peered at him in his nook; Daniel pretended to be asleep. Of Miss Hale he saw nothing whatever.

Then there came a morning when Miss Watling walked straight to the deck chair.

"Don't get up!" she boomed. "Decided you'd been a monk long enough. Beginning to look human again. Come and have tea this afternoon."

Daniel was astonished to hear himself accepting with pleasure.

"At four," said Miss Watling. "Veronica will be here. And, no doubt, Captain Cox. Do you good." She departed.

Daniel fidgeted in his deck chair, unable to get back into a comfortable position. Tea with Miss Watling might have been surprisingly pleasant; he was, he discovered, ready to welcome conversation again. But he certainly had no desire ever to talk with the highly intelligent Miss Hale; and the possibility of Captain Cox's doing him good seemed extremely remote.

Tea began harmlessly enough.

Realizing with relief that he now bore only a general family resemblance to his grandfather, Daniel walked out onto the terrace with some confidence and found the party assembled. Veronica, cool and competent in starched white piqué, performed the introductions. Miss Watling poured tea, and Captain Cox hovered.

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"I hear you've been ill, sir," said the captain heartily. "You don't look it."

"Did when he came," Miss Watling said, inhaling deeply. "Looked like a corpse ready for dissection. Great improvement."

"It's the climate," Veronica said.

"It's good care," the captain said, and looked adoringly at the top of Veronica's head.

Daniel crossed his long legs, and said easily, "I'm afraid it's my iron constitution. We Masons tend to get over sicknesses. But it *is* a beautiful country. It smells as though someone had thrown a handful of cinnamon on a fire of fat pine."

Veronica looked up at him quickly. "Why, that's *exactly*—" She never finished her sentence.

A piercing scream rent the air. For a moment everyone sat rigid. Then Luis, the gardener, ran out of the kitchen doorway and across the garden at an unimaginable speed. Behind him pounded Vittorio, and the sunlight glinted on a short and wicked knife in Vittorio's hand.

There was a flash of white skirt. "No, Vittorio, no!" Veronica shouted as she ran. "Drop it! *Drop it,* I say!"

"Son of a cow!" Vittorio yelled. "Him I will dismember."

Daniel leaped down from the terrace. A teacup crashed on the stones behind him, and the captain jostled his shoulder.

"Ten quetzales on the gardener!" yelled Miss Watling. "Run, Luis, *run!"*

Daniel saw Luis hurl himself toward the top of the pale-blue garden wall; he heard the knife whistle through the air; and then, just ahead of him, he saw Veronica fall to her knees, her hands clutching one bare leg.

Daniel dropped to the grass beside her. The knife lay nearby in a patch of hibiscus, as scarlet as the blood that ran down Veronica's leg. He snatched out his handkerchief.

AS HE bent over Veronica, he heard screeching and scuffling and the crack of a fist on flesh. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Vittorio hit the ground with a thud, and a second later Luis fell limply onto a large, hairy cactus. Then Miss Watling was at Daniel's side, with iodine and bandages. Daniel worked quickly.

"You don't have to do this, Mr. Mason," Veronica protested, in a high, tight voice.

"No, indeed," Daniel agreed amiably. "I *could* let you bleed to death, Miss Hale."

He looked up and saw Captain Cox lift Luis off the cactus and toss him over the wall. Vittorio was rapidly crawling away on all fours. The captain said loudly: "If I were you, Veronica, I'd jail that gardener for a couple of weeks. Let him cool off."

"It's Veronica who ought to be locked up!" roared Miss Watling. "Rushing around, howling at Vittorio to drop it—as though he were a dog with a shoe in his mouth!"

Daniel began to laugh.

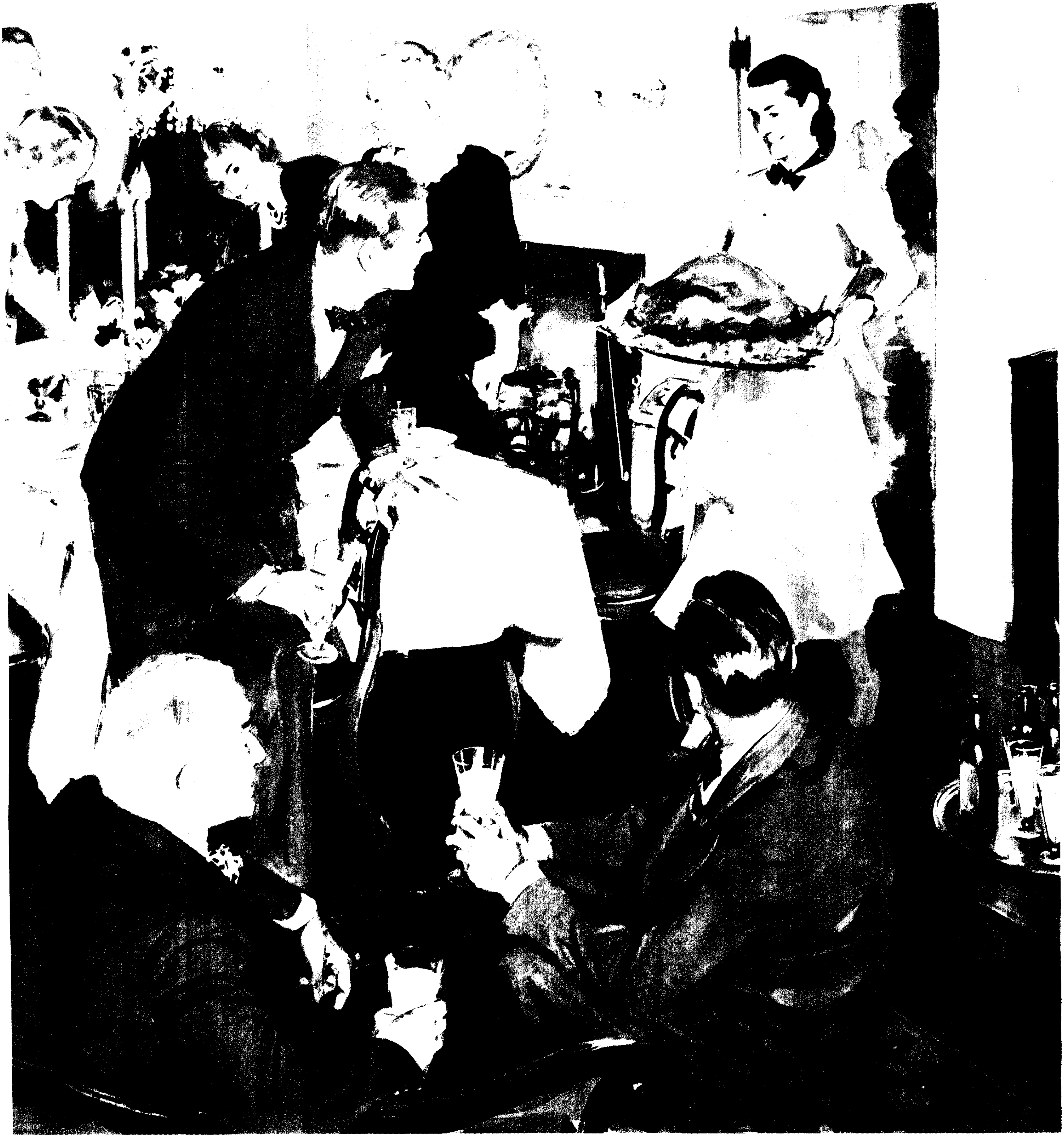
Veronica said, in an unsteady voice, "Aunt Di, if you could help me to my room, I really think—"

Daniel said, "Better let me help you, Miss Hale."

"No!" Veronica said.

"She's had a shock," said the captain masterfully. "She needs quiet." He picked Veronica up with offensive ease and marched off with her.

Miss Watling looked after them. "I



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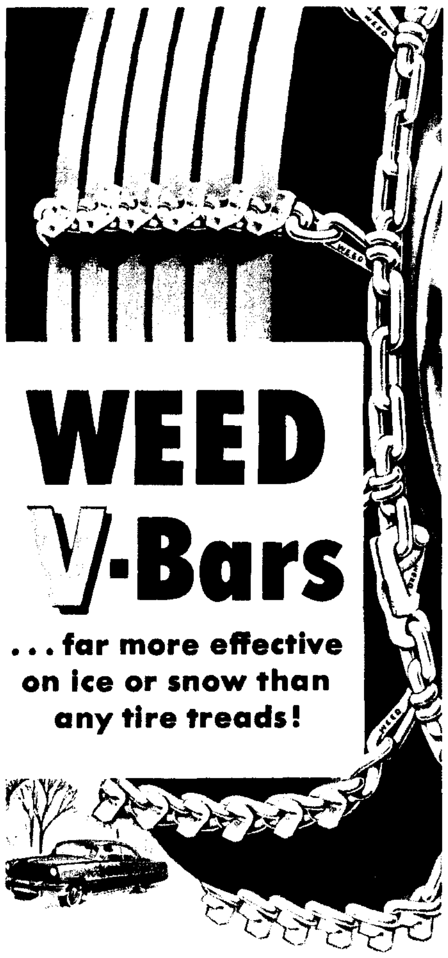

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will *not* go and flutter," she said. "I saw that leg. A scratch. Quiet, indeed!"

"Teddy, you were *wonderful!*" Veronica's voice drifted softly across the lawn. "You saved my life."

Daniel and Miss Watling walked back in silence to the terrace.

"The tea," said Miss Watling, "is quite cold. And of course Elvira will be unavailable; Vittorio will think he has to pound her to a jelly. Might as well finish the cakes." They each took one.

"Veronica," Miss Watling said after a moment, "isn't as silly as she seems. Have a cigarette? I'm extremely fond of her—my goddaughter. But she needs to be looked after."

Somewhat stiffly, Daniel observed that, on the contrary, Miss Hale seemed to him to be *very* independent.

Miss Watling snorted. "Just the point. Thinks she can manage everything, and then doesn't see what's in front of her nose! Well, it's going to be the Geoffrey business all over again. Can see it coming."

"Geoffrey?" Daniel asked.

"Logan—Geoffrey Logan. Frightful fellow. Excellent family. Money. Huge, handsome, any number of teeth. He knocked people down in night clubs." Miss Watling sighed. "I kept *telling* Veronica—"

"What happened?" Daniel asked.

Miss Watling's little black eyes blazed. "She was going to marry him. One weekend he eloped to Elkton, Maryland, with the daughter of Fillman's Frozen Foods. Great blonde lump. Suet."

"I see," Daniel said. "I once knew a girl named Mimi who went to Elkton, Maryland."

Miss Watling went on: "Well, it scared Veronica silly."

"Yes, I know," Daniel said thoughtfully. "It does."

"So do I know," snapped Miss Watling. "Makes you lose your judgment."

After a moment, Daniel said, "But you get over it. You have to."

"Some people do," said Miss Watling dryly. "Some don't. I want some hot tea. Where's that idiot girl?"

She got up and took the teapot into the house.

THE atmosphere at Casa Mimosa underwent a change in the following days. Elvira was subdued—Vittorio having blacked both her eyes as a refreshing change from beating her with a broom. Veronica, instead of whipping off through the high wooden gate, sat on the terrace, her bandaged leg propped on a chaise longue, and wrote endless letters. The captain came daily with a jeepful of arum lilies.

And then, one day, the captain did not come.

"He heard there was a riot somewhere," Miss Watling said.

That afternoon, when Daniel came out onto the terrace, Veronica was reading a historical novel, well up on the best-seller list, which he himself had tried and abandoned. He leaned down beside her. "Do you like it?"

"No," said Veronica simply.

"Then why are you reading it?"

"I'm not," said Veronica, closing the book.

After an instant's hesitation, Daniel pulled up a chair. "I didn't like it, either," he said.

Two hours later he left her, reluctantly, to get dressed for dinner. The girl really *was* intelligent (except for ink and coat hangers), and she was amusing. He suddenly realized he hadn't laughed so hard in months.

During the days that followed, Daniel began to see that his friends had been entirely right: Guatemala was indeed a fascinating place. Veronica's leg healed. They drove to Antigua for the day. They went to a party at the embassy. They danced. And they talked endlessly. Veronica did not always agree with him; but she possessed that rarest of attributes, a clear and open mind. Daniel was able to convince her, on more than one question, that she had been quite wrong and he himself right. Miss Watling had spoken the truth when she said that Veronica needed looking after. There was, in fact, one evening when Daniel wondered, for the first time, whether looking after Veronica might not be as rewarding an occupation as any he had ever experienced.

That was the evening that Captain Cox telephoned to say that he was back.

The next morning, Daniel decided to go sight-seeing, and asked Miss Watling the most convenient way to town.

"Veronica left an hour ago. Pity," she said. "Get a bus down at the end of the road—very small orange buses, driven by madmen. Hang on."

When he arrived in town, Daniel walked through the park. A black-haired native girl passed, carrying on her head an enormous tray piled high with eggs; and then a shouting boy went by pulling a turquoise cart. The *Mercado Central* turned out to be a market where the natives sold bright, fantastic wares. It was a good morning—and noon before he knew it. Outside the market, Daniel was aware of distant shouting. He hurried toward the corner.

The street was filled from curb to curb with grim, shabby, shuffling men. A block beyond, the men were beginning to gather around a doorway over which hung a limp flag. Daniel hesitated: just another Central American demonstration, he told himself uneasily. Then he saw Veronica.

She was walking down the middle of the street between two large unkempt men, and she was glancing desperately from side to side. Then, as Daniel watched, the man on her right spoke to her. Veronica's eyes widened; she shook her head, tried to push past him, and met the forbidding barrier of his outstretched arm. She saw Daniel. With a little gasp, she stretched out her hand toward him, and one of the men struck it down with a brutal blow on her wrist. Veronica's face blanched, terror and incredulity filling her eyes. Rage choked Daniel. He took a step forward and saw, on the opposite sidewalk, the broad-shouldered figure of Captain Cox. This, thought Daniel in a flash, is no crowd to trifle with. If Cox loses his head . . .

IT WAS too late. The captain lunged off the curb and with one swift, devastating swing, knocked down one of Veronica's captors. Instantly the crowd closed in on him. Veronica was not visible. The uproar was deafening. Daniel, shouldering through the struggling mob, saw Veronica and thought for one timeless moment of horror that he could never reach her; and then he was dragging her away, fending off the hysterical crowd.

He pulled her after him, running—one block, a corner, two blocks. A taxi came down the narrow street. Daniel stopped it, thrust Veronica inside, climbed in after her and shouted, "Drive up the Reforma—fast!"

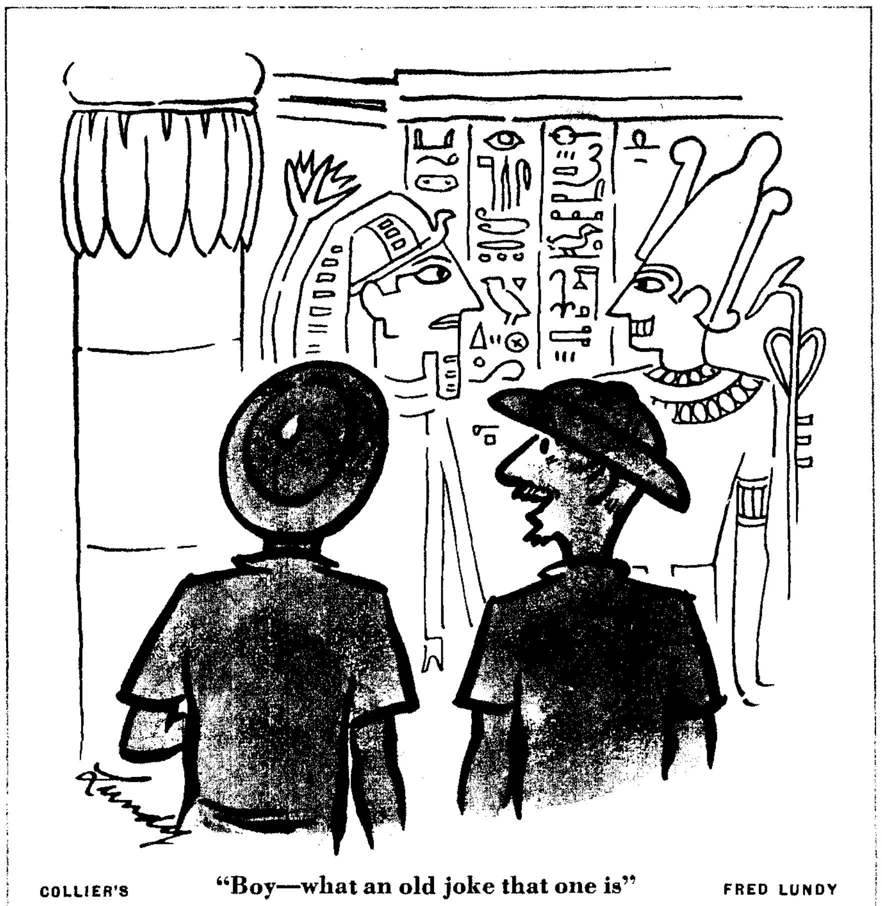
He waited till they were well out of the city, and then he leaned back. "How did you ever get mixed up in that?" he asked quietly.

Veronica said shakily, "I just—walked out of the—hairdresser's right—into it!"

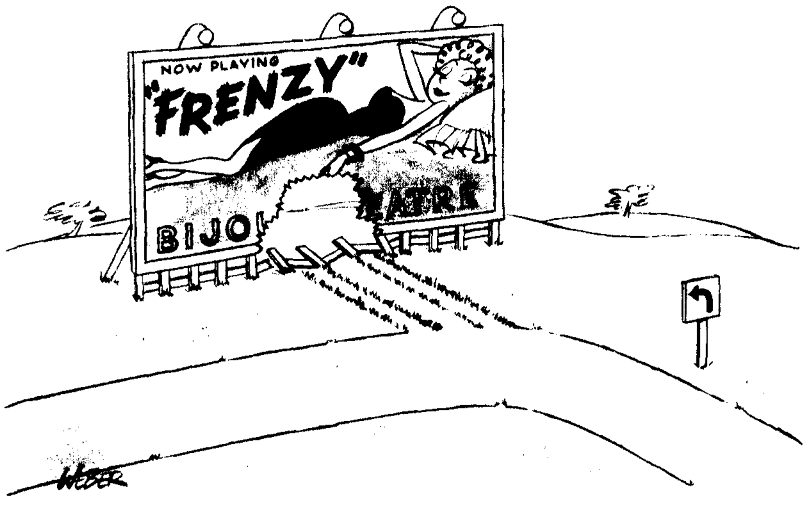
She wiped her eyes with a small handkerchief, and then rubbed her wrist. The relief that had swept over Daniel turned suddenly and inexplicably into anger. He barked, "Well, why didn't you look where you were going? You really *do* need someone to—"

Veronica turned on him with a fury that equaled his own. "I do *not!* But you certainly looked where *you* were going, Daniel Mason! You ran away!"

Daniel was stunned. "What did you expect me to do?" he demanded. "Try



COLLIER'S "Boy—what an old joke that one is" FRED LUNDY



COLLIER'S ROBERT WEBER

to knock down five or six hundred men like that ox Cox?"

"Ox is *not* a cox!" Veronica cried, and burst into tears.

The taxi stopped. Veronica got out and ran toward the gate of the Casa Mimosa without a backward glance.

In his room, Daniel began to throw clothes into a suitcase. In the hall the telephone rang. As usual at Casa Mimosa, the conversation was completely audible.

"Hello? Yes, this is—oh, *Teddy* dear, where are you? Are you badly . . . I'm *so* glad—what a miracle! Yes, of course I will. Why, you saved my life; I can never thank you enough! Tomorrow? Yes, of course . . ."

Daniel was jamming socks into his suitcase when he heard a light tap on his door. He jerked it open.

"I came," said Veronica with dangerous sweetness, "to apologize. I was very rude—oh! Are you going away?"

"I'm going to spend Sunday in Chichicastenango. Please don't apologize."

"I hope you enjoy your weekend."

"I'm sure," Daniel said, "that you will enjoy yours!" He shut the door firmly and took off his necktie, which suddenly felt tight.

LATE on the following Monday afternoon, Daniel again arrived at Casa Mimosa, this time in a downpour. He struggled through the gate with his bag, splashed across the terrace, and trudged into his sitting room. Veronica was waiting on his blue corduroy sofa. He put down his bag abruptly.

"Hello," she said. "I—I just thought I'd be here to meet you. To make up for the first time."

Daniel swallowed. His throat felt dry. "There was no need for that—" he began stiffly, and then, feeling that he had sounded ungracious, he added politely, "And how is the captain?"

Veronica said, in a small voice, "Teddy is quite recovered, thank you. In fact, he's here now."

"Oh? How nice."

"For supper."

"Really?"

"Aunt Di," Veronica said, "just telephoned to say that she was having supper with a friend in town. It's raining."

"I noticed that," Daniel said.

"It will stop soon," Veronica said. "Supper is at seven."

But the rain didn't stop soon; in fact, at supper there was a cloudburst.

Afterward, the captain, who had seemed preoccupied, departed in his jeep. Daniel and Veronica sat on opposite sides of the room.

"Coffee?" said Veronica.

"Thank you."

"I've never known it to rain so hard, have you?"

"Never," said Daniel. "There's someone at the door."

"Aunt Di!" Veronica cried. But it was not Miss Watling; it was Captain Cox, dripping and breathless.

"Can't get through," he said angrily. "Road's washed out. Also, the telephone's gone. Miss Watling will have to stay where she is, and so will I! I'm sorry, Veronica. I wouldn't have had this happen for the—"

Suddenly Veronica giggled. Daniel had forgotten how mischievous her expression could be. "Don't worry, Teddy! You can chaperon me, Mr. Mason can chaperon you, and—oh, dear, I'm afraid you'll have to sleep in that little room over the garage. It's all ready."

"Sleep anywhere," said the captain. "Do you suppose I could have some more coffee?"

But when Veronica had rung the bell for the fourth time, they discovered Vittorio and Elvira had gone.

Daniel and the captain eyed each other warily.

"I," said Veronica quickly, "am going to bed. Good night."

Daniel left his windows closed. It was still raining hard. . . .

He was on a ship. It pitched and tossed beneath him, and he was struggling up a ladder. Then he heard her voice: "Daniel! Wake up! Daniel—*Daniel!* Wake up—oh, Daniel!"

"I'm awake," he said loudly. He was standing beside her, and then the floor suddenly moved under their feet. Somewhere there was a rumbling crash. He felt her hand, tight and small and cold on his arm. He put his own over it.

"Daniel! It's an earthquake!" cried Veronica. "What shall we do?"

Now he really was awake. "Get out of this house, now—quick! Come on!"

Together they groped their way into the dark sitting room; halfway across it they crashed into something hard and heavy. Daniel reached out: cupids! The sofa had come to meet them.

A tremor shook the house, there was a tinkle of breaking glass, and from the wall beside them seemed to come an ugly, wrenching roar. Daniel thrust out his right arm to shield Veronica—and was seized by pain. For a moment he could not draw a breath.

"Daniel, what is it? Are you hurt?" Veronica's voice was shrill in the rocking dark.

He said, "My arm. I can't move it." The darkness was like a nightmare and Veronica was tugging him toward the terrace door. He could hear her pushing on it desperately.

"It's jammed!" Veronica said. "Oh, Daniel . . ."

He put his shoulder to the door and shoved. Nothing happened. He turned. "Veronica, why didn't you wake Cox instead of me?"

She said with absurd fury: "Teddy? What could Teddy do? You can't knock an earthquake down!"

"You can't run away from it either," said Daniel grimly.

"More's the pity." Suddenly she began to beat on the door with her fists.

He shouted at her: "Stop it! Veronica! Have some sense!" He gripped her arm hard with his left hand. "Stop wasting time!" He let go of her and began to feel about him with his good hand. "Don't you know that when things happen to you, big things—where's that chair?—you can't let them beat you. You have to—where is that chair?"

Veronica's voice was near and quiet. "Here it is, Daniel. What must I do? Tell me, and I'll—"

"The chair—if you can lift it, knock the window out."

SUDDENLY there was cold, damp air on his face, and cold, damp grass under his feet. He knew then that they were away from the house, safe in the middle of the garden. Somewhere a hoarse, urgent voice was shouting: "Veronica! Mason!" And then Captain Cox was beside them.

"Had to break a door," he panted. "Have to get into town. No telling what's happened. They'll need all of us. You'll be all right, Veronica; Mason will look after you."

"Look for Aunt Di!" Veronica cried after him, sharply. "Find her, Teddy—and send a doctor!"

Captain Cox disappeared into the darkness. After a moment, Daniel felt Veronica beside him, shaking from head to foot. He put his left arm around her, hard. "It's all right now, darling. You got us out. You were wonderful. It's all right."

"It's your arm," Veronica said. "I don't want it to hurt." She put her head on his shoulder. "Oh, Daniel, I had to decide, all in a minute, which of you to wake; and I chose you, because if we were going to get killed, I knew it was you I wanted to get killed with."

Daniel put his cheek against her hair. It was silky and warm. "Thank you, darling," he said humbly.

"But we didn't get killed!" Veronica said wonderingly. "I don't think I could have stood it if we had been killed, Daniel."

"I wouldn't have cared for it myself," Daniel said tenderly.

"When you got back from the hills, I was so afraid . . ."

"Afraid of what?"

"That you'd still hate me."

"*Hate* you!" Daniel cried. "It was Captain Cox I hated."

Veronica looked up at him. He could see the pale blur of her face in the growing light. "But then why—*why* didn't you let me see?"

"I didn't let myself see," Daniel said. "Maybe I was a little scared too." He thought of Mimi and her beautiful bright fingernails. Scared of the wrong woman, he thought.

After a long time, he looked around him. The volcano was a pale purple cone in the dawn. "I think, my darling," he said, "that this is about over. Thank Heaven. What a country!"

Veronica looked up at him. "Dearest," she said. "Don't you *like* earthquakes? I do—they're so *useful*."

—ELIZABETH DUNN

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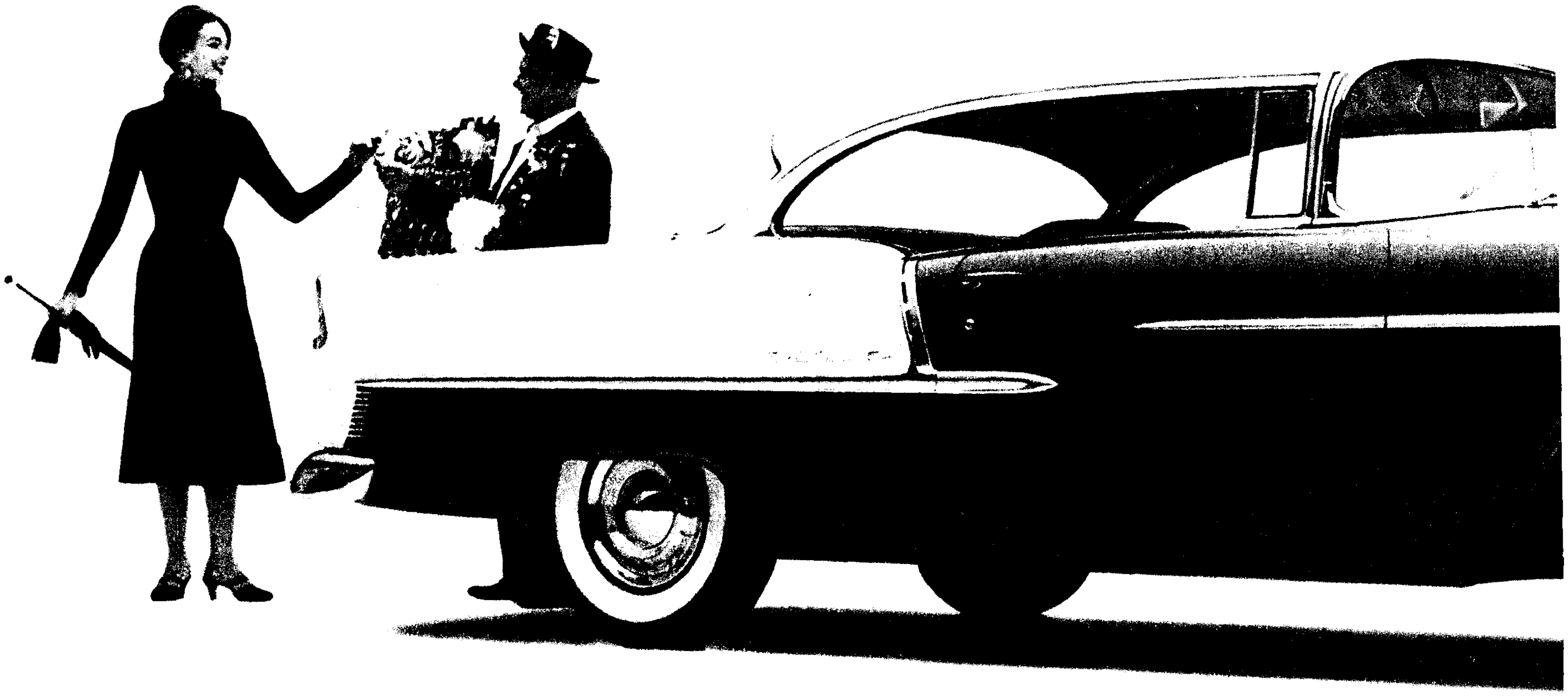
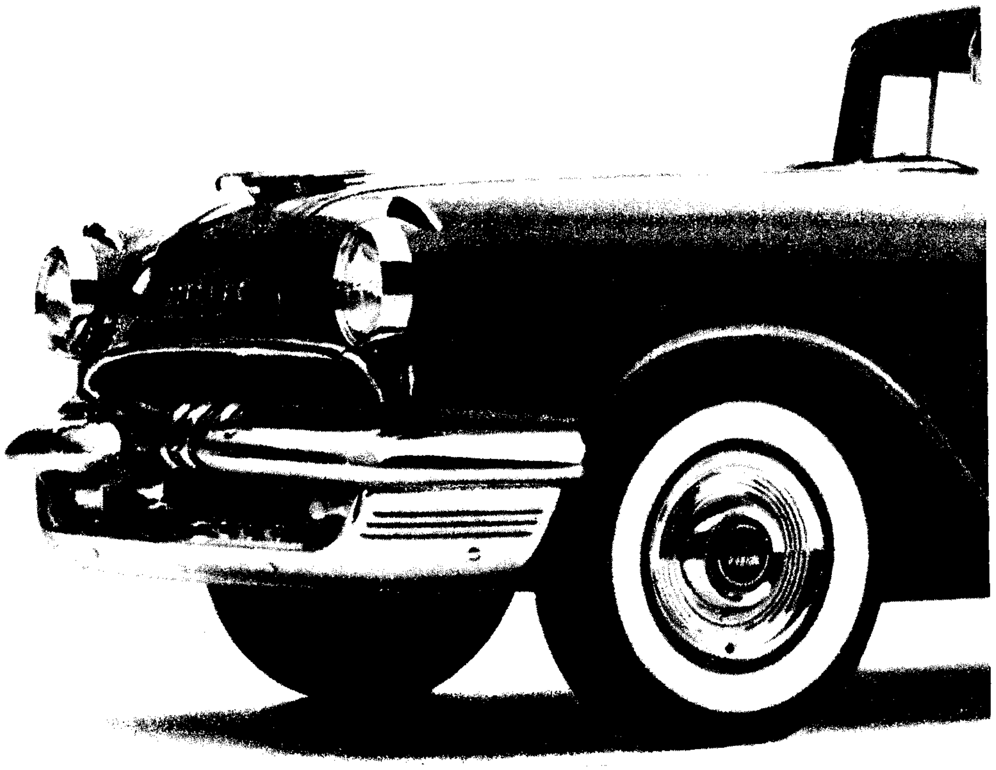
1955 CHEVROLET BEL AIR

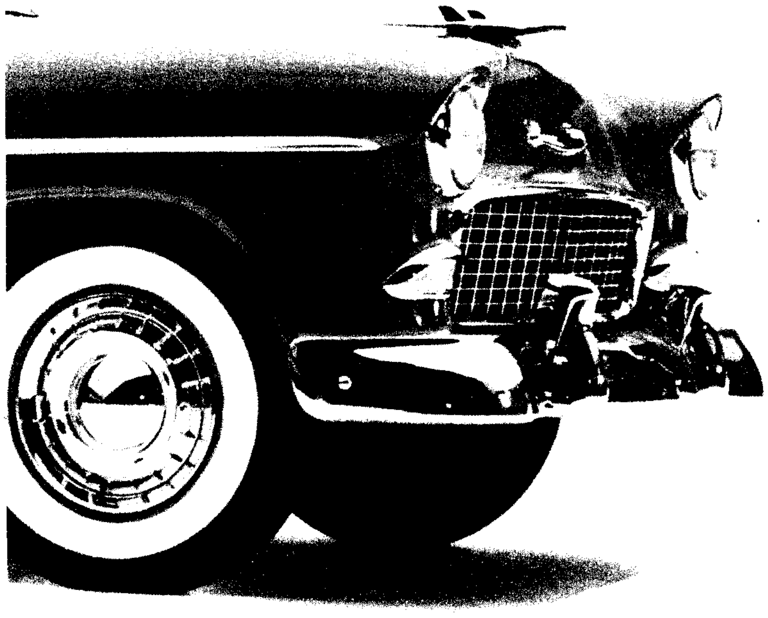


two 1955 ways



1955 PONTIAC CATALINA

GENERAL



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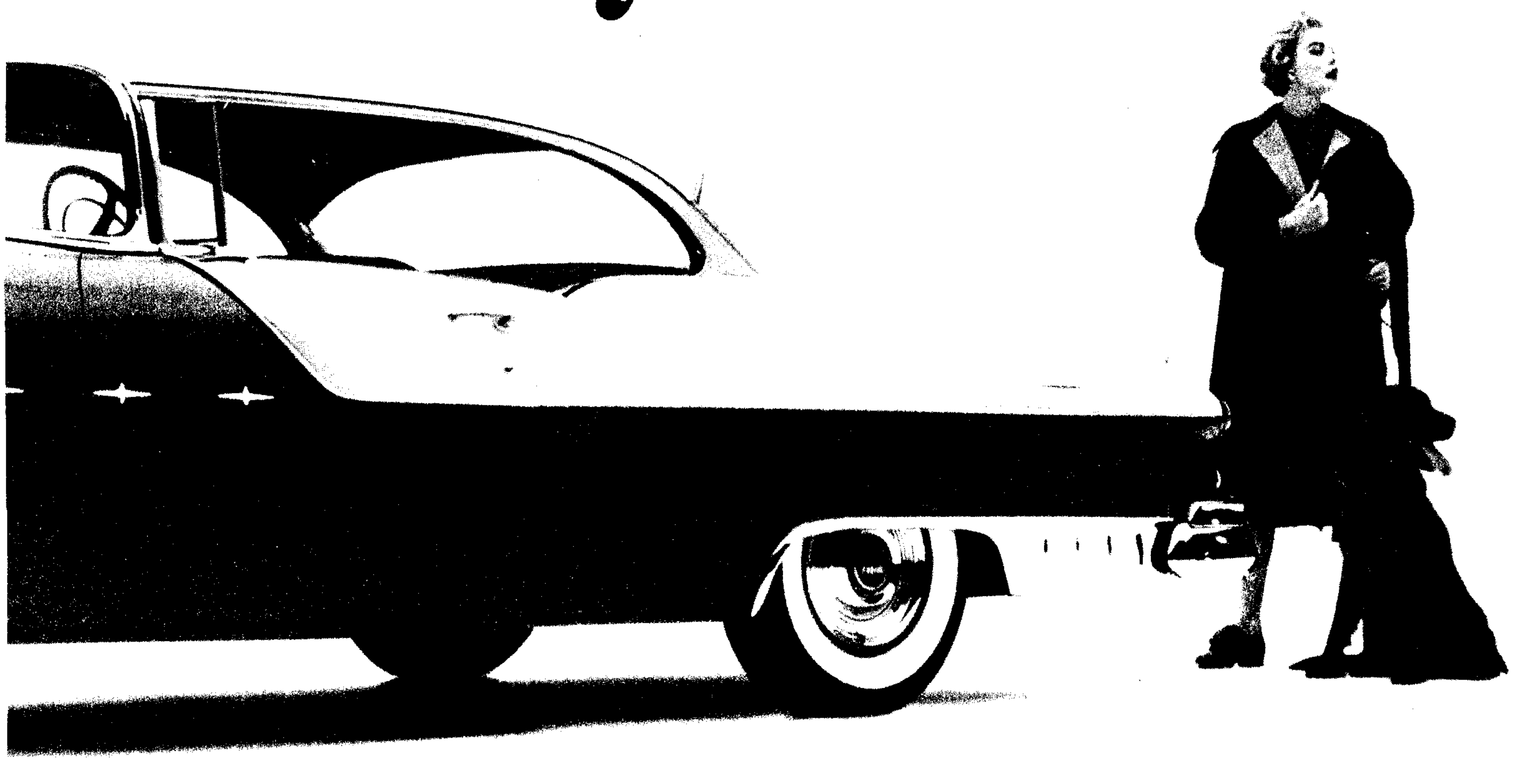

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Town Trouble Shooter

People with problems in Lodi, California, take them to Fred Gross. Officially, he's a public counselor, but more often he's turned to as a neighbor and friend

Cliffords
CHILDRENS' EMPORIUM
WE INVITE SELF SELECTION

On Lodi's main street, trouble shooter Fred Gross (r.) shoots the breeze with bank executive Anthony Sala (c.), editor Arthur Marquardt. "Today we couldn't replace Gross," says Marquardt

Minister Gross stops by for clothesline chat with woman who came to him with a deep emotional conflict. Sympathetic guidance helped her clarify problem. Now she says: "He saved my life"

EVERY town has its troubles, the troubles of its citizens. And people with problems need an understanding listener. It's a simple need, but often difficult to satisfy; private counseling may be expensive, and public mental-health agencies frequently are tied up in more red tape than troubled people have the time to cut. Many towns, realizing the need for fast, direct contact between a troubled mind and a sympathetic ear, have sought and found short cuts to mental health. Lodi, California, is one such town.

If you live in Lodi, and you've got troubles, you go to see Fred Gross. Gross, fifty-nine, is an ordained Congregational minister—and he is also the town's public trouble shooter. He is known, officially, as Counselor: Lodi Counseling Center.

Gross's office has no prescribed term of service; its current annual cost of $7,707, which includes his salary and expenses, is covered jointly by the city and school-system budgets; and its facilities are available gratis to the 14,000 residents of Lodi and some 35,000 ranchers and farmers in neighboring areas. The facilities, specifically: common sense and a willing ear.

Fred Gross has been looking for trouble since 1948, when Lodi first created his office to stem a rising tide of juvenile delinquency. What was needed, Lodi decided at a town meeting, was someone to whom the youngsters and their parents could talk freely. No social workers, no police reports, no red tape—just a friend with wisdom, patience and understanding.

Gross was picked for the job because, in the eight years of his residence in Lodi, he had counseled widely and successfully in and out of his church. People knew him and people trusted him. So the town gave him an office in city hall and told him to go to work.

In his first year as public counselor Gross scotched delinquency so effectively, through parent-and-child interviews, constant personal guidance and school-organized social programs, that his services were spontaneously extended well beyond delinquents into every kind of adult problem, from the minor snags of everyday living to situations requiring long-term psychiatric aid.

These last, Gross refers to specialists. But more often he does the job himself, listening, questioning, advising, turning occasionally to the pile of psychology texts he keeps in his office, and always to his own store of practical wisdom.

He attends P.T.A. meetings, works for the Salvation Army, runs an informal employment agency for high-school graduates, and invites panels of experts into Lodi to lecture on jobs, sex and marriage. Wherever trouble is a potential, Fred Gross goes after it. Because, as he says: "Leave it alone, and it will ripen into tragedy."

And Lodi is finding, as are other towns with similar solutions, that a common-sense supplement to conventional counseling can stop a lot of trouble. —JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Children having difficulty in home or school relationships often are brought to Gross by parents. He lets the youngsters release aggressive feeling by playing with darts or cap guns, then sits them down to talk out their problems freely and find the causes

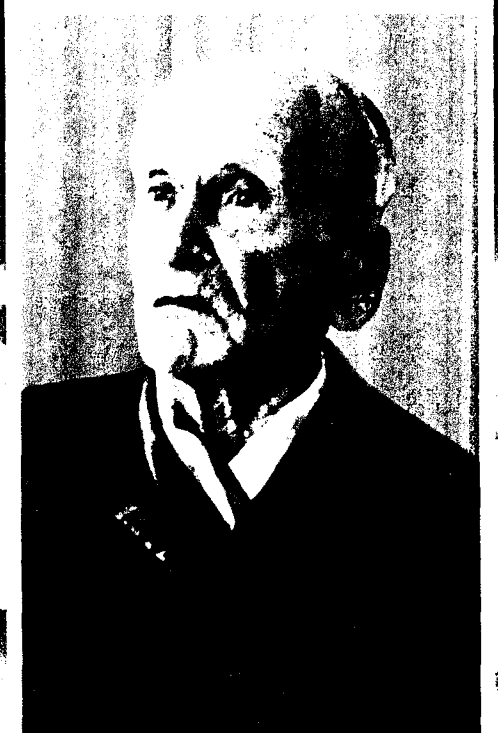
Visiting teen-agers' hangouts, Gross stops in local malt shop to show a schoolboy's drawing to Mrs. Stanley Whitaker, P.T.A. official

Before interviews with Gross, young visitors sometimes ponder their problems alone in "trouble" corner, where therapeutic toys are kept

THE WILD WEST LIVES AGAIN

By ALBERT ROSENFELD

Historians have hit a bonanza in the recorded memories of Western pioneers



Shortly before his death at 93, Montague Stevens taped story of the hanging of Joel Fowler, who terrorized New Mexico in 1880s

THE SLOW, HOARSE voice came to a halt. Montague Stevens, ninety-three, blinked his eyes for a moment, then closed them. As he leaned back against the worn headrest of his invalid chair, the long rays of the setting sun came through the window to cast gentle high lights on a deeply seamed neck, a skeleton-like cheek, a forehead corrugated by decades of New Mexico sun and wind, and a few remaining wisps of gray hair that formed a semihalo around the venerable head.

"All right," said Lou Blachly of Pioneers Foundation, Inc., "I've got the tape recorder all set again. Are you too tired to go on?"

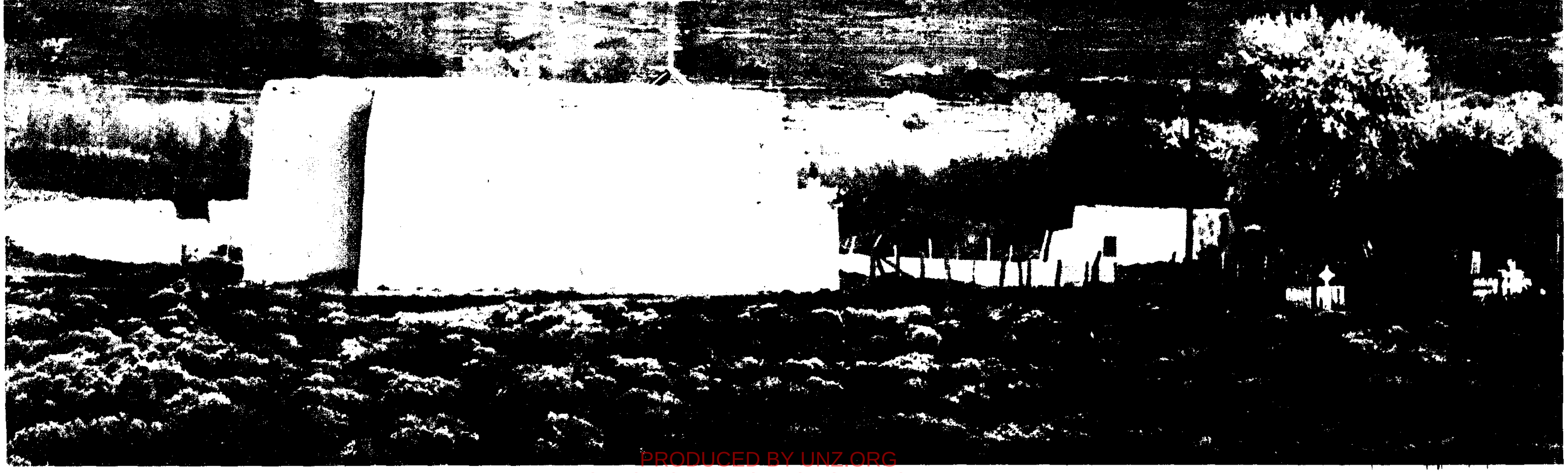
The old man instantly came to life. "Too tired? No, indeed." Even though Montague Stevens was one of the few surviving legendary characters of the Old American West, his speech still carried the accents of his British birthplace.

Straightening up in his chair, Stevens adjusted the blanket around his legs with his lone arm and lifted a gaunt, spindle-fingered hand to brush reflectively at his yellowing mustache. Then, squinting into the pale sunlight, he resumed his story about Joel Fowler, one of New Mexico's most notorious murderers of the 1880s.

"It transpired at the trial, from the evidence of a whole lot of different witnesses, that Fowler had killed altogether 23 men in the course of his life. He had his own way of doing it and getting away with it. For example, if he had it in for somebody, he would go to him when he was in a saloon or in a place where there were lots of people around, and he'd walk up to him and say, 'Say, would you give me a chew of tobacco?'

"And the fellow would put his hand down to his hip pocket to get the tobacco, and Fowler would then shoot him and turn to the people around and say, 'You saw him reach for his gun, didn't you?' They would say, 'Yes.' Then, of course, he'd give himself up to the sheriff and say it was done in self-defense, and he was never even tried. . . ."

Blachly carefully readjusted the microphone in the old man's lap. He wanted to be sure the recorder missed no detail of the story. Pioneers Foundation, Inc., had been



Henry Brock ran the famed Diamond A Ranch, with its 50,000 longhorns, for the father of William Randolph Hearst

formed for the sole purpose of tape-recording the verbal memoirs of old-timers like Montague Stevens and filling in some of the gaps in the Southwest's colorful history which only they could supply.

A good deal had been written about Joel Fowler, much of it speculative and contradictory since very little actually was known about that pint-sized, cold-blooded killer who terrorized the southern rangelands of New Mexico in his trigger-happy heyday. Montague Stevens was perhaps the only man still living who had known Fowler personally and had been on hand to eyewitness some of Fowler's more controversial doings.

"He had cattle and used to sell his steers, of course," Stevens went on, his dim blue eyes brightening, "and the butchers of Socorro and other places would come and buy little bunches of steers, 25 or so. Fowler would round them up and sell them to them. The butcher generally had another man with him, and they would drive off this little bunch of steers. After they'd left the ranch about four or five miles, Fowler would take a few of his cowboys and catch up with them and kill them, and take back the steers for which he'd already been paid. It was quite a financial success, his selling steers!" Stevens showed his gums in a wide grin.

"Of course a great many people knew the rights of things, but in those days people were scared." The old man went on to tell how, in criminal cases, witnesses were often intimidated and preferred not to testify, making it difficult to convict anyone. They finally did convict Fowler, though, and Montague Stevens happened to be in Socorro on ranch business a while after he was sentenced.

"I was sitting outside in the evening, smoking and talking with some friends on the outside of the hotel. Suddenly, there was a roar of sound, a lot of voices. So we ran out, and when we got to the crowd, we found out what was the trouble . . . Fowler was in the adobe jail and got hold of a knife somehow and dug a hole in the wall, the adobe wall, and was very nearly through when the jailer happened to come in and caught him. Outside they found a horse saddled . . . all ready to skip out."

Stevens paused to dab gently with a big white handkerchief at his eyes, which had begun to water. "Well, the jailer notified the other people, and a whole crowd assembled. So one of them said, 'Let's hang him. We don't want him to get away, and the jail doesn't seem to hold him. We'll just hang him.' So they took him off to a tree, a cottonwood. It was within 300 or 400 yards of the jail, and they carried him along. Fowler was pleading for mercy during this time."

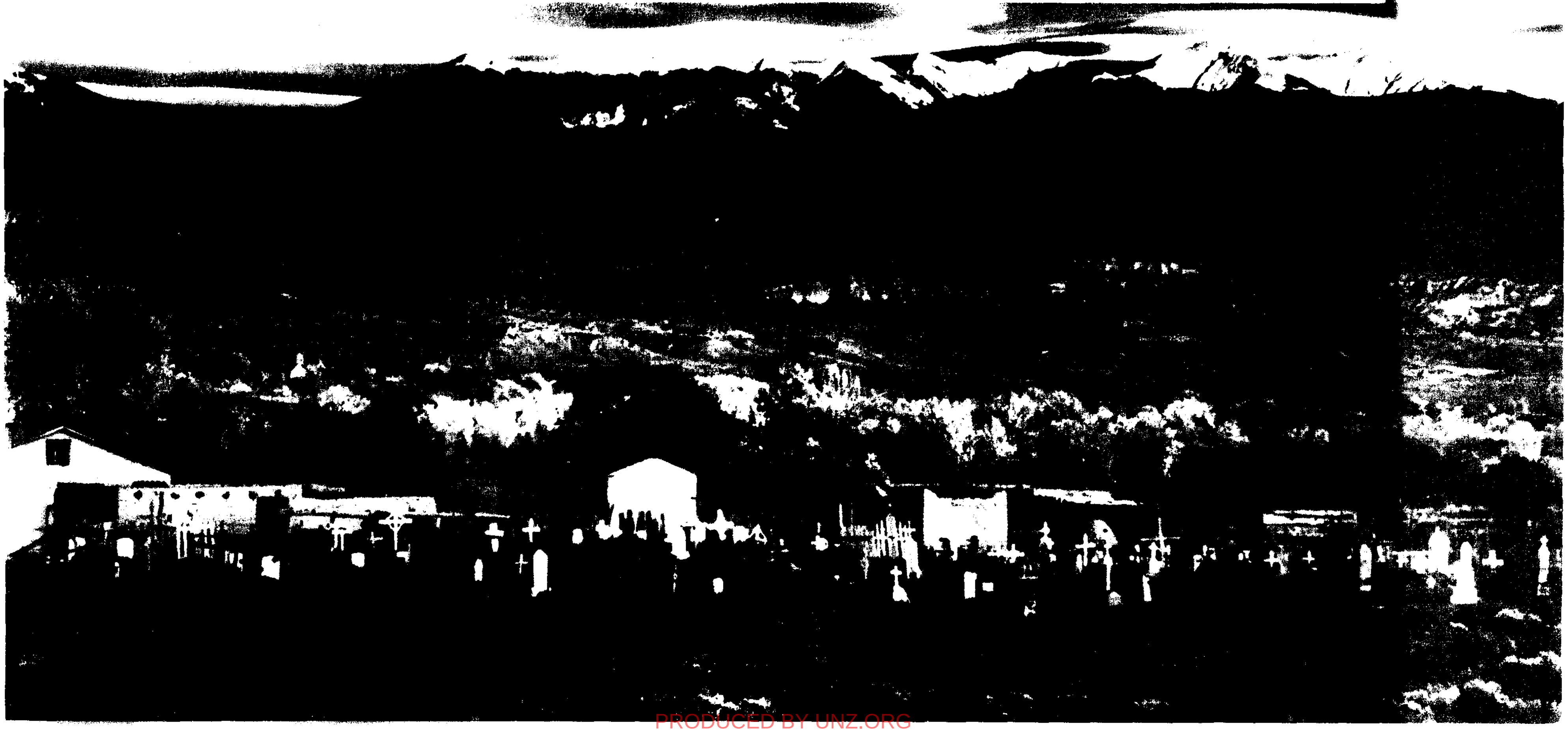
With Fowler all roped and dangling, the hanging party discovered that ". . . his toes reached the ground so he wouldn't be hanged. So they lifted him up and yelled to the man in the tree to shorten the rope. Well, the knot had tightened when they let Fowler go, and the man couldn't untie the knot—it was too tight." The hanging party solved the problem in a unique way: five of them jumped on Fowler and clung until they had hanged him with their own weight. "They looked just like a lot of bees a-hivin'," the old man recalled, chuckling softly.

"They buried him. His wife paid for it. They laid out the body back at the jail, and they dressed him up in new clothes, an entirely new suit and also new boots, to view him. The funny thing was, Fowler was a very small man and had very small feet. And apparently the people that had bought his clothes, they couldn't get any small boots . . . and the smallest size they got was several sizes larger than Fowler's feet. However, they put the boots on, and they looked very funny, a small body like him with huge feet. And on the soles of the feet, in chalk, was the price—$10.

"Fowler was very jealous of his wife, you

Mrs. Marietta Wetherill was kidnaped by Paiute Indians and adopted by Navajos. Her accounts of the past filled 60 tapes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS AND GEORGE KEW



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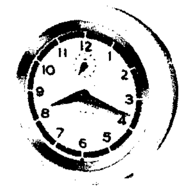

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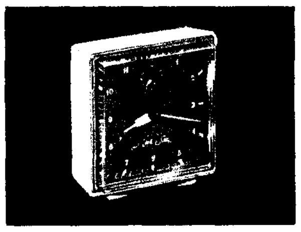

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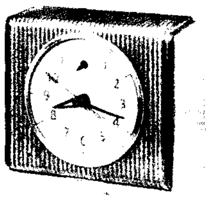

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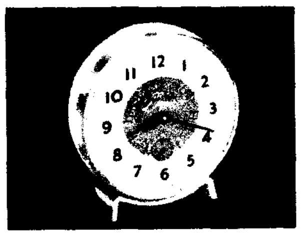
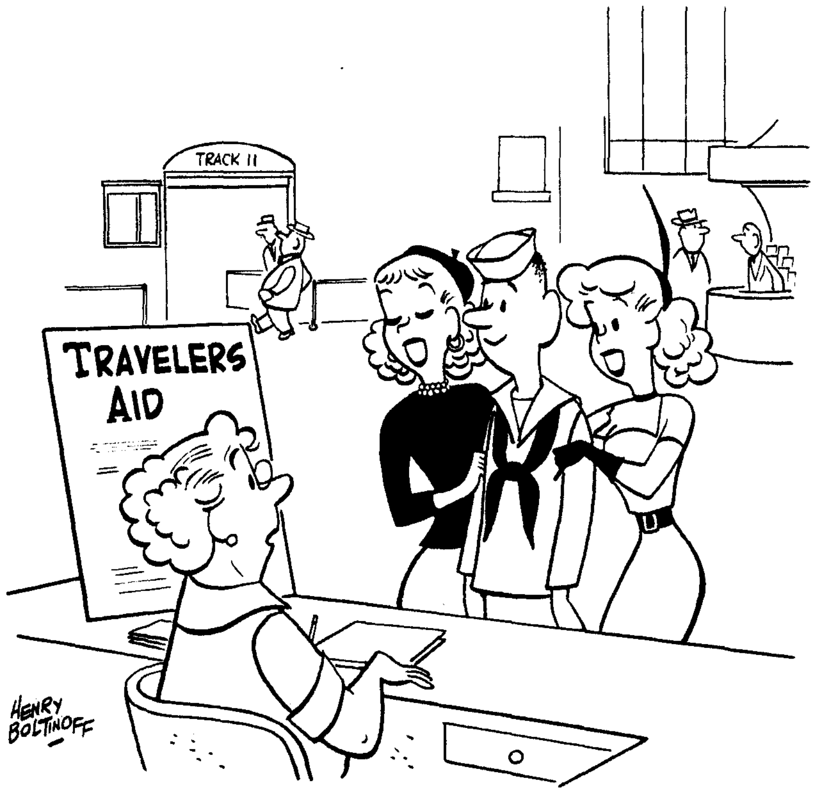


*Plus 10% Fed. Excise Tax

There are storytellers who kne



COLLIER'S "Can you find us another sailor?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

know. He used to make her ride with him on the range. She had a horse and she had to follow him. She positively hated him, but she was scared to death of him. But there was a cowboy, one of his cowboys, that was her lover. When Fowler sometimes went to town and went on a drunk, why this man would show up at his house—but he never did it any other time. So Fowler didn't suspect him." The old man laughed, but the laugh turned into a cough, and it took him a minute to recover.

"After he was convicted and was going to be hanged," he went on, "his wife and this cowboy went and visited him, and told him that as soon as he was hanged they were going to get married and live on his money that he'd made. Unfortunately for him, in the excitement of the moment, he had turned all his $50,000 over to his wife. At any rate, he allowed her to draw on it—put it in her name at the bank, you know, to defend him. Of course, during the trial and the whole thing, he didn't think anything about the money.

"But about a day or so before he was hanged, it was, his wife and her lover went to visit him and told him they were going to spend his money. They say Fowler went perfectly crazy, that he butted his head against the wall of his cell. . . . She did marry her lover afterward—and, I suppose, lived happily ever after on Joe's $50,000!"

* * *

WHEN LOU BLACHLY had first found Montague Stevens, emaciated and chair-bound in his Albuquerque home, he had hoped that the old man might still be good for a tape or two of reminiscing about the days whose history he had helped make. Stevens was now working on his 80th tape (each an hour long)—and still going strong! He would add to the files of Pioneers Foundation, housed in the University of New Mexico library, an invaluable firsthand commentary on a vanished era.

At a time when people all over the booming state of New Mexico are striking it rich in oil, natural gas and uranium, people like Blachly, prospecting among the state's old pioneers, feel they have struck the most valuable bonanza of all—a real mother lode of Old Western history.

It began about three years ago in Silver City, a thriving little mining and resort town of about 7,000 on the outskirts of the Gila National Forest in the southwestern corner of New Mexico. Lou Blachly was passing a quiet spring evening with seven of his friends, and during the course of the conversation, someone mentioned what a pity it was that old Horace Hooker had passed away. Somebody else remembered that W. D. Murray had gone recently, too. Every year, in fact, another handful of the region's most knowing old-timers had died off. As pioneers who had come into the territory in the days of its lusty youth, they were living reservoirs of experienced history. Living reservoirs, that is, until they died—and took it all with them.

They were still around, these remarkable old storytellers, with their long memories of events no history books covered. But they were going fast. And it distressed Blachly and his friends that none of them was writing, or even planning to write, his memoirs.

These men had ridden with Billy the Kid and fought the fierce Apache chief, Geronimo, in the 1880s. They had watched the hanging of the notorious train robber, Black Jack Ketchum, and had been on hand for Apache massacres. They had helped organize territorial legislatures, had seen towns boom and die, had roamed the roomy mesas before the disappearance of longhorn cattle, the buffalo—and the grass.

Before that evening at Blachly's was over, the eight friends had set up Pioneers Foundation, Inc., and had agreed to chip in $50 each to buy a tape recorder to take down these old-timers' stories. They lost no time soliciting $50 memberships from their friends. Before long the foundation had a statewide membership. The University of New Mexico agreed to provide not only a fireproof vault for storing the tapes, but a historian, Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins, to check the stories for authenticity. The foundation intends to have every scrap of testimony clearly labeled so that a researcher using the material will know, in each case, whether he is listening to history—or just to a good story.

Since that night in Silver City three years ago, Lou Blachly, a youngster in his sixties, has traveled many tens of thousands of miles over highways and burro trails, has interviewed over 100 pioneers (some on their deathbeds), and filled over 500 tapes.

Once, on the urging of some other old-timers, Blachly went out to find Caesar Brock, then eighty-four, who occupied an old frame house in an isolated stretch of ranch country southwest of Silver City. After several hours of bouncing over teeth-rattling dirt roads in his jalopy, Blachly drove five miles up Gold Gulch, over 33 washes and down a canyon bed. At last an old frame house came into view, and he heaved a grateful sigh of relief, since it was already late in the afternoon.

But it was a young prospector who lived there. "Caesar Brock?" he repeated. "You go up the trail over that hill, and that'll bring you back to the canyon. You go on up the canyon another five miles or so, and from there on, the road begins to get a little rough."

Blachly went back, found out about a longer but easier route. A cloudburst flooded the arroyos, though, so he had to turn back again. On the third try, he made it. Just before he came to Brock's house he noticed a truck turned over near a narrow, shaky wooden bridge, but he paid no special attention to it.

When he knocked on the rickety door, a voice boomed, "Come on in!"

Blachly found Brock lying on his bed, fully clothed. "Are you all right, Mr. Brock?" he asked anxiously.

"Well, I ain't feeling so good, to tell the truth. I was blinded by a dust storm out there and ran the truck off the bridge. I'd of been all right if the battery hadn't of fell on me. But I guess it don't amount to much," he allowed, getting up. "Had any lunch, stranger?"

As the old man opened two cans of Vienna sausage, Blachly explained his mission, and said he understood Brock had known that wily chief, Geronimo.

"That's right," the old man replied, nodding his head vigorously. "That Geronimo, he was some Indian. A fair-sized man, and very muscular. These Indians were the best people there was. They could walk and beat the cavalry. They had a kind of dog trot. I used to could do it. I could travel with the best of them. The only time they rode horseback was when they would enlist for six months with the government as scouts.

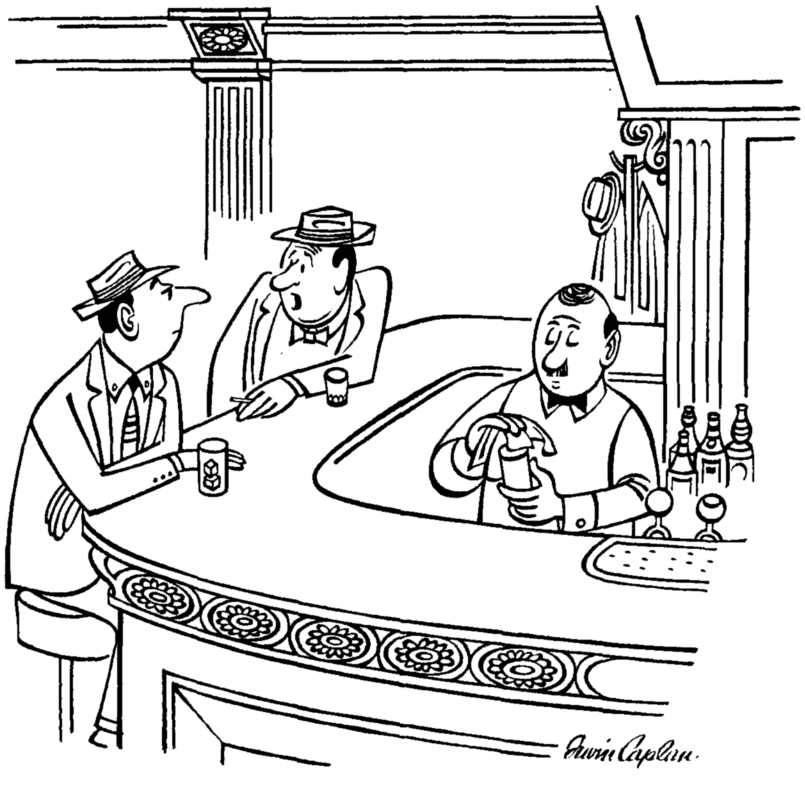
"I came to know Geronimo well. He often stopped at our place at Burro Springs. I went out hunting with him and his men and learned all the Indian ways. I learned how to talk to the Indians. Geronimo was the most lied-about person that ever lived. . . ."

"Whoa!" said Blachly. "Let me get the tape recorder from the car."

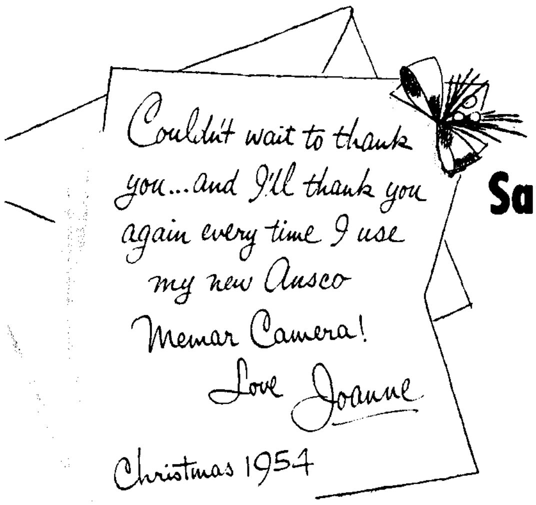
* * *

SCARCELY A WEEK passes nowadays without a newspaper notice that another old pioneer is gone: Will Robinson of Albuquerque, for decades one of the busiest newspapermen in the raw young West; John Dunn of Taos, colorful stagecoach driver and gambler; Reed Dean of Capitan, cow hand, rancher and peace officer.

To see these men dying unrecorded



COLLIER'S "Life sure takes some cruel twists. Seventeen years ago I was single" IRWIN CAPLAN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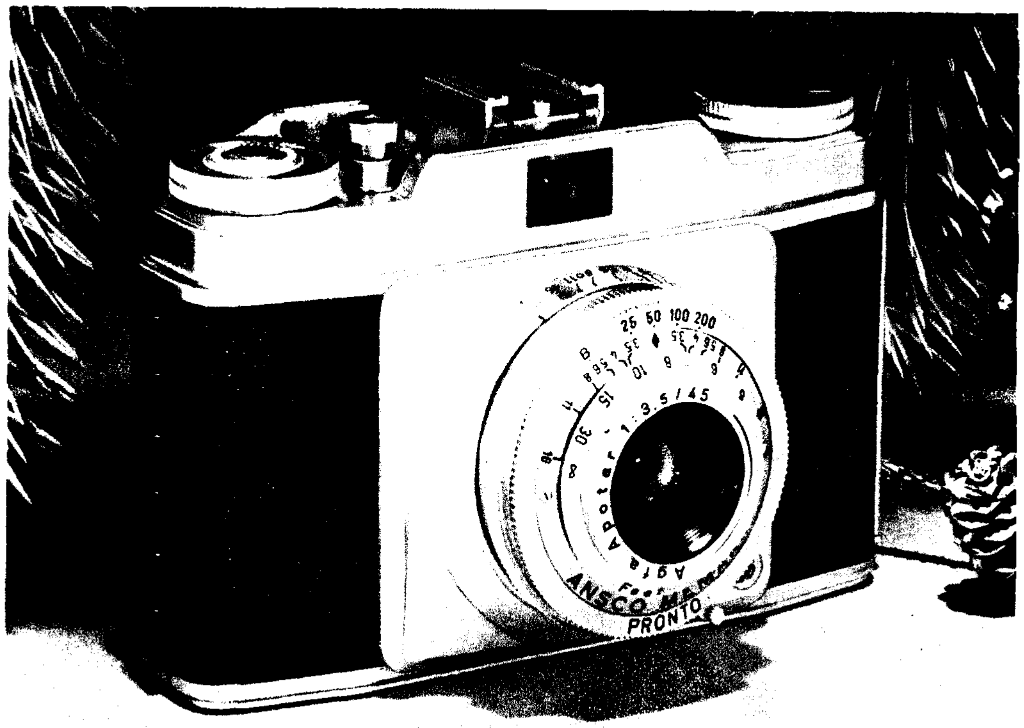

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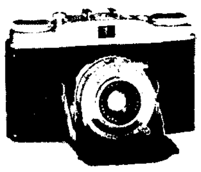

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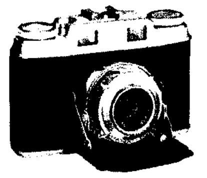

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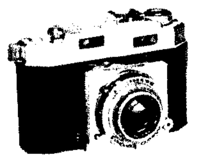

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An Apache raid left a bullet hole

is almost more than Blachly can stand. That's why he's afraid to slow down. And that's why, each time his money runs out again, he gets frantic. In the race against time, every day gained may add a page to American history—a page that would otherwise be irretrievably lost.

Not too long after that recording session where Montague Stevens told about Joel Fowler, the old man went into a coma and died. When Blachly looks over the mass of priceless material he got from Stevens—including the best existing account of the long, exhausting campaigns waged by the American Army before it forced the surrender of Geronimo and his Apache band—he shudders to think that, if he had put off recording Stevens even a few months, it would all have been lost.

And the same would have been true of Mrs. Marietta Wetherill, a bright-eyed, gray-haired little lady of keen wit and an extraordinary memory for detail, who probably covered more miles of the United States by wagon than any living woman. She had been kidnaped by Paiute Indians, adopted by Navajos, and known Apache chieftains. Blachly filled 60 tapes with Mrs. Wetherill's reminiscences, a mine of information for the historian, ethnologist and anthropologist. Mrs. Wetherill was still talking with undiminished vigor and charm up to the time of her sudden death last summer in Albuquerque.

Among the other oldsters Blachly has recorded is "Cap'n Burt" Mossman of Roswell, once head of the Arizona Rangers, trapper of 127 cattle thieves, and boss of the celebrated Hash-Knife Ranch. And there is Henry Brock (no relation to Caesar Brock), who ran the fabulous Diamond A Ranch—which the father of William Randolph Hearst owned—when they were running 50,000 head of longhorn cattle.

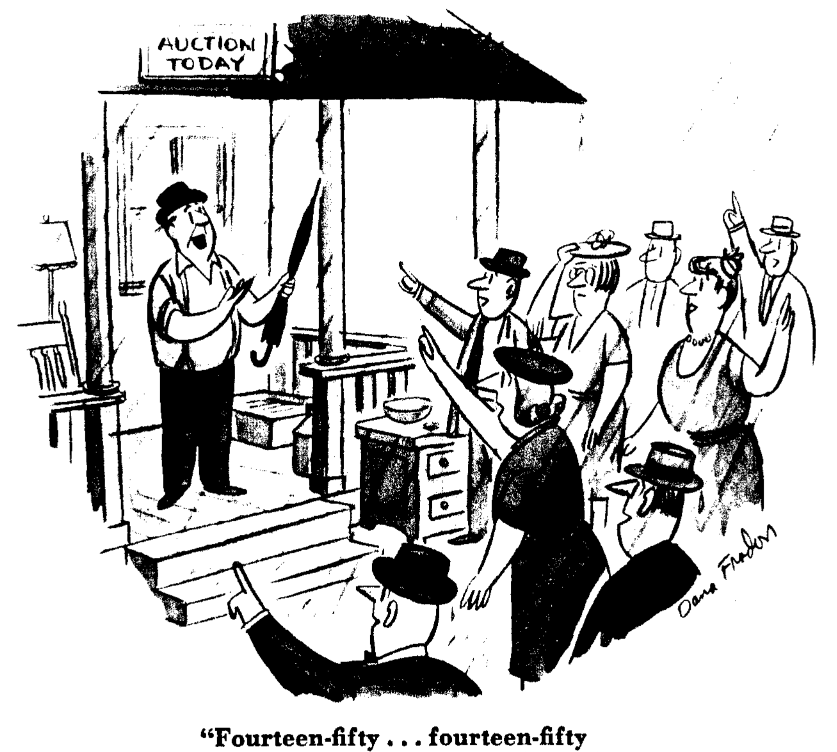
Most of today's cattlemen admit that the longhorn was already practically extinct when they were still children. But grizzled old Marvin Powe, his eyes alight with good humor, remembers very clearly what it was like to go on a longhorn drive in the days when he was one of Henry Brock's hands on the Diamond A. He will tell you (and has told the tape recorder) about the longhorn's swiftness, and their viciousness, and the way they could smell water.

"Sometimes on the trail we had to go as much as 50 miles between places where they could get water," he recalls. "I've seen them strung out as far as five miles. At such a time the cattle would get mighty dry. Then I've seen the wind change and blow from some water as far away as ten miles. Right away you would see every steer and cow raise its head and sniff the air. Then they'd strike a trot straight for the water and keep going faster and faster unless you held them back. And they were hard to hold back.

"I've seen, when we got within 400 or 500 yards from the Pecos River, a big herd start forward on the rush for the water. You'd try to hold them but nothing would stop them. They rushed into the water. Some of them would be swimming. Others got into the sand bars.

"One time we spent from sunup until dark before we finally got them on the other side. A lot of them got stuck in the quicksand. You couldn't pull them out with a rope—you'd break their necks. The only way we could get them out was by tromping. We'd just tromp around a steer until we made a loblolly (a thick mud puddle) and then push him from the liquid mud into the water. We had to move fast or get caught in the quicksands ourselves. Sometimes they were clear up to their backs before we got at them.

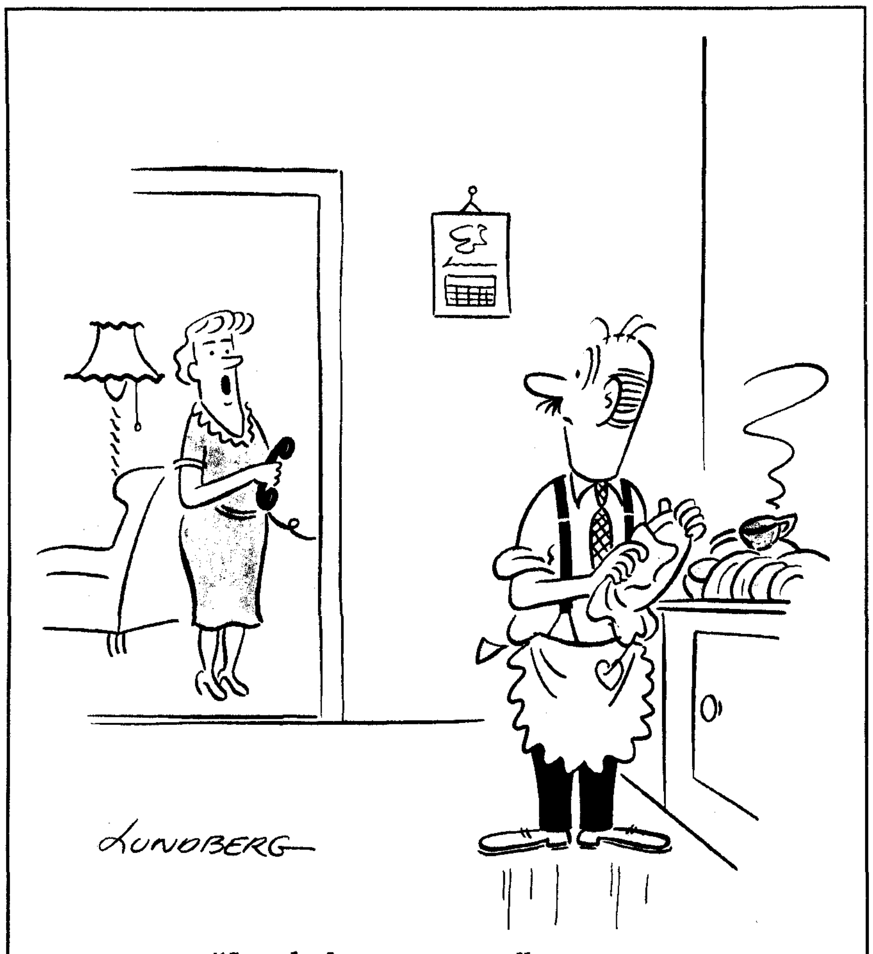
"Those were the days of the open range and the big roundups," old Marvin said proudly. Then, with some disgust: "You know, cowboys of today would be just as much at a loss on one of these trails as I would be trying to



COLLIER'S

"Fourteen-fifty . . . fourteen-fifty . . . do I hear fifteen dollars?"

DANA FRADON



COLLIER'S "Somebody wants to talk to 'The Big Wheel.' Is that you?" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

operate a steamboat. Fences have ruined everything in this country—fences and automobiles. Now a cattleman drives around in his $5,000 or $6,000 automobile and looks over the fences and says, 'Sooky, sooky.' "

* * *

BLACHLY HAS a recorded account of an exciting raid on Columbus, New Mexico, by Pancho Villa, and a vivid eyewitness description, in Spanish, of one of the bloodiest riots in New Mexico's history—a pitched battle between Republicans and Democrats—at Old Mesilla in 1871. Old mining men like Bob Thompson and Jack Stockbridge have contributed stories about Herbert Hoover as a young mining engineer.

There is a first-person narrative of a frontier woman who regularly used to make a 60-mile round trip, traveling only at night to avoid Apaches, every time she had to restock her store; and another—perhaps the most heartbreaking in the foundation's files—of a mother whose two babies died of scarlet fever in her arms as she drove her wagon up the Gila River to meet her husband, who had stayed on the land to protect it from claim jumpers.

To get the flavor of those days, let's listen in for a moment on Mrs. Agnes Meader Snider telling Blachly about an Apache raid on a little agricultural settlement west of Silver City near the Arizona border in the spring of 1880.

* * *

"THAT NIGHT when I left the fireplace in the cabin to go out to the wagon I heard a peculiar noise up in the mountains near the mines. The Cooney gold mine had just started operations. I couldn't make it out and called my folks out. They laughed at me and said I had heard a frog in the *acequia* (an irrigation canal). But I always was of a nervous turn, and instead of going to bed in the wagon, sat down on a box and listened.

"Finally I heard a commotion in a cabin about a quarter of a mile away. I thought: Must be somebody sick at the Robertses'.

"Then I heard a horse's feet hitting the road as hard as they could pound. Commodore Elliott, an old Indian fighter, rode up to where I was sitting. All the time he kept hollering, 'Mr. Meader! Mr. Meader!' But Father was asleep and didn't hear him.

" 'Get your father up as quick as you can!' he yelled. 'I haven't got time to wait. Get the stock in. The Indians have raided the mining camp and killed three or four men. The others have scattered all over the hills.'

"Then I knew what all the strange noise was that I had heard up in the mountains. About eleven o'clock that night two men came in—Cooney himself, and Jim Chick. Of course, no one was in bed. Mother and my brother and my sister were all sitting at the fireplace molding bullets and filling shells. We had an old .44 Winchester and thought we were well heeled. But the old thing would hardly shoot across the road.

"Cooney, who had been a government scout for five years, and Chick wanted to go back to the mining camp the next morning and asked us for horses. But we could only offer them mules, as all our horses had been stolen. So they got horses at the Robertses' cabin and came back to let us know. Cooney called to us girls, 'Better come out and say good-by. May not see us any more.'

"That was the last we saw of Cooney

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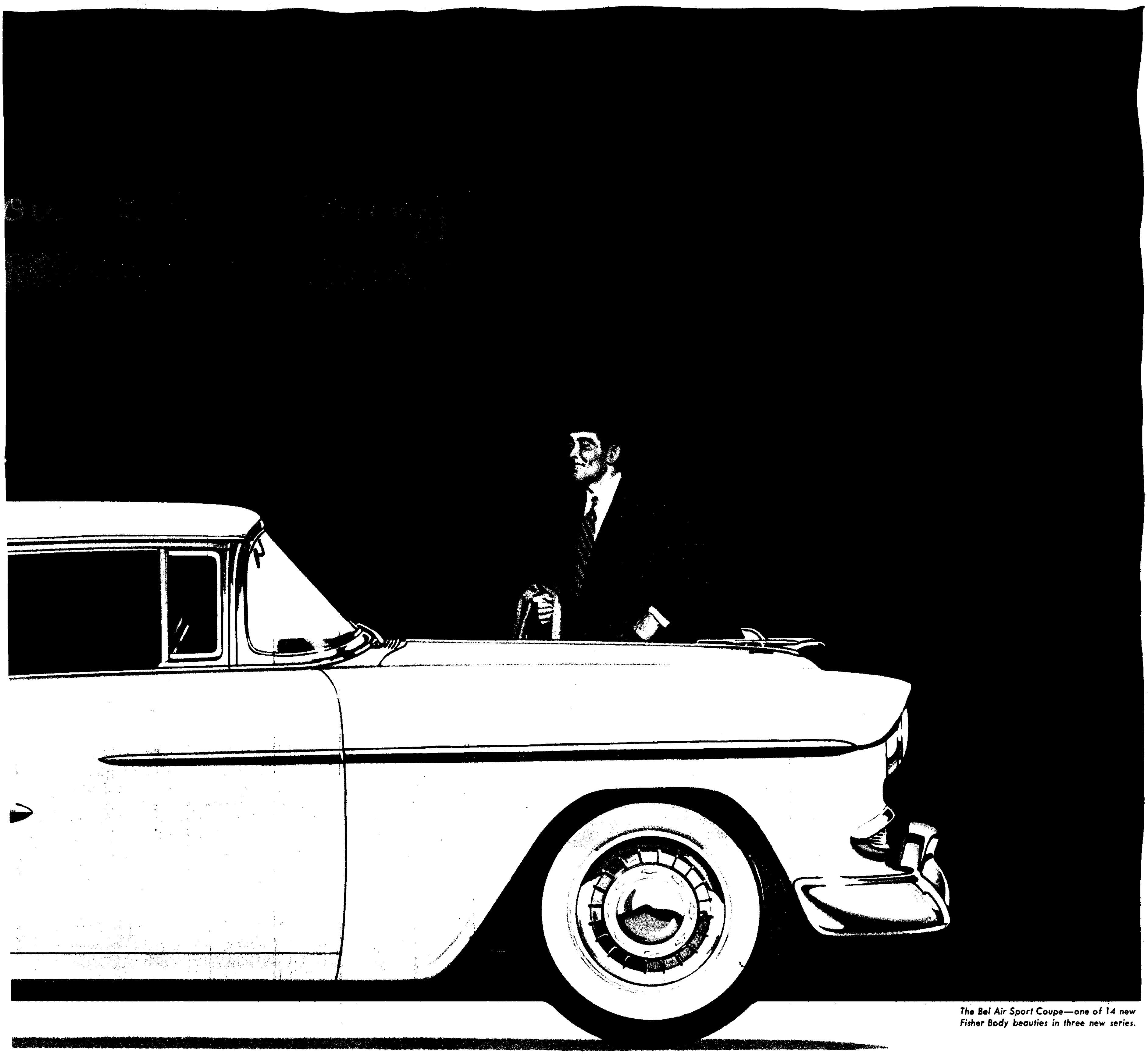


The Bel Air Sport Coupe—one of 14 new Fisher Body beauties in three new series.

the motoramic Chevrolet for 1955

Turn the page and see the rest of the story; it's equally exciting!

"Every night we could see Indian signal fires on the high peaks"

and Jim Chick. They went up the canyon and ran right into an Indian ambush and both were killed. Their horses came back riderless, blood over the saddles.

"Pretty soon someone came tearing over from the Robertses' cabin. He told us to get some stuff together and go over to their cabin as quick as we could. Father got two big white mules hitched to the wagon. He wasn't in any hurry. But Mother and us girls were all excited. Pa kept trying to pacify us. We put Mother's feather bed and pillows and provisions in the wagon. Father and I got up on the spring seat in front and started toward the Robertses'. As we crossed the river we saw two cows up on the hill that kept looking as though they saw something unusual. Mother was all eyes.

" 'Pa,' she said. 'Hurry. Those cows see something.' But Pa just laughed.

"Just as we made the turn, the cows started running toward us. And right behind them, the Indians shooting at us. We swung the team around. I tried to load our rifle, but the cartridges were stuck in Father's belt. The first bunch of Indians came in a circle around the rocks and disappeared; then another bunch followed. Bullets were flying thick and fast around the wagon. Later I found where one had made a hole in my sunbonnet. Father hollered, 'Lay down in the wagon. They can't see your heads so plain.'

"They sure were making it interesting, and it wouldn't have been long before they would have had our scalps. Now to the rescue. Six men had come up from Pleasanton Valley on horseback. When they heard the shooting they rode out between the wagon and the Indians and held them off until we got back of the Robertses' cabin. The shooting of the Indians and of the men from the cabin had got the mules excited. They were making pretty good time. We couldn't make the turn to the cabin. So we hid the wagon behind a shack, but the mules were out in sight of the Indians. A shot killed one of the mules. The other mule stood in harness beside him all day. We could hear Roberts hollering from his cabin, 'Get over here quick. The Indians are surrounding us above and below.'

"To get to his cabin we had to run across a clearing and jump an *acequia.* The kids ran first. I don't know who was first to start, but Mother was last. Mother was stout. We wondered how she would get across the ditch. But when she got to it she leaped over it like a deer. She didn't even see it. Of course the Indians shot at each of us as we ran.

"There were 21 men with rifles in the cabin. We fought them from about nine o'clock in the morning until after dark. Later one of the miners crept into the cabin. His name was George Doyle. He had hid along the trail with his little dog while the Indians rode by him. He said he could have shook hands with every one. He counted 213 of them. Half the time he had to throttle the dog to keep him from barking and giving them away.

"As soon as we got into the cabin Mother hollered for everybody to fill up buckets and everything with water. She was the wisest in the outfit, for the Indians cut the ditch and the water stopped running just as we got the last bucket filled. The Indians shot at us all day long. They killed 17 horses.

"One of our men, named Wilcox, thought he saw an Indian creeping down the hill close by. He stepped across the room to tell his partner and suddenly shouted, 'My God, boys, I'm shot!' He died before he could reach the fireplace.

"That night two of our men sneaked through the Indian lines and went to Silver City for help. Their names were Pete Carpenter and Jim Keller, old Indian fighters. We knew we had no chance the next day. We were practically out of ammunition. The Indians had piles of government rifles and ammunition. The government had issued them all this as scouts. They were scouts one year and on the warpath the next.

"When Carpenter and Keller got to Silver City the next morning they found that Captain Madden from Fort Bayard had just come in with 35 scouts. He didn't even stop for provisions. About 75 men from Silver City joined his soldiers, and they rode west to our rescue. When they got near the river they saw a red flag on a pole.

" 'Boys,' he said, 'we're too late. The Indians have their flag up.' But all it was, was a red tablecloth that one of our boys had hoisted. The Indians by this time, however, had pulled up in the mountains and left free entry for the troops.

"Father had a little store and just turned it over to the men. The poor devils. We had to feed them. The troops went up and buried Chick and Cooney. We buried Wilcox on the hill by the cabin."

* * *

OLD WAYNE WHITEHILL, also of Silver City and son of one of the Southwest's most celebrated sheriffs, had more to say about the Apaches:

"They had a perfect right to fight. The United States government had rounded up all the Indians in the beautiful and fertile Mescalero region in east-central New Mexico and taken them over to the Arizona desert. It was the most desolate-looking place you ever saw. Pretty soon the Apaches started drifting back to their old hunting grounds. The government rounded them up again.

"Papa had the contract to take the Indians back who had run off to their old home from Arizona. They herded them back on foot, women packing their children on their backs, all those some 300 miles.

"Between 1,000 and 2,000 came right through Silver City. Father had guards on horseback to keep them under control. They drove them just like a bunch of cattle." Here the old man's still-firm voice broke a little.

"It was after that," he continued, "that they went on the warpath and killed every white person they could—men, women and children. There wasn't a day when someone wasn't killed on the Mimbres or the Gila (rivers) or around Silver City. For five or six years, about 1880 to 1886, terror of the Indians gripped everybody.

"You could go out nights in Silver City and see their signal fires all over the high peaks such as the Burro Mountains. Every night you could see their fires on Gomez Peak—you know, that one that looks like a volcanic cone—only five miles out of town. Years after, I climbed the peak and saw the breastworks they had built to stand off any surprise attack. One time they even came right into Silver City and stole all the horses out of Papa's corral, which stood where the Elks Club is today.

"I'll never forget—about ten o'clock one morning I was standing on Bullard Street in Silver City when a Mexican, gun in hand, came running down the street. I'd known this Mexican a long time. His name was Frank Rascón. I went out and stopped him. 'What are you all excited about?' I asked.

" '*Indios! Indios! Indios!*' he yelled back at me.

"People began to gather around. I told them what he had said, that the Indians had massacred a settlement of Mexicans just three miles from Silver City. People started to run about. The merchants unhitched the horses from their delivery wagons and jumped on the horses bareback. They rushed to a local warehouse and got guns which the government had stored in case of attack on the city. Everybody in town who could get a horse took off to the scene of the massacre.

"Henry Rosenkrantz and I went afoot with the crowd. We found a whole little settlement of Mexican woodcutters—some 12 to 14 men, women and children—had been murdered. In one cabin I saw a little dead three-year-old boy hanging on a meat hook, impaled there by the Indians. All the other people were scattered around dead.

"Jack Fleming, who was mayor of the town for 14 or 15 years, organized a militia band. They got horses and tried to follow the Indians but never caught up with them.

"Bessie Harper, who owned one of the houses of prostitution in town, took charge of the bodies. She bought them clothes and dressed the bodies and paid for their funeral expenses. I saw all the bodies laid out in a little adobe house."

* * *

"THAT WAS THE Old West," says Blachly, "and now we're putting it on tape. Thanks to the long memories of these old-timers, the annals of Southwestern history are getting fatter by the week. You get to be a miser about this stuff," he adds, grinning. "The more you get, the more you want."

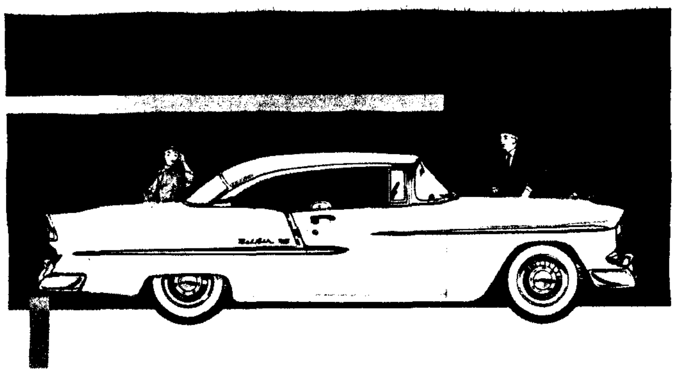
Dr. Myra Ellen Jenkins believes that tape-recorded memoirs are more than mere substitutes for written records. In some ways, she thinks, they are preferable. "The tales lose nothing of fact in the retelling, and even the opinions, prejudices and personalities of the narrators are revealed in inflection and nuance of speaking." In addition to keeping the tapes on file, Dr. Jenkins has them transcribed and indexed for ready reference. (At the moment she's far behind on this work, due to lack of funds.)

"The astonishing thing to me," adds Dr. Jenkins, "is that in most cases where testimony of an old pioneer conflicts with already written accounts the pioneer turns out to be right!"

"It's a pity we couldn't have started this a long time ago," says Blachly, himself the son of an old Colorado pioneer who was murdered by one of the notorious McCarthy brothers, the bank robbers. "But now that we have the tape recorder as a new historical tool, we can't afford to delay any longer. I hope other communities will pick up the idea when they see the kind of treasures we're piling up here.

"Our pioneers constitute a natural resource we've been sorely neglecting. What these wonderful old men and women have to tell us will still be around, increasing in value, long after the oil, the natural gas and the uranium have been exhausted."

COLLIER'S "Say! You're not so dumb, even if you are an intellectual . . ." JACK MARKOW



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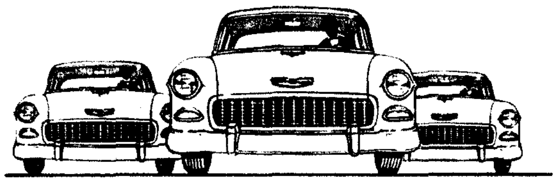
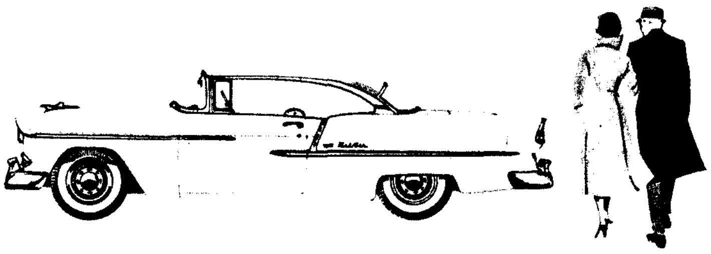
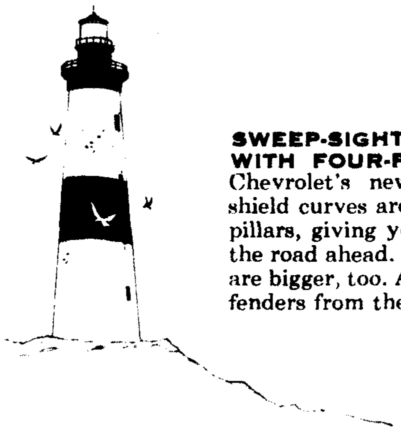


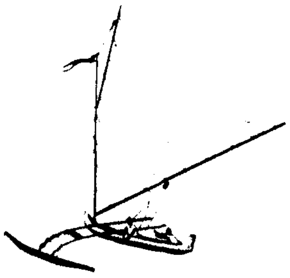
GREAT NEW V-8—TWO NEW 6'S! Chevrolet's new V8 delivers 162 h.p. with an ultra-high compression ratio of 8 to 1. A V8 as only the valve-in-head leader can build it! You can choose from two new 6's, too—the new "Blue-Flame 136" with Powerglide (optional at extra cost) and the new "Blue-Flame 123." All three are sparked by a new 12-volt electrical system.



SHOW-CAR STYLING WITH THAT LONG, LOW, "LET'S GO" LOOK! It's a show car from the word go! Longer looking—and lots lower, the new Chevrolet has the spirited look of a sports car. There's plenty of glamour inside, too—plus more room for hats, hips and shoulders!

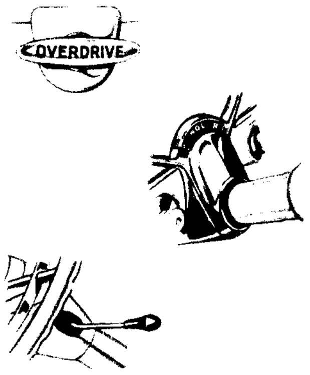


SWEEP-SIGHT WINDSHIELD WITH FOUR-FENDER VISIBILITY! Chevrolet's new Sweep-Sight Windshield curves around to vertical corner pillars, giving you a wide, full view of the road ahead. Rear and side windows are bigger, too. And you can see all four fenders from the driver's seat!

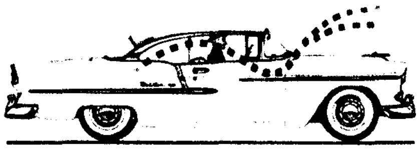


NEW OUTRIGGER REAR SPRINGS! Rear springs are longer—and they're attached at the *outside* of the frame. This means they're spaced wider apart, outrigger-fashion, to give you greater stability in cornering. To make your going even smoother, Chevrolet's new Hotchkiss drive cushions drive-line shocks through the rear springs!

EASIER STEERING! EASIER DRIVING! The new Chevrolet steers with ball bearing ease, thanks to new, friction-cutting Ball-Race Steering. New Swing-Type Brake and Clutch Pedals swing downward with a light pressure of your toe. They pivot at the top, leaving the floor free and clear!



OVERDRIVE JOINS THE POWER TEAMS! Take your choice. There's new Overdrive teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 123." There's Powerglide—now even smoother and quieter—teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 136." (Powerglide and Overdrive are extra-cost options.) And there's a new and finer standard transmission, too.



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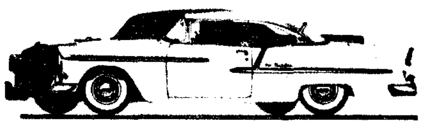
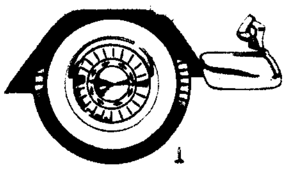
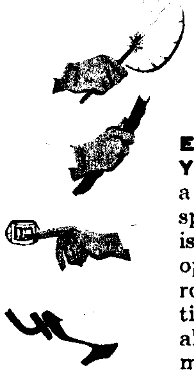
WONDERFUL NEW GLIDE-RIDE FRONT SUSPENSION! New spherical joints flex freely to cushion all road shocks. You glide over the bumps with new smoothness and stability. New Anti-Dive Braking assures "heads up" stops.





TUBELESS TIRES AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT! Quieter running—added protection against blowouts! You get this great tire advance at no extra cost in all 1955 Chevrolets!



EVEN AIR CONDITIONING, IF YOU WISH! Air is heated or cooled by a single unit that requires no trunk space! Air Conditioning (in V8 models) is only one of the wonderful extra-cost options you can get. Others are Chevrolet's Power Brakes and Power-Positioned Front Seat and Power Lifts on all windows (Bel Air and "Two-Ten" models.)

Chevrolet

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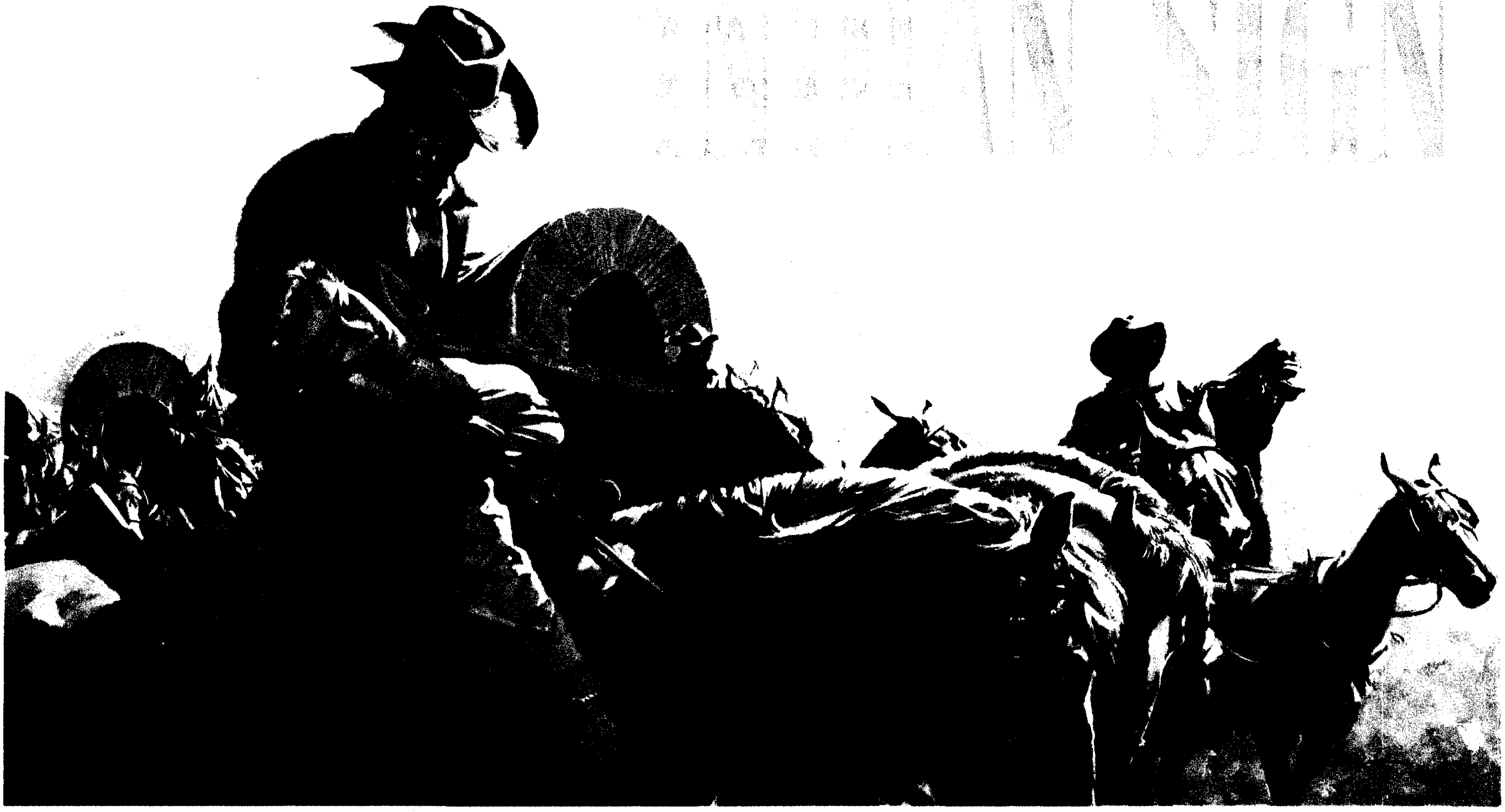


Sergeant O'Meara said, "Dismount and rest, Miss Kitty." She turned, gazed at him blindly, and fell limply into his arms

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

With each mile, their chances of getting the convoy through grew slimmer. The haunting shadow of the dead major pursued them all—and especially Kitty, who could never escape

THE LAST OF TWO PARTS

The Story: LIEUTENANT LANE DISBRO, of the U.S. Cavalry, was stationed at a Western outpost. He distrusted his new commanding officer, MAJOR PHARR, who neglected his duties to be with MOLLY MAGOFFIN, a trooper's daughter. Late one night two shipments of pork arrived at the post by wagon train. In the accompanying stagecoach was KITTY BUELL, a general's daughter, whose uncle had been the previous post commander. Unaware that her uncle had been transfered to Fort Donophon, Kitty had come to visit him—and to see Major Pharr, her fiancé. But Pharr was unaccountably missing from the post. Within the next few days Disbro received startling news: the two hundred barrels of pork were to be convoyed at once to Big Foot—a fort some 1,200 miles to the north, where a provisional brigade, under Kitty's father, had been set up to combat a threatened Comanche-Sioux war alliance. In Pharr's absence, Troop B—Disbro's troop—was dispatched to convoy the twenty wagonloads of pork to Big Foot; Kitty would ride with them as far as Fort Donophon. Before leaving the post Disbro found evidence that Major Pharr had been murdered; but his body was missing. Disbro recalled having seen Molly Magoffin rush out of Pharr's quarters the night of the murder; and he knew that one of his men, FIRST SERGEANT BRIAN O'MEARA, suspected his own son, TIM, a trooper, of having killed Pharr out of jealousy over Molly. As the pork convoy got under way, Disbro felt the Indian sign was on them: the incessant rain and the grueling ride were already telling on his young and unseasoned troops, and there was the constant threat of a Comanche attack. Meantime, Disbro realized he was in love with Kitty and asked her to marry him. But, though she admitted she had never loved Pharr, she refused him—for a reason she would not reveal.

WHEN the convoy halted at next day's end, Disbro went down the line on foot, looking the men over carefully. Some of them were pretty sick—on their feet but with glazed eyes, racked with coughing, their flesh pink with fever. But the rain had stopped at last, and there was a brilliant streak of crimson across the Western sky, so bright above the leaden cloud layers that it hurt the eyes. It was a sign of a clear day tomorrow.

Kitty was standing by the baggage wagon, wrapped in a blanket, shivering badly. Disbro got four fingers of surgeon's whisky into her and sat her down by the fire.

"I want you to ride in the wagon from now on," he said.

"I will not do it! I will not give up. If I can't sit a horse—"

He took her hand and she snatched it from him. "No more of last night, Lane," she said. "Don't touch me. I don't want you to!"

"I asked you to marry me."

"But you don't know me," she said fiercely. "I'm only a woman you've recently met: a white woman—west of Kansas City. You know nothing about me. You can't have been fool enough to ask me."

"I was. And I did. You'll answer me when you're ready."

"I'll answer you *now.*" She stood up again, steadying herself against the great wagon wheel. "I will not marry you, and I will not have you ask me again!"

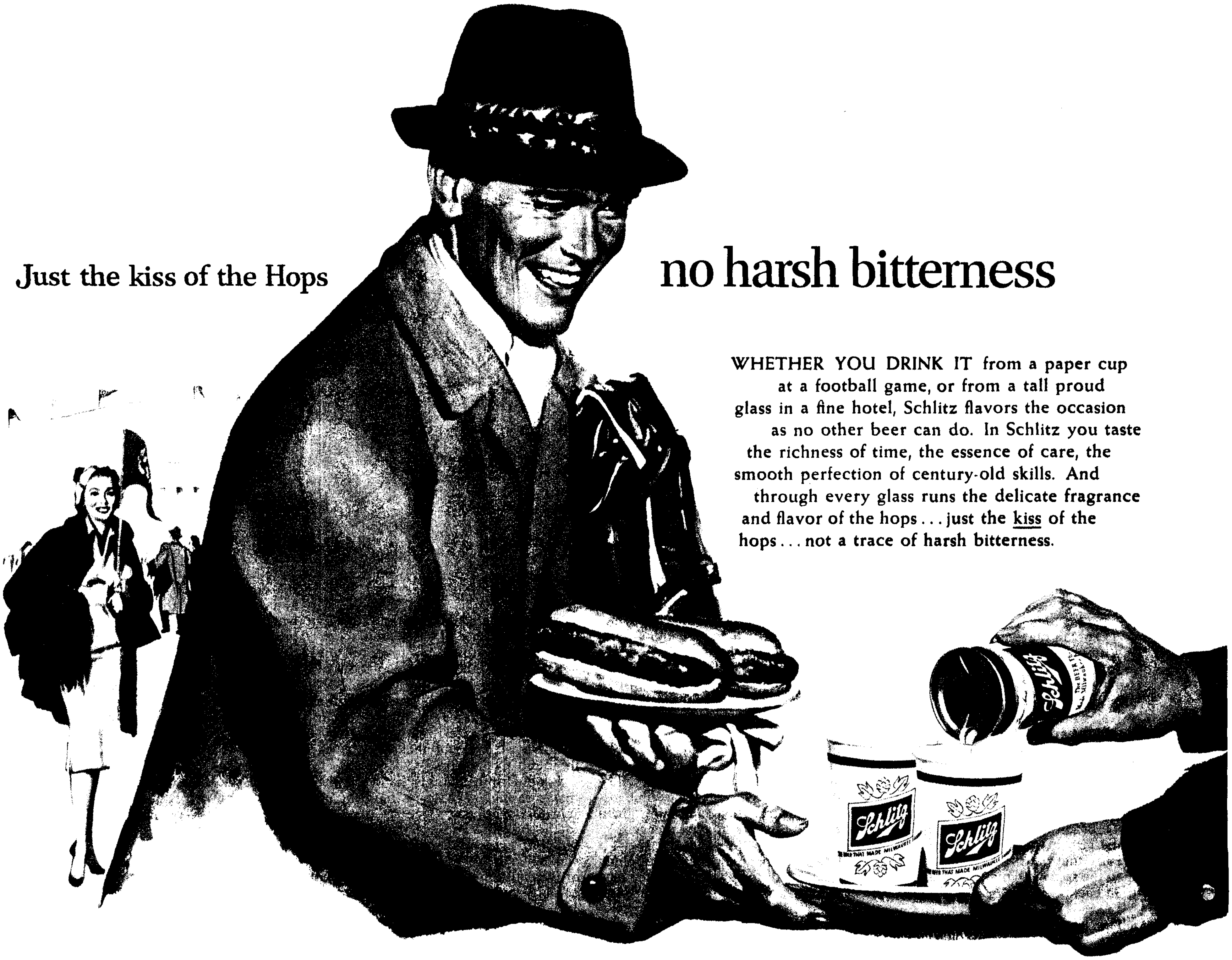
There was as yet no Comanche sign on their route. All the way up the north branch of Crazy Man Creek their way was clear of any sign newer than last year's fire holes. The birds rose up in flight ahead of their march, a clearer indication that no large body of hostiles was ahead of them.

Disbro avoided the girl consciously now. His pride was cased deep in stubbornness, and as he rode on into the northern reaches of the district the knife of jealousy turned inside him once more. She had planned to marry Pharr, he thought, so all I meant to her was to act as a cushion for the rebound when she needed it. But he knew he was lying to himself.

The coughs and fever began to bleach out of

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

An occasion worth celebrating deserves Schlitz



Just the kiss of the Hops no harsh bitterness

WHETHER YOU DRINK IT from a paper cup at a football game, or from a tall proud glass in a fine hotel, Schlitz flavors the occasion as no other beer can do. In Schlitz you taste the richness of time, the essence of care, the smooth perfection of century-old skills. And through every glass runs the delicate fragrance and flavor of the hops . . . just the kiss of the hops . . . not a trace of harsh bitterness.

If you like beer you'll love Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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the men with the warmer springtime sunlight. Under Sergeant O'Meara's tongue and Lieutenant Disbro's eye, they began gradually to look like seasoned troops—to act like soldiers; for the field will do that to men, or break them trying. But there were gray shadows under Kitty's eyes, and the dreadful fatigue of the trail was in the droop of her shoulders.

Then he did go to her, but there was a wall between them—not of her making, but of her inner exhaustion. It was an effort for her to answer when Disbro spoke to her. She had to gather herself almost visibly, to draw herself up in order to talk at all. When he looked into her eyes, there was nothing there but the smoldering will to go on —a fanatic desperation, almost.

ONCE more he tried to get her to ride in the wagon, but she would not. It was as if giving up the saddle would be the sign of defeat, the final admission. Disbro rode beside her each morning during the dark hour of the start-off, when the world is as bleak as it ever will be. He talked to her when the long monotony galled her soul; but it was as if some inner fiber of her being had snapped, as if the lights were going out in the windows of the house she lived in.

"Kitty," he said finally, "I am going to pull in and rest you for a few days."

She shook her head savagely. "You know you can't do that," she said. "The rain slow-up cost you a week's rations for forty miles of distance. You haven't enough food left to stop. I won't jeopardize the whole convoy!"

He continued to push the march on hard, and on the twenty-seventh day they reached the base camp of the old Hutchinson survey party of four years before and bivouacked around the deserted shacks. Seven march hours tomorrow would put them under the shadow of Laughing Mountain.

They cleaned one of the shacks for the girl, for the first real privacy she had had since the start four weeks before. "I don't want to go inside, Lane," she said, and closed her eyes tightly. "I want to stay under the stars, for breathing space . . ."

He spread her blankets at the doorway, stood above her as she sank down upon them. "We will contact your escort tomorrow or the next day at the latest," he said. "Leave you with them to rest a day—and then another week should see you at Fort Donophon."

With the early evening there was white and smoky mist veiling the flats below the camp. From miles off to the north the howl of a coyote tore a thin gash in the vast quietness of the night. To Disbro in that moment, as he looked at the girl, it was like the tales of the banshee that put the cold corpse finger upon the spine and make the hair prick up in back. . . .

The silence closed in about them again. She moved slightly on the blankets, her face a white mask in the darkness, and he knew instinctively that she was gathering her strength to speak. "Lane," she said softly, "I don't want to do what I have to do now—not for myself, but for what it will do to you. But I *must* do it, in honor."

"No." He shook his head and sat down beside her. "There will be none of the past in this now, for I have worked all that out of my mind."

"I will not come to you second best," she said. "I can't."

He turned slowly and smiled. "There is no doubt in me about us. We are of the same breed—the same mold—and there is no other answer but to live our lives together."

"But there has to be, my dear."

"I won't listen," he said. "You will wait for me at Fort Donophon until I come back for you." He had leaned toward her, his arm stretched out rigidly, the palm of his hand upward, his fingers trembling. She thrust herself back from him, drawing her tiny booted foot in under her. With one hand she raised herself up against the cabin wall and stood there braced in anguish.

"Stop it," he said softly.

She struck herself fiercely with both clenched fists. Beat a brutal tattoo upon her body as if she would tear it. "Lane, Lane, don't you understand! Richard Pharr had his will of me—and cast me off. I'm to bear his child!"

Disbro sprang to his feet, his muscles contracting so fast that it was one lightning sweep of motion. Blasphemy choked in his throat. They stood facing each other, their breathing mingled. He clamped his hands on her wrists, his voice guttural: "It can't be!"

Tom Henderson

"Good night, my love, till we meet again. . . . Good night, my . . ."

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

A great sob tore from her throat; and she pressed her forehead frantically into his shoulder, twisting her neck in anguish, bruising her face against the rough cloth of his blouse, crying deep inside her. He put his arm tight around her, and the great yellow moon blazed over the ridge line between the tree boles, limning them stark, like the bars of a great cage.

IT WAS in that moment, as they clung wretchedly to each other, that they heard the hoarse call of Sergeant Kenimer out toward the northern vedette—not a shout, but a voice torn ragged in shock, held down against the echoing night, broken in timbre against something he would not believe. Then there was the sound of running, booted feet, rock-scrambling, and a shout: "Where's Lieutenant Disbro?"

Lane let go of the girl. "What's happened?" he called.

It was Trooper Bogardus, one of the outguards. He grabbed Disbro's sleeve. "We've run smack into 'em, sir. The Donophon escort's been cut to pieces at Laughing Mountain. The survivors just straggled in."

"Pull yourself up. Where are they?"

They were sitting by Sergeant Kenimer's outpost position—seven men, all that was left of E Troop from Fort Donophon, gaunt, hungry and battle-shocked to the bone, with the cold hand of death still laid on their hearts.

"Mus' be near a thousand Comanches all told, sir," one of them said. "We never had a chance. Lieutenant Patlow got killed in the ambush. Here's his papers and gold watch."

Disbro took the small packet and thrust it deep in his pocket while the survivors talked on.

"Sergeant Kenimer," Disbro said, "get word to the first sergeant at once. Every fire in the bivouac is to be put out—scattered, stamped out. No water on them, for I want no smoke against that moon! Douse all lanterns and double the outguards."

"We held the perimeter thirty-four hours under old Sergeant Galloway, until he got shot through the eyes, sir. Blinded. But come night—that's two nights ago, sir—when we told him it come, he ordered us to get out, one by one, holding there himself and shooting blind for diversion to cover the getaway, with them that was too bad hurt to leave shooting with him. Ordered us to rendezvous together at the survey camp. Told us to try to cut south and contact this meat convoy. So here we are and that's it, sir. A thousand Comanches."

Lane Disbro put his hand on the man's shoulder. After a moment he said to Bogardus: "Get these men up to the bivouac and see that they are fed. Give them blankets." Then he walked back slowly with the full weight of it upon him—with the unreality becoming starkly real and the dreadful anger of helplessness writhing within him. Forty-odd men dead at Laughing Mountain, seven march hours ahead of him. From memories of the past, he could see them lying stiff in the silent moonlight, huddled together like sleeping cattle where the last stand had died, with the guidons gone in dishonor and the vomit-sweet miasma of death rising above them. . . .

First Sergeant O'Meara was inside the command shack when Disbro entered. He had the map spread and weighted at the corners, a lantern rigged, and the march data ready to hand. He said nothing. Nor did Disbro speak to him, for there is a tacit understanding between such men at such times that transcends words.

There was one good route north from Laughing Mountain to Big Foot—the old Hollister Trail. The Comanches, fresh from the Laughing Mountain kill, would be on it—not because it was the trail, but because the trail followed the trace of the ancient tribal migratory route from north to south, in the days when they followed the buffalo. Going north to ally with the Sioux, the Comanches in their strength and flush of victory would not think of taking any other route. To follow them on it, as close behind them as the convoy was now, would be to invite detection by their hunting parties and an eventual collision as disastrous as the E Troop massacre.

Disbro sat to the map and plotted the only feasible route left to him—to push straight on and across the Hollister Trail *behind* the Comanche march north; to head on northeasterly, away from the hostiles until he came to the divide; to cross the winding Corkscrew and continue overland to the next arm of the river. It would mean multiple crossings of the river, and he had no clear idea of the fording places beyond the old map he carried, or even if there were any, with the spring floods full. The Corkscrew flowed almost due west and east in places, in long meandering sweeps, each time turning upon itself miles lower down and flowing back east to west, paralleling its last flow with an almost mathematical precision. Then, sixty miles from Big Foot, it swung so far west again that it crossed the Hollister Trail.

"It's no good unless I can get to that crossing of the trail before the Comanches get there, O'Meara."

"It's no good at all, sir, unless the Corkscrew is fordable. And you don't know if it is. Neither do I. At this time of year."

ABSENTLY, Disbro took the packet of Lieutenant Patlow's effects from his pocket and stared at the oiled-silk covering. He looked at O'Meara, and said: "I went through that country when I was a young squirt out here—just joined—with old Major Henni-shaw. He led the original exploration party years before. A crazy old man and a fabulous liar, I expect—but he better not have lied to me about all of it. For that's where I'm going, and his way is how I'm going to cross the Corkscrew, if I have to!"

O'Meara said nothing. He watched Disbro spread the oilskin of the packet, absently smooth it flat as he opened it. There was a watch stopped at twenty minutes to three, with the crystal broken; a letter from a girl in Rochester, New York; a roster and field notes; and a copy of a telegraph flimsy marked across the top in Colonel Bohannon's handwriting: *Disbro—for your information.* The telegram was signed by Captain Magnusson, acting commanding officer at the post:

TO THE REGIMENTAL COMMANDER, FORT DONOPHON. SIR: ON 14TH INST. MAJOR R. A. PHARR DISAPPEARED FROM HIS POST OF DUTY UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES INDICATING THAT HE HAD BEEN SHOT TO DEATH. UNDER MY ORDERS, A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE ENTIRE AREA OF THIS POST, INCLUDING EXTENSIVE EXCAVATION, HAS FAILED TO DISCLOSE THE BODY OR ANY TRACE THEREOF. FULL REPORT IS EN ROUTE TO YOU BY PAYMASTER'S ESCORT.

Disbro read it twice and handed it across to Sergeant O'Meara. O'Meara

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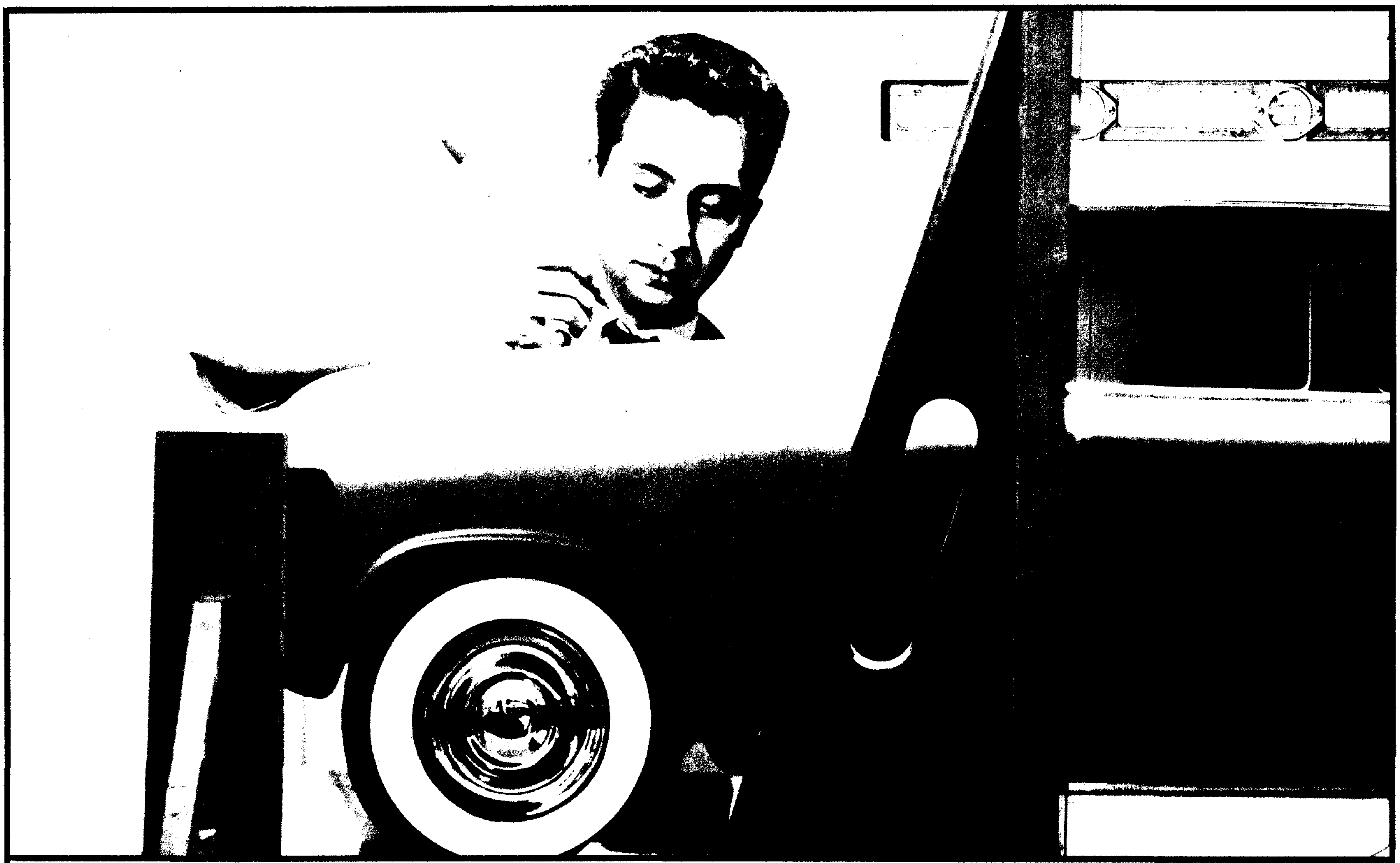

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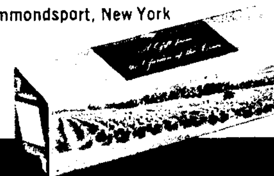


read it slowly. "No body," he said quietly, "no murder."

"Very well, O'Meara—the convoy rolls at moonset. Two squads in advance guard, and you command them."

Disbro told the girl. "I know," she said. "There is no chance of getting to Fort Donophon now."

"I will not lie to you—there is little chance of getting anywhere. The Indian sign is on us full. But we will still try."

Then it was that Disbro tightened the march into stark, thumbscrew torture. He cut the halts to the bone, set the starts two hours earlier and kept the convoy to the road until twenty minutes of full dark each day. When they crossed the Hollister Trail, they crossed it two full days behind the Indians, judging from the traces left behind. But they were still too close to the vast tribal movement to take a chance on hunting, and so the dwindling field rations they carried were what they ate.

Disbro became a blistering goad to the column, a pack hound driving them like cattle. It was as if he were willing them onward in order to leave behind him all he had been before, forcing the mileage to lengthen between him and all of the past. He tolerated no excuses, brooked no weakness, improvised for breakdowns and kept the convoy rolling against mounting odds—almost losing his own humanity in the fight against time. And it was as if Kitty knew what he was doing and understood it.

All talk went out of the men, beyond duty talk, and all thinking beyond the deadly worms of discontent. Lane Disbro rode herd like a cowled inquisitor. He pared the routine to the breaking point, which balanced utmost mileage against the collapse of man and beast.

THE animal problem was becoming critical by the time they reached Angle Mountain. Only four of the horses had died, but the mule situation was bad: fourteen cut from the traces, their throats slashed trailside to avoid the sound of shots. Pack-train replacements were running out fast and not working well in draft harness.

Disbro led the convoy down slowly through Bromfield Pass. All the next day they shuttled slowly up the divide—triple-teaming the wagons and going back, triple-teaming and going back—until they finally had the whole convoy on the other side with the headwaters of the Corkscrew below them.

Disbro had gone on ahead to reconnoiter the first crossing. Where the wagons stopped to rehitch, Sergeant O'Meara rode in close to the girl. "Dismount and rest, Miss Kitty," he said.

She turned and stared at him. Her eyes deep sunk in fever, stared blindly as if she did not know him or where she was. She made a fluttering gesture with her hands, wavered and would have fallen from the saddle had he not caught her. She could not ride, so he lifted her onto his horse and took her to her blankets in the baggage wagon.

There was no color in her face whatever. It was a face grown old in youth with agony and defeat, a face drained of all resistance, stained with pain. Brian O'Meara put his hand to her forehead, but she writhed away from it in sudden, twisting agony, stifling a scream as the claws of expulsion tore at her inner body, as the long days she had forced herself to the saddle bore their fruit. He wadded the blanket for her teeth to bite through, braced her hands with his, crooned to her as he had long years ago to his own son Tim. "You know—" she began and he shook his head fiercely.

"Don't talk," he said. "This is all a part of men and women and living and death, Miss Kitty. It's all a part of life—out here or anywhere—except that, in this country, everything is small compared to God."

So it was that the child conceived without love or honor was taken from her by miscarriage—leaving her pale and wasted in the bed of a pork wagon five hundred miles from the nearest woman to help her—but with Brian O'Meara, a first sergeant of cavalry, to save her in the same forthright way he would have killed Molly Magoffin with his bare hands to save his son Tim.

AS DISBRO passed the wagons going on ahead, a breath of them still clung to his nostrils, a taint that would not leave him as he rode down the slope. In his exhausted mind he tried to deny it for what it really was, but he could not: the meat was beginning to rot. And there was harsh laughter inside him, for the essence of complete futility was in him now. Nine hundred and seventy miles on the measuring wheel—and the ancient meat that had put him on the trail was spoiling before he could bring it in. The long trek had worked the old barrels continually, sprung the rusted hoops, started the staves. The bitter tang of leaking brine was killing the full odor of rot still, but by sundown it would be thick on the evening air. The impulse was on him to leap from the saddle and beat the ground with his fists, to let the laughter carry him into madness.

Young O'Meara was on point duty. When Disbro reached the banks of the Corkscrew, Tim had already dismounted and was standing watching the flooding waters drive white toward Bannister Falls to the east where they crashed down the cutbank into Long Swamp beyond. Tim O'Meara was Youth, finely attuned to the job of living; a handsome devil, deep-chested with the tiny waist of a horseman; features that were finer than his father's, but with no faint concession to delicacy. He had an officer's face, if there is such a thing in the book.

The boy shuffled his boot toe in the driftwood mat, higher than today's water by several inches. He stooped and lifted a barked length of ash as white and as dry as bone. His switch blade glinted and he cut deeply into the wood, then broke it in his hands. He flashed a smile at Disbro. "Soaked—under the surface, sir. This year's drift. The river's been at flood, but it's going down. That gives us a break of luck!"

Disbro looked into the boy's eyes and turned sharply away with the sick realization that Pharr's face was between them too—mocking everyone who had touched the last dimension of his life. As he turned, Sergeant O'Meara was standing right behind him. It was as if the sergeant had read his innermost thoughts and stood in judgment on them. For one brief moment Lane Disbro had the insane feeling that if he moved or spoke, the sergeant would draw and kill him. The whole long journey of his life was in the older O'Meara's dark eyes. Love for that boy of his was the only immortality left to him; once lost, it would reduce him to a withered old man, with all his hopes dead and all his dreams gone up in smoke.

"No"—O'Meara shook his head—"God must be in these things too. You are wrong and so was I, from the beginning. It was not Tim!"

Then the convoy came thundering up behind them again, and Disbro turned slowly and started down the line of wagons to Kitty.

SHE was so very small in the blankets that tears flooded his heart. "Hold my hands tightly, Lane," she said; "they're so very cold."

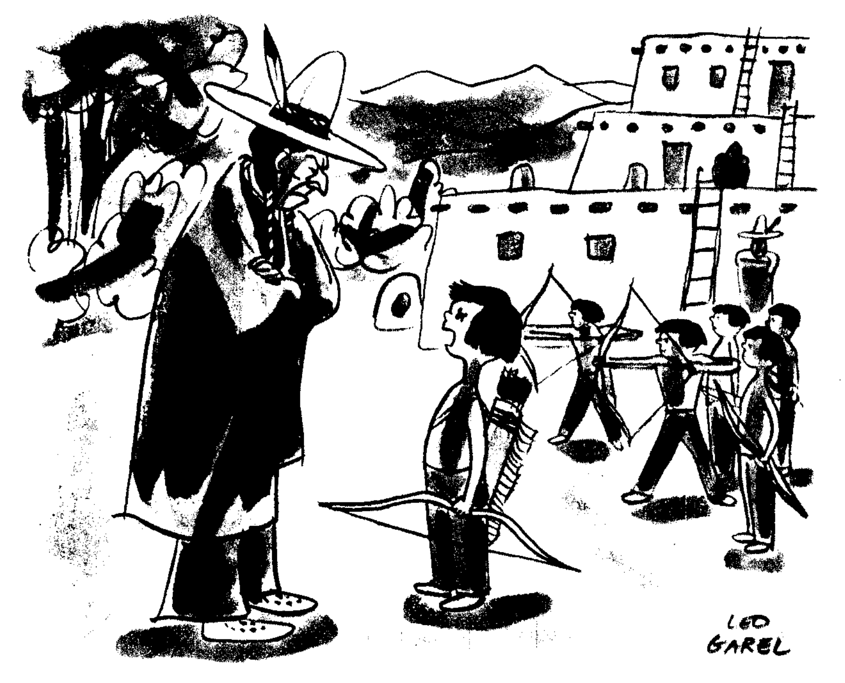
He took her hands in both of his and chafed them gently, his body rigid with helplessness, his throat stiff for lack of words. "It was you who killed Pharr," he whispered.

"I couldn't tell you before; it was enough to face the shame of his child, without being a murderess too."

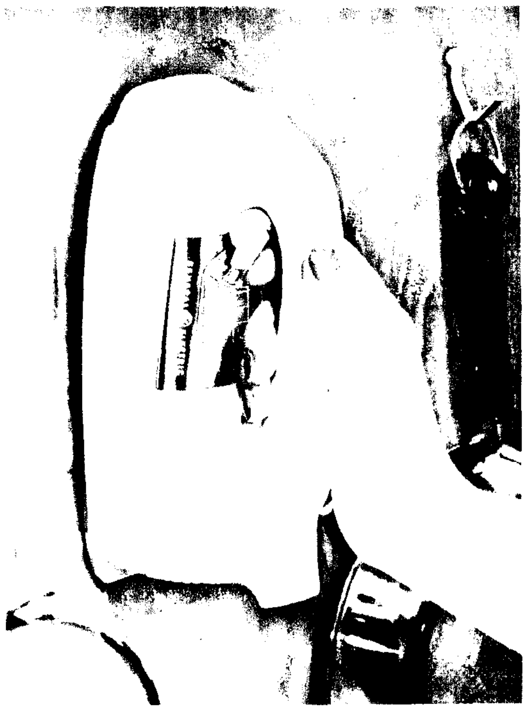
"Tell me now."

"When the stagecoach stopped that night we arrived on the post, the driver left. I started toward the nearest lights, saw Major Pharr in the open doorway with that Magoffin woman. He sent her packing, and I faced him. He was dressed for patrol—all but his gun belt and saber.

"I did not beg. I am not a scullery maid. It is true that I wanted to marry



COLLIER'S "I'm the only kid around here who has to use a homemade bow and arrow!" LEO GAREL



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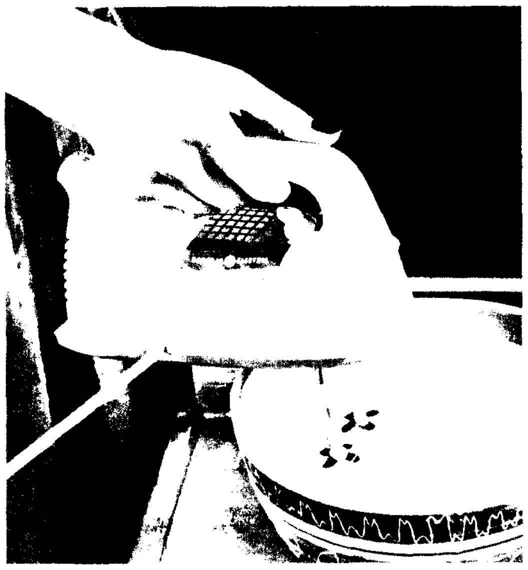

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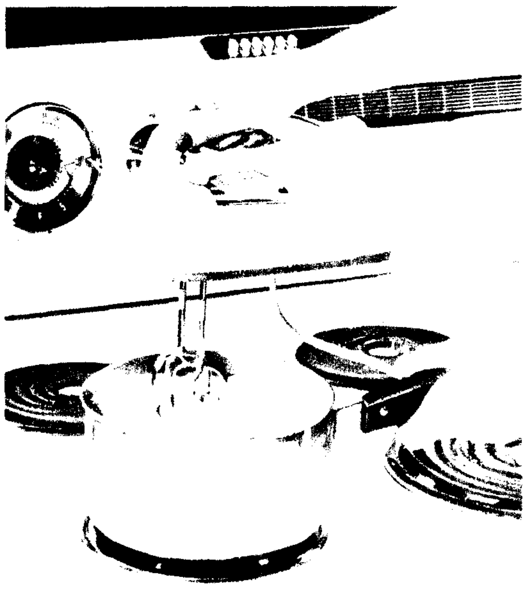

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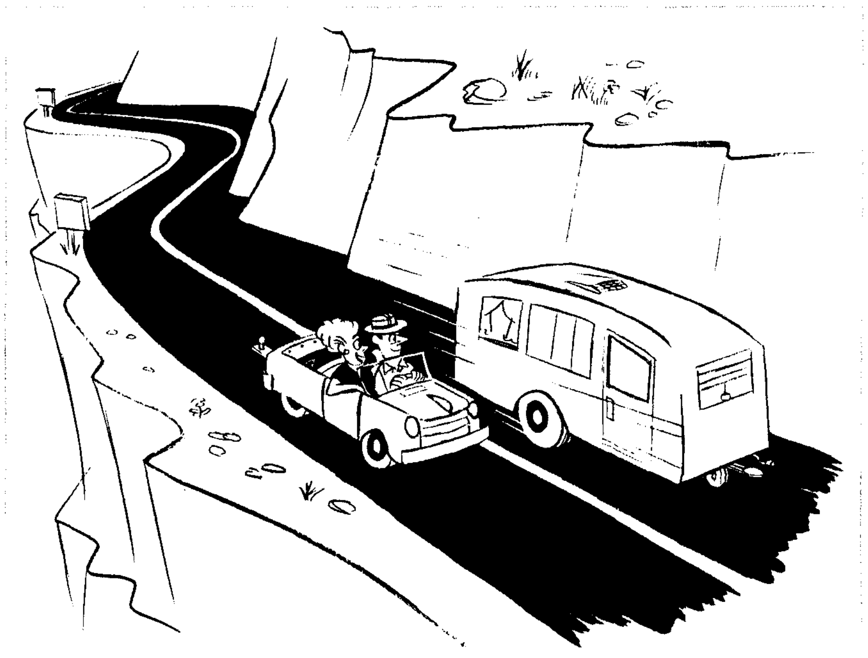


COLLIER'S "There goes a trailer just like ours" ELMER ATKINS

him—before. But it also is true that I would not have submitted to him because of that! You're a man, Lane. You know better how such things can happen between men and women than I can tell it. All I know is that the last time we were together before he was transferred, I fainted, and afterward he swore that nothing had happened. But my body knew it had. He swore he'd send for me at once and that we would marry. He did not. So, when I knew I was to bear his child, I had to go to him. There in his quarters—with that other woman just gone from his bed—he laughed at me. He was drinking. He mocked me.

"Well, I will not have my pride and my intent lashed with laughter and dishonor. My body is a woman's body, but my soul is a gentleman's! There wasn't even anger in it. It was as cold-blooded as inspecting the guard. I drew his gun deliberately, cocked it and shot him. Then, just as deliberately, I went back to the empty stagecoach to sit and wait for them to come and get me. Only they didn't. Sergeant O'Meara found me. When I first saw you, I thought it would only be a few minutes before someone would accuse me. The next night when you said I was to go to Donophon, I thought that was to be the way. But the body was found to be missing. Someone else had removed it while I was back in the stagecoach. Then I didn't know, nor did it matter any more. I didn't care."

FOR a moment Disbro knelt beside her, then he put his hand to her shoulder and kissed her forehead.

"I tried to tell you that night," she whispered, "when the shout came from the vedette. I have no excuses, my dear. I killed him as a man would kill for insult—the stain of his dishonor is ridden from my body, torn out by the trail and the saddle. Must I die now, Lane?"

"No," he said, and his voice caught in his throat. He took her in his arms, held her fiercely to him. "I will not let you die. I have beaten this country with my hands—beaten the hostiles with my brain for you. If I must, I'll defy Heaven for you!"

She seemed to shrink in upon herself then, to become ever smaller in his arms. He put her down on the blankets, covered her, and stood under the arc of the stars. This country is big enough for living—it must be big enough to cover the death of a man like Pharr, he thought. . . .

When he came up to the riverbank again, Sergeant O"Meara had the defective pork barrels unloaded and lined along the rise above the white-churned waters. The smell of decay was heavy in the air from the rotting meat. The sergeant had a detail of men down the bank, knocking in the barrel heads with mauls, smashing the ancient staves and pushing the started barrels down the slope into the flood waters. They were swept out into the current, rolling soggily, filling. Then at the lip of the falls, they rose again among the sharp-toothed rocks, broke noisily, and the debris swept over the falls to scatter twenty miles along Long Swamp below.

"I am eternally grateful to you," Disbro said softly, "for what you did for her this afternoon—when it happened. Will you take my hand, Sergeant O'Meara, as one man to another?"

"It'll never pass my lips, sir—what caused it. Barring that, she's General Buell's daughter, velvet and pure steel."

Disbro looked at him closely. "You're a strange man, O'Meara," he said. "With strange loyalties, except for your own kin."

"How would that be, sir?"

"I don't know how it would be"—Disbro shook his head—"except that you would save the world and damn your own son! You saw the Magoffin girl go into Pharr's quarters that night, knew Tim had seen her too. He wanted to marry her, so that was enough for you. When you went to call Pharr, you found him dead—and accused your boy."

"Blood's hardest of all to know, in your own breed," O'Meara said. "When you see it in youth, before you, there's all the good and all the bad that was you yourself. Only you've traveled the road and cast the balance, so you know what the total is at last. With your young, it's all to do over again, and you don't ever know. So you always make mistakes, to try to save them."

"What did you do with the body, O'Meara? Where did you hide it?"

O'Meara raised his head slightly in the darkness, and his eyes turned casually to the white-churned wash of the river. "The lieutenant is a young man," he said quietly, "and in youth everything must be neat and in its proper place. When the years come upon you the thinking's different. Save the present at all costs, and let the future carry what it will. This will not be an official statement you are asking for—will it, sir?"

The work detail passed behind them, toppling the last of the defective barrels into the river. They went out in the flood, turning side over, rode with the current toward the rocks. As they struck, it was like the soggy beat of muffled drums. A darker mass broke from one of them, with a definite suggestion of the bloated legs of a man's body. For a moment the lip of the falls opened to receive the barrels and the strange, nearly human form that had come loose from one of them; then the white froth of the falls closed over. "No body," Sergeant O'Meara said, "no murder."

Disbro drew his breath in sharply. "Go find your son, O'Meara. Take the Indian sign off him."

O'MEARA turned his back on the river and pointed west. The underbellies of the night clouds were stained pink with fire reflection: it was in two smears—the broader one full down toward the distant Hollister Trail, the smaller one directly behind their own line of march. "It's too late," he said, "unless we can pull something out of the hat. The sign is on all of us now."

It was written plain then to Disbro: a war party detached to follow him close into the cul-de-sac of the winding Corkscrew, the main body camped on the trail to await the kill. And neither group caring that he knew, both throwing their sign plain to the heavens to let him know his time was run out.

In the darkness, Disbro and his men stripped the ten wagons that were useless to them now, put the spare parts in the remaining wagons, doubled the teams and made their first crossing before dawn. Disbro pressed on the next day to the second crossing, sixty miles overland. That night the pursuing fire reflections were closer to them, watching, waiting, laughing in the sky.

In two more days of frantic driving, Disbro forced the convoy across four more arms of the winding Corkscrew and the intervening hauls between. Each night the pursuing fires were the same madding distance from his dust—waiting him out fatefully, waiting for him to corner himself, to be ringed about and destroyed at the Comanche will. Each time he made crossings, the water at the fords was deeper, until finally he came down upon the full wide flow of the river. With fifty-five miles ahead of him after his last crossing, he was on the last swing of the Corkscrew to the eastward before it would flow back west to cross the Hollister Trail and wind on into Big Foot. There was no farther fording place marked on the map. He sent reconnaissance parties out in both directions, but they found nothing but deep water. When they came back in, he had nothing left but the stories of old Major Hennishaw, be they lies or truth.

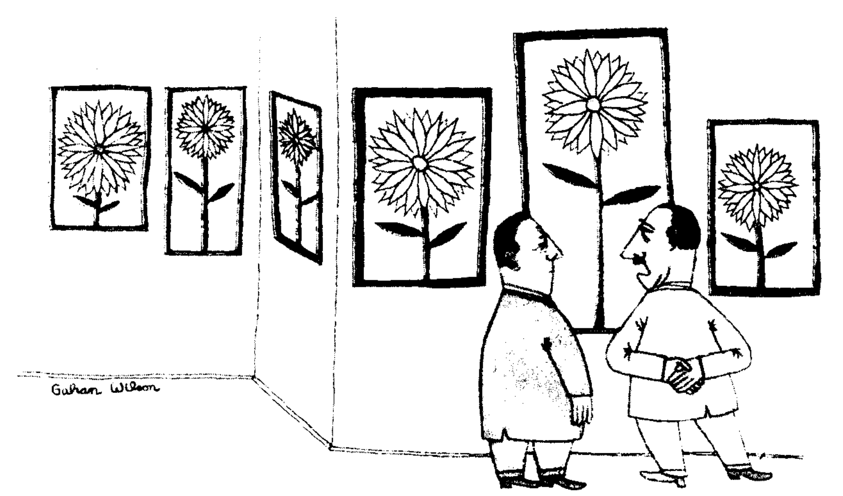
You have to troop-lead men through an operation like that or they won't believe it—and they have to believe it or they won't have the faith to do it. Following along east until he found the right formation of riverbank, Disbro halted and he spread a wagon tarpaulin flat and had the men fill it up with brush faggots. Then he wrapped the tarpaulin around the bunched faggots so that the canvas bundle was twelve feet long by seven wide and four deep. Then he lashed up the ends and launched it in the river and, with eight men on it, paddled it across and back. "It floats," he called, "because the total weight of the wood in it—with all the air spaces between, plus the men on it—is less than if it were full of water."

The troop and the wagoners stood on the riverbank and stared at him. The men with him stared at one another. "That same principle," he said, "is what makes an iron steamboat float. But all you have to know is that this thing floats—just as I'm going to make the wagons float!"

He came ashore then, picked a flat easy stretch of bank and covered it with pine needles for lubrication. Then he spread double tarpaulins on them, half ashore and half held by men in the water. Manhandling, he had a wagon rolled carefully onto the tarpaulins, and he lashed all four wheels so they would not revolve. Then he brought up the edges of the tarred canvas, draining the water from it, and lashed them to the wagon box all around in a watertight hull under the wagon. Carefully, so as not to tear the canvas, they eased the wagon the rest of the way into the water. It floated. Outrageously, clumsily and ill at ease—it floated. God bless old Hennishaw!

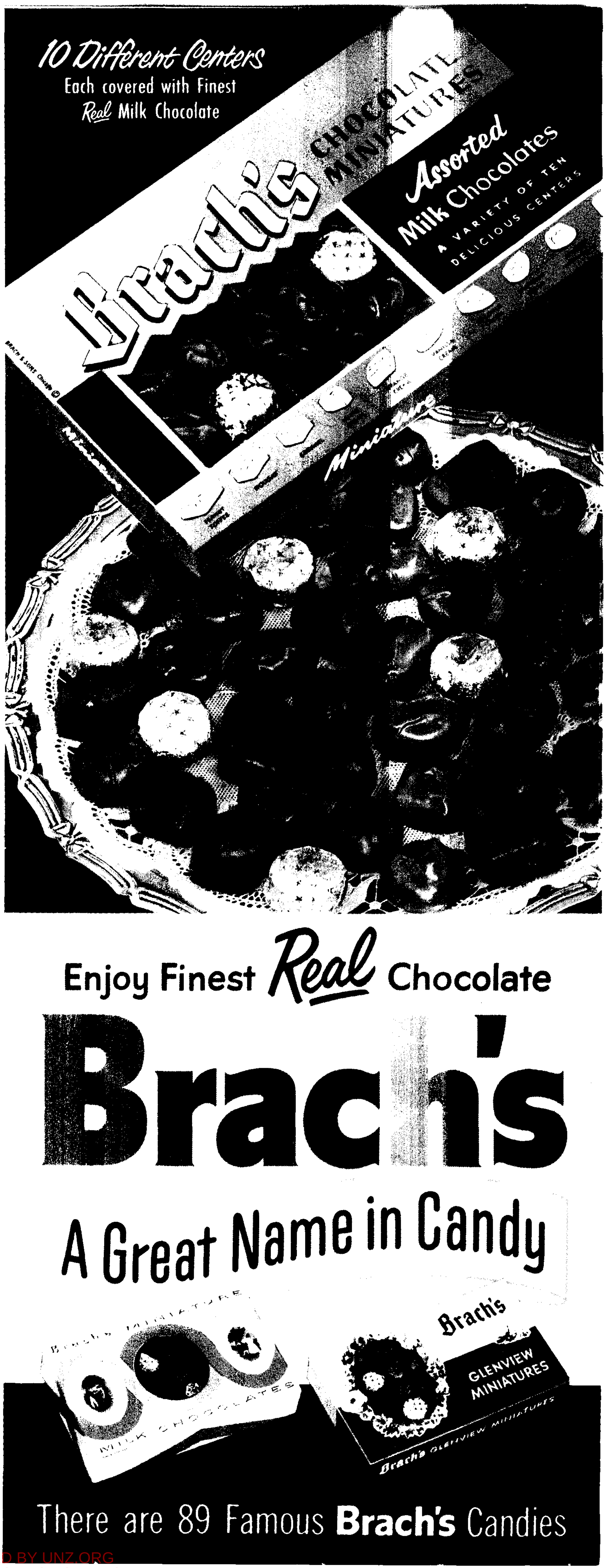
THE men threw their battered hats onto the ground. They swore by the ration salt they didn't have left to eat. They kicked one another triumphantly. They stared with their mouths open to their snaggled teeth. "By Gurry-to-breakfast, if we ain't Adm'ral Disbro's Navy!"

Disbro knew that a crossing this way would finally box him between the last two arms of the river—cornered as he



"One wonders what he would have done had he lived longer"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON



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was with an Indian war party close behind and the main body of Comanches moving slowly at an angle to his march along the trail. So he had to slip out, and there was only one way to do it: to *navigate* the river, not cross it.

He spent the rest of that day working out the details and readying the wagons for launching at dawn. They would be tied one behind the other; half the troop, with long ropes, would be mounted as guides on the banks ahead and on each flank. By those long guide ropes, the fleet could be kept in midstream and the animals kept dry; for the mules freed of burden would go overland with the shore parties in horse-holder groups. The wagoners and the other half of the troop would ride the floating wagons.

THEY cast off and took to the current at dawn the next morning. There is an amazing character to dog-faced soldiers. As individuals they seldom set the world on fire, but give them a piece of improvisation to set their teeth to, and as a group they will approach it with enthusiasm and mass effort that at times transcends individual genius. If that were not so, there would be no history of the United States.

They had a system of spring lines rigged on their own initiative to keep the fleet from buckling and the wagons from ramming into one another when the current slowed for shale juts or current wash. Besides, they were making march speed at no comparable effort, so the men were in it to the hilt. They floated eastward away from the tribes the whole long morning, and shortly after noon they streamed around the last eastern bend of the Corkscrew, headed almost due north for several miles, and then swept west again in the last reach of the river, which would cross the Hollister Trail.

The current was slacker now and the headway barely enough in spots to keep the line of wagons from doubling on itself. The rain threat of the night before had not come off, but the dampness in the air refracted the sun and put glaze all across the western horizon. Visibility was so poor by two o'clock that, out of the mounted party that had come overland from the point of embarkation to meet the fleet, Disbro detached three men under Sergeant Kenimer and sent them on ahead to scout. He didn't want to haul the wagons out until the last possible moment of safety. If the way was clear, he wanted to float them past the Hollister Trail crossing and straight on into Big Foot; for the country overland would be full of roving Sioux even if the Comanches had not yet made junction.

In his own mind, he didn't believe they had made junction. They would have squaws and children with them to slow their march. Their actual mileage was longer by the trail than his had been, even though the going was better. Still, he had forced his speed to the limit—forced it so well that he was positive he had made up their two days' start on him and added at least sixteen hours to it. There couldn't be any doubt of it, *because there must not be*, he thought.

O'Meara fidgeted. "I'll tell you, sir, I don't like it. If we're caught this way, our pants aren't down—they're off."

Disbro stood up, balancing on the wagon box with his glasses on the horizon to the west. It was half past three by his watch, and the rain mists were thinning out. There was no movement of any kind in the country ahead of him, neither bird flight beyond the usual, nor dust hanging beyond the low northern ridge lines where the trail converged. By Heaven, I am ahead of them, he thought.

A cold stubbornness was in Disbro now, laced with quiet pride. He had made the entire march in just a shade over two thirds of the time it should have taken. And he had done it not for commendation or glory, not for pay or record, but for the ingrained will to do—the stolid approach to any job that makes for comfort of the soul.

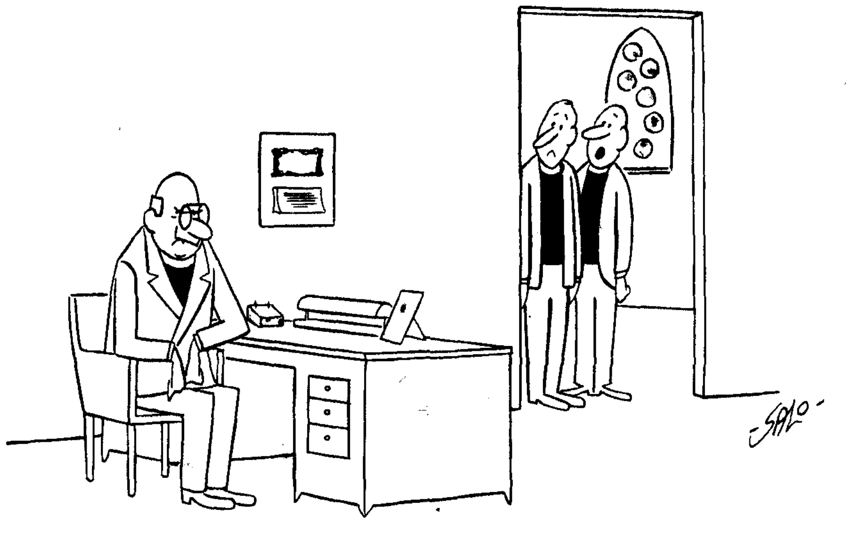
He looked at his watch: ten past four. And at that moment he saw the distant specks of movement that were Sergeant Kenimer and his men galloping back in along the north bank. He lost them for a few minutes in a hollow, picked them up, and lost them again.

"You've got scant time to haul out now before dark," O'Meara told him.

"I'm not hauling out, if the way's clear. I'm floating as close to Big Foot as possible."

O'Meara turned his head slowly, looked evenly at Disbro, and turned away again.

Ahead of them now there were half a dozen low terminal moraines mounding the left bank of the river—with a thick growth of pine furring the broad slope upward of the right bank. Only a mile of clear water was visible ahead. Then Kenimer and his men were galloping frantically up the riverbank toward them, flailing their hats for



"The parishioners presented him with a stained-glass window for his birthday. But he wanted a Jaguar convertible . . ."

COLLIER'S

SALO ROTH

attention, and at that moment they all smelled smoke: faint and thin and raw with spring-sapped wood, redolent with many cook fires. Sergeant O'Meara snapped his head up, and his muscles tightened against the stiffness of his sweat-greased shirt. "We've bought it!"

Kenimer called softly across from the bank, insistently. "Haul out, sir! They're all camped just around the bend—Sioux on this side, Comanches across the river—for the ceremonial smoke of meeting. Haul out, sir!" But even as he said it, Disbro knew it was too late and had been for many minutes. It was suicide to try to haul out this close and get away overland; but if he kept to the silent current and rounded the bend between the two camps with the last of the light, the river would be a moat around him.

Indians were volatile and superstitious men, and the sight of a convoy of commissary freight wagons sailing down the surface of the river could well paralyze them into inactivity. If it doesn't, Disbro thought, their force is divided, and I will sail through them with a double broadside to blast each camp. If I get through by floating, I'll sail on into the evening mists for cover—and the shock of it all to them may be just the boldness necessary to let me get away with it!

"Take your hands off those ropes!" he called. "I'm going to float through. Kenimer! Swim over and assemble the troop on the north bank and hit the Sioux hard as I go through between. Load, lock and stand to to fire on my order!"

THE Corkscrew River fight is part of the legend of an older day, with only a few dog-eared references to it left in the records. But as late as the Spanish-American War in '98 you could still call some of the older soldiers of B Troop "sailor" and get a prideful grin, for they had been told the story as recruits by the long-service men before them.

Out of the skein of water mist that hung striated in the campfire smoke, the wagons came floating toward the round, crimson disk of the setting sun—with not a sound from anyone aboard, as the men on them crouched waiting. The Indian camps stretched almost to the water's edge on both sides of the river: Comanches on the south bank, the vast Sioux encampment across on the north bank. A lone shriek went up from a squaw drawing water, and the camp children began to race away in terror at sight of what could not be.

Some say there was an ancient legend to help it—of gods that walked upon the water. It may be, but whatever it was, before the leading wagon came opposite the camps, the braves were crowding along the riverbanks, watching in awe-struck silence. There was a magnificent close-bunched target on either bank, at point-blank carbine range. The Indians whispered among themselves in wonder until the sound was like chimney wind in autumn. Then there was a solemn chant above the whispers, invoking long-departed ancestors to witness this miracle. Suddenly a cry of defiance rang out, and there was an angry shot, which was what Disbro had waited for.

Far across the lone and empty miles in a narrow ravine of Laughing Mountain, forty men of E Troop lay dead. The mission was clear. "Fire at will!" he shouted. "Commence—firing!"

The carbine volleys tore red through the gathering dusk, and the tribes on shore took the cruel bite in full. There was sudden, panic-laced pandemonium. They had come from their tepees without their weapons, for the most part. Some leaped into the water empty-handed to press the fight in mad fanaticism, and drowned as they were cut down by the scythe of fire. Some ran stumbling over those who had fallen. From both ends of the line of floating wagons a cross fire was possible for a few bitter minutes, with the center of the Comanche camp as the target.

THEN out of the east, the B Troop trumpet sounded, and Kenimer and his mounted men hit the Sioux camp as foragers, cutting through its entire lower end at the full gallop. It was cold and bloody murder while it lasted, and while it lasted the flower of the tribes went down under the punitive scourge.

Almost as suddenly as the convoy had appeared to the Indians, it was gone from them on the flow of the current. The sun went down and twilight swept across the land. The mists of evening thickened on the water, and the wagons floated quietly into it.

It is the nature of battle shock that there is a moment before it strikes full, a hiatus to living in which a man's mind is incapable of comprehending anything beyond the appalling fact he is still alive. It is a moment in which breathing alone is enough—a moment of rebirth, miraculous in its impossibility. There was not a sound in the wagons as the current carried them on into the gathering darkness, as the shrill-ragged echo of the fight died behind, in the disordered Indian camps.

The faces of Disbro's men were pale in the darkness, gaunt and frozen, their eyes sunken in their skulls, their clothing in tatters. But their apathy had died under sullenness, and the sullenness had broken through into pride. Something had come into their souls that they had never known before: the self-respect of accomplishment; and as Disbro and O'Meara looked into their bearded faces they knew that they had made a troop of cavalry.

Young O'Meara's hat was gone. He crouched like a cougar still, his hands frozen to his hot carbine. Then slowly he ejected his last shell, reloaded and wiped the sweat from his face, grimacing like a man in pain—which is to say, he grinned.

First Sergeant O'Meara stared full at Lieutenant Disbro and shook his head slightly once, as a man will who sees the wrong play at cards and then sees it take the pot.

Then up the fleet there was a roar of violent laughter from Bogardus, who had been at Mobile Bay, and the reaction set in like the madness that comes from sutler's whisky. Men stood up in the rocking wagons, pummeling one another, shouting to have their part of it heard, shaking their horny fists back toward the way they had come, cursing and laughing and wiping their chins—for so it is when empire has been made.

Disbro climbed back between the barrels to Kitty, held her up in the unsteady wagon and pointed into the darkness ahead. "We'll stop at Big Foot just long enough to get free of the Army," he said. "Then we'll push on west from here on our own way." He paused a moment and then whispered: "You're crying."

She shook her head fiercely. "I *can't* be, for I *never* cry!"

—JAMES WARNER BELLAH

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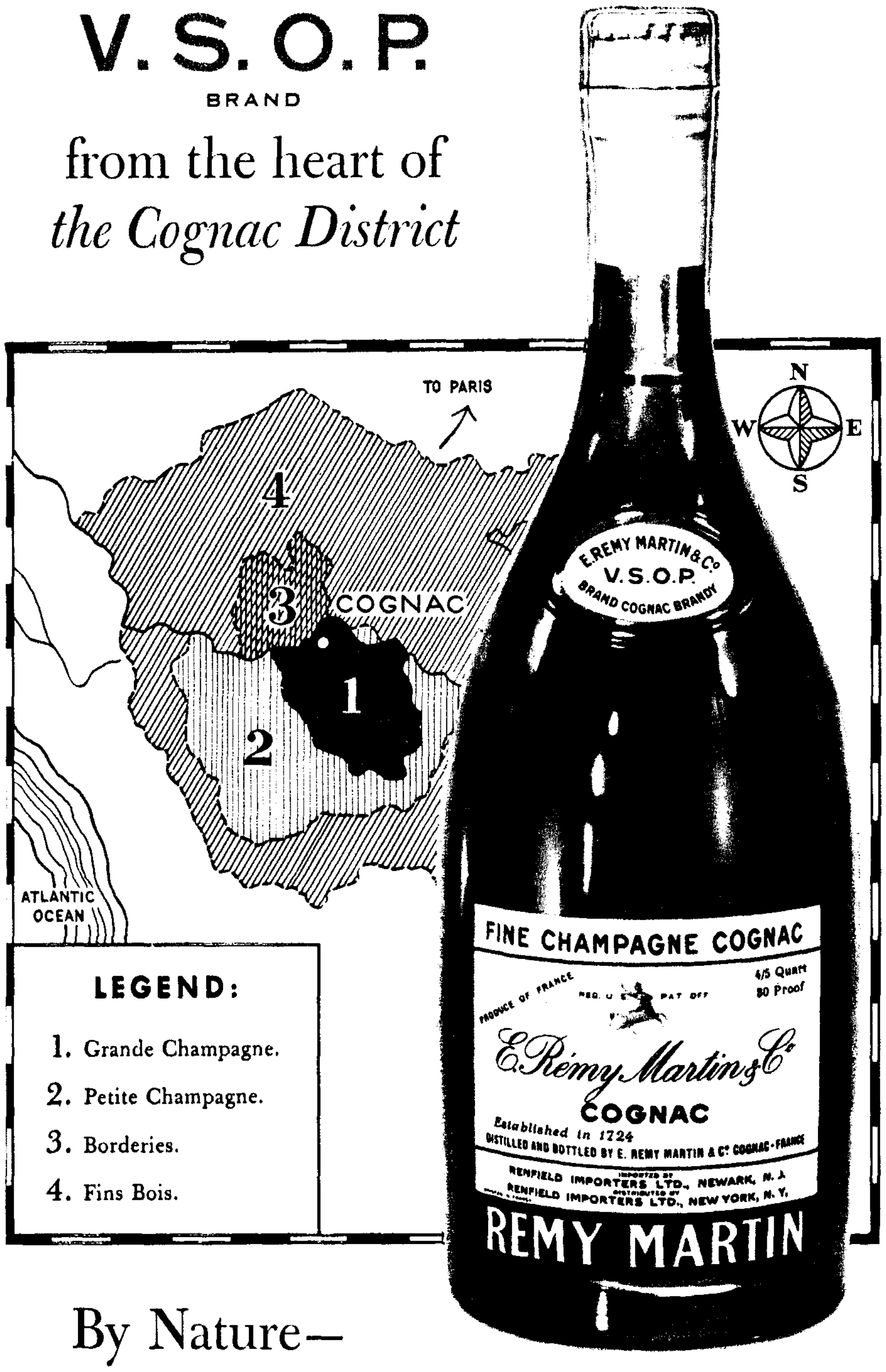

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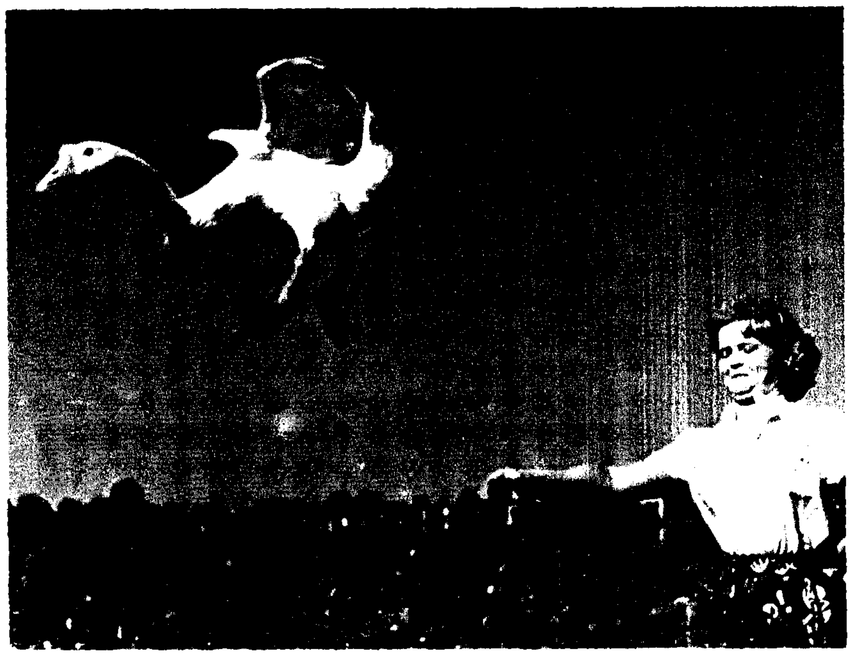
Farmers

As sun rises over the 8,600-acre James Williams farm, at Natchitoches, La., a hungry crew forms labor ranks and marches off

Geese are replacing hired hands out in the fields. They strip the land of weeds and grass—and save farmers from $20 to $200 per acre in labor costs



Claudia Williams, 18, and a pet from her dad's labor force

NY fool living in the country during the last few thousand years could have told you so: geese eat grass; they *don't* eat various broadleafed plants which produce man's fiber and food. Yet rediscovery of this elementary fact about the goose's gustatory preferences is causing a quiet upheaval in our farm economy.

Because of their predilection for gobbling grass and weeds and leaving tender cotton sprouts and budding cane shoots unharmed, geese are replacing human hoe-hands at a sensational rate. Throughout the South, they have become an increasingly significant source of the farmer's labor supply.

The use of geese in this role began gradually, almost secretively, by a process of spontaneous, inspired memory on farms spotted across the land; now it has become so big that even county agents are beginning to hear of it.

Potentially it is as big, some planters will tell you, as the advent of the mechanical harvesting devices; as big as anhydrous ammonia for fertilizing; as big. Heaven save the mark, as Parity. Such half-astonished enthusiasm about something which has neither the drama of invention nor the novelty of untried practice, but which is primarily a phenomenon of *scale*, stems of course from what the planters have all been through in the labor market.

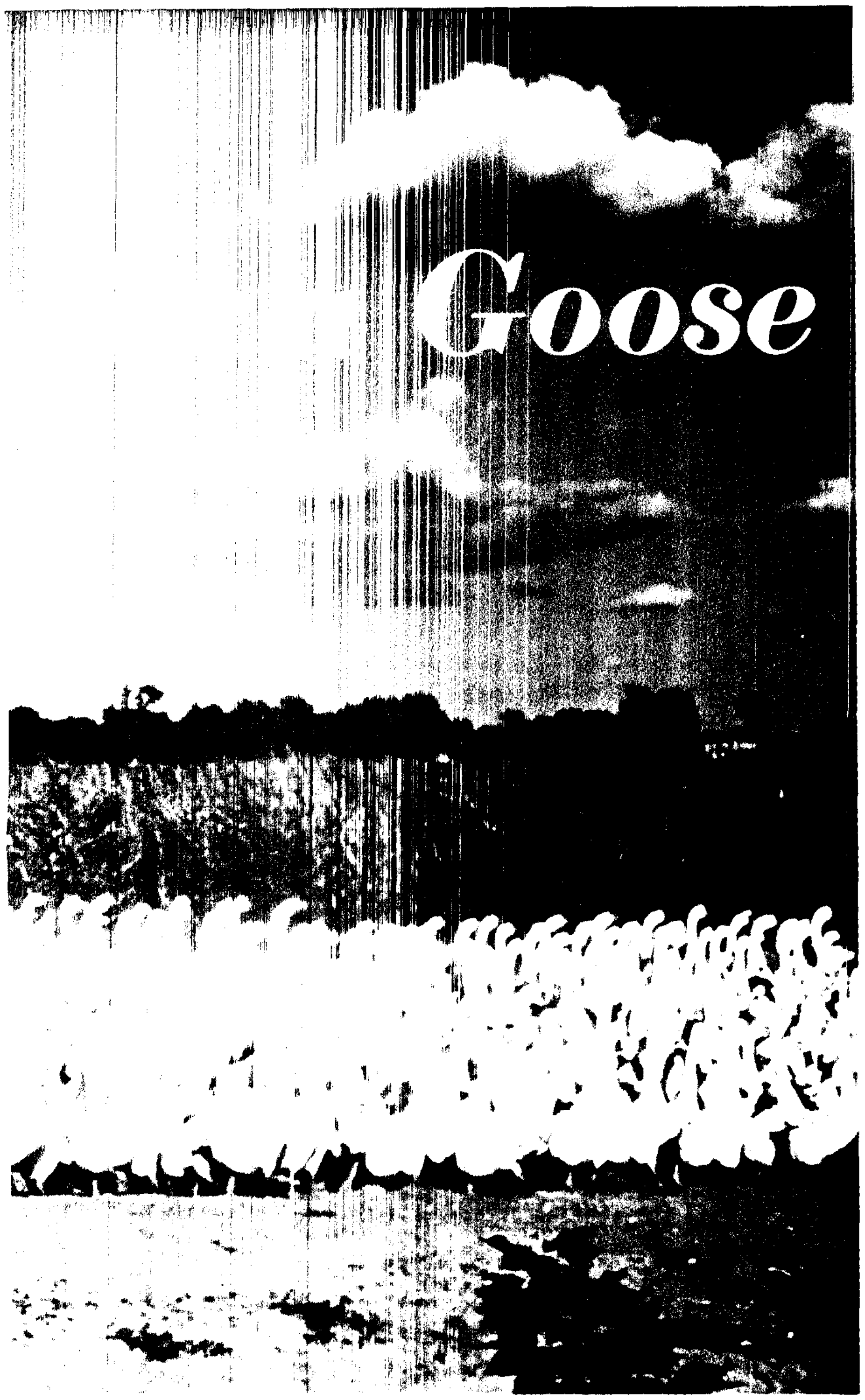
Farm produce has sold for less and less; labor, when available at all, has cost more and more as workers left the farms for city jobs with the urgency of populations fleeing an imminent atomic target.

It's easy to understand, then, the appeal of armies of joyous hoe-hands working for free, scalping the furrows as bald as a Roman senator's pate, removing the lusty Johnson grass, the ubiquitous Bermuda, the arrogant crab and giant foxtail; working without benefit of labor laws, of clocks or even of the sun—for geese peck delightedly by moonlight—and with a minimum of attention, doctoring and allowance for emotional problems. You can appreciate, too, why some farmers embraced geese as the solution to all their problems (which they are not), requiring no attention or supplemental diet at all (which is not true) and as brainless birds who would work well under any sort of treatment (they must be treated with tenderness and tact).

Thus there are farmers, not many, who have tried geese and become disillusioned; there are others who figure that anything that looks so good must have serious catches. There are catches, true enough, such as dogs, predatory wild animals, poison sprays, proper

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARROLL SEGHERS, II

Goose



o hoe a cotton field (background) clear of grass

fencing and—yes, love, about which more later. But the surprise is that the catches are so few and so easily circumvented by the farmer's traditional ingenuity.

There are also limitations of crops in which geese may be worked. But when you become aware that they can work cotton, potatoes, corn, sugar cane, sugar beets, truck of various sorts such as strawberries and asparagus, and nursery plantings, you see that a respectably large segment of our agriculture is accounted for—and geese hoe-hands are being tried in new crops month by month.

A Million Geese as "Grassers"

Five years ago the use of geese as weeders ("grassers" might be a better word, for geese spurn many weeds) was confined to a few widely scattered smart boys who went in for them in medium-size flocks and, of course, to the many farmers with a dozen or two around the house. This year Fred Cervinka, the big goose man of Heart of Missouri Poultry Farm in Columbia, Missouri, estimates that there are a million head at work in the fields. Furthermore, the trend is scarcely launched, because only in 1948 did the hatcheries learn how to remove serious bugs in commercial incubation.

Already, Cervinka thinks, a half-million acres are being goose-weeded. "As for the cash saving in labor," he says, "this varies from $20 to $50 or so for crops such as cotton, sugar beets, sugar cane and potatoes, to $75 to $100 per acre in strawberries, on up to as much as $200 per acre in such high-cost crops as nursery plantings."

Cervinka can reel off endlessly the names of farmers he knows to be using geese this year on an impressive scale (remember, only two birds will keep an acre clean): J. E. Teaford, of Luxora, Arkansas, working 1,800; A. M. Ambrosini, Pixley, California, 1,000; J. F. Twist, Twist, Arkansas, 2,100; Mount Level Farms, East Prairie, Missouri, 750; Hugh Stevenson, Elsberry, Missouri, 850; Charles Riemar II, McDade, Louisiana, 1,900. Those are random samples. Indeed the states of California, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi and Georgia are already markedly goose-conscious, and are growing more so at a rate that portends a national spread of eye-popping proportions.

A look at Louisiana can provide a good spot check of the great goose rally. James Henry Williams is a forty-seven-year-old farmer who operates

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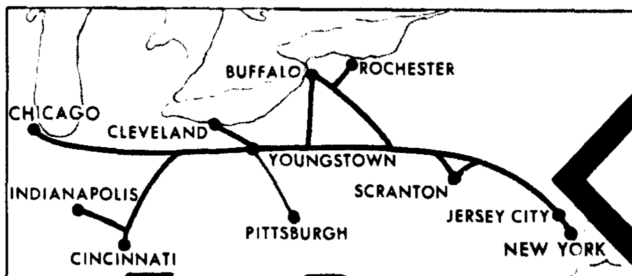

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The No. 1 fact: three men and 200 geese can do the work of 15 men

Farmer James Henry Williams (left) introduces writer Aswell to two of his 2,200 no-wage workers. Treat a goose tenderly, says Williams, and you have the best hoe-hand there is

8,600 acres of cotton, corn and pasturage on the deltas of the Red and Cane Rivers in Natchitoches Parish. For a few seasons prior to this year, driven to distraction by the scarcity of hoe-hands—indeed of all farm labor—he brought his crops in by importing Mexican farm laborers—*braceros* in the border term. Last year he imported one hundred. But he did so only at enormous cost in time and nervous attrition: he was, of course, enmeshed in miles of red tape swirling from desks in Baton Rouge, in Washington, in Dallas, Texas, and in Mexico City. One year he made the incredible number of 22 trips into Mexico.

Before the 1954 planting season farmer Williams was informed that his area had been removed, for reasons known only to Louisiana state labor officials, from the labor-scarcity list. He would therefore not be permitted to bring in any Mexicans at all. More in desperation than hope, with 20-odd of his tenant houses hopelessly vacant, he bought 2,200 white Chinese geese from Deane F. Stahmann, of Las Cruces, New Mexico, who will reenter this story presently.

"Geese," says Williams, "are the doggonedest characters you ever saw. They'll keep me out of the red in an off-crop, drought, scarce-labor year.

"I've worked Negro labor all my life on the farm. They're good and we get along fine—but they're moving to town everywhere. Mexicans are great as productive workers, but I can't get them any more. Geese are the best hoe-hands of all.

"Next year I'm buying 20,000, to work those I need, the rest to resell because farmers all over this country are going to be wanting more geese than they'll be able to find, when they learn the story. This thing is terrific. Next year, with what I've learned, I should easily save $60,000 with geese."

Williams has the story in detailed, cost-accounting terms, based on the scientifically persuasive use of a "control." He planted two 1,000-acre tracts to cotton; the land was similar in fertility and yield records. On one tract he used geese to do his grassing, on the other, human hoe-hands.

On the land worked by geese he saved almost exactly $25,000 after allowing generously for every conceivable differential and writing off the whole cost of the geese, which he still has on hand. "I could give them away and still be twenty-five grand ahead. For next year I have a contract with a big packing house to buy my geese." That is because he wants to avoid wintering them, working the voracious goslings through their first year only; older ones can be used but tend to grow lazy and even, once in a while, take a swipe at the young cotton when the grass is scanty.

Here is the astonishing conclusion Williams' painstaking figures lead to—significant both in terms of future farm costs and the national farm-labor supply of nearly 8,000,000 workers:

Three men and 200 geese will do the work on 100 acres of cotton which formerly required 15 people. Do it a great deal better, in fact. I saw hand-labor and goose-labor cotton on opposite sides of the road. The latter was as bare of grass as a bowling alley, the former ragged in spots. And cotton picked by machine after goose hoeing grades higher—being cleaner—than cotton machine-harvested after human hoeing. The three men, incidentally, see that the geese are amply watered, fed a bit of grain when they run out of grass in the furrows, discreetly herded and furnished with moral support and companionship. The men also do some plowing, weed hoeing and cultivating but are never overworked.

"You must fence for geese," Williams explains. "That costs around $4 an acre. And you must feed them a little corn to round out their diet of grass. You must have water available to them at intervals around the field. And somebody should be near to keep an eye on them most of the time. Otherwise they get lonesome and sulky."

Facts About Marital Customs of Geese

Geese not only de-grass, but fertilize, and gobble some pestiferous insects. Wild geese are monogamous to the point of fanaticism. After many centuries of association with human beings, domesticated varieties are not so stuffy, but ganders insist on a small, unchanging circle of wives. Flocks raised together will have no traffic with strange geese and set up banshee, xenophobe protests when alien waddlers cross their path. Geese live to extravagant ages. There are reasonably well-authenticated cases of a gander breaking the century mark; his wife lays eggs until she is past fifty.

All these facts Williams has learned about geese in one short year of intensive study. He is not yet an expert; that status is attained only when the student is able to differentiate a goose from a gander at two paces. That will come in time—perhaps. Meanwhile Williams is so excited about this answer he has discovered to the shorthanded planter's prayers that he has begun an evangelistic and educational campaign among his neighbors. He has commissioned a professional cameraman to film the complete story of his white Chinese, has bought expensive projection equipment, and when the movie is ready, will go out proselytizing. Some of this is public-spiritedness; some of it is profit-mindedness, in relation to his plans for a side line in what he will bet you a hat will be the most meteoric, flash-news business of 1955's farm world; some of it is sheer excitement over an idea and its continent-spanning implications.

Other farmers in Louisiana are already real gone on geese. Around Bunkie and Cheneyville, at least 80 per cent of the planters use geese, notably Philip Wemple, who originally sold J. H. Williams on the project. Wemple estimates that there are 10,000 geese within a few miles of his place, whereas last year there were no more than 2,500. And this may be significant: this tiny area in central Louisiana, encompassing perhaps 15 or 20 square miles, is one of the very few spots in the United States with a sizable farm-labor *surplus.* Wemple and many of his neighbors bought their goslings from Wayne Alleshouse, of Norwalk, Ohio, successful proselyter and hatcheryman for his hunk of America, proving how the goose traffic is spanning state and sectional boundaries.

I went deeper into the delta to Donaldsonville, Louisiana, where Frank Noel of McManor Plantation is a big planter of sugar cane. Last year he tried 300 geese, skeptically. For an hour he spoke with restrained excitement about the marvel of his no-wage hoe-hands, and told me that he and a group of other farmers plan to combine next year to purchase 10,000 goslings. He, too, had kept accounts, and his figures dovetailed neatly with those of J. H. Williams in the northern part of the state: $25 an acre saved, net, including the price of the geese.

Back in Natchitoches, I told farmer Williams that I was flying out to the goose headquarters of America, to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where Deane F. Stahmann has done spectacular things with the birds and is probably more responsible than any one man for launching the current big-scale invasion of farmers' fields by geese.

"I've just come from there," Williams said, "but

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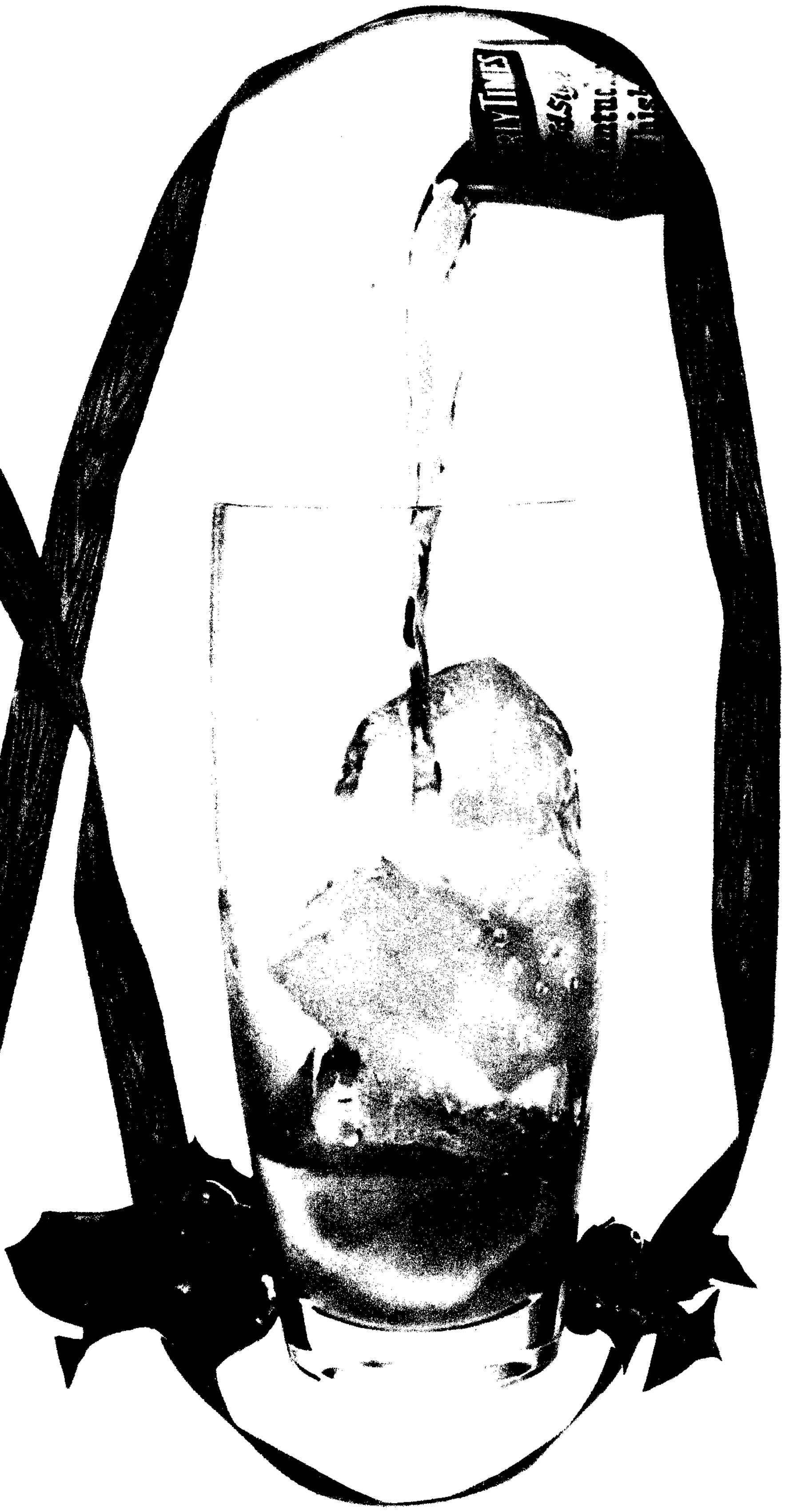

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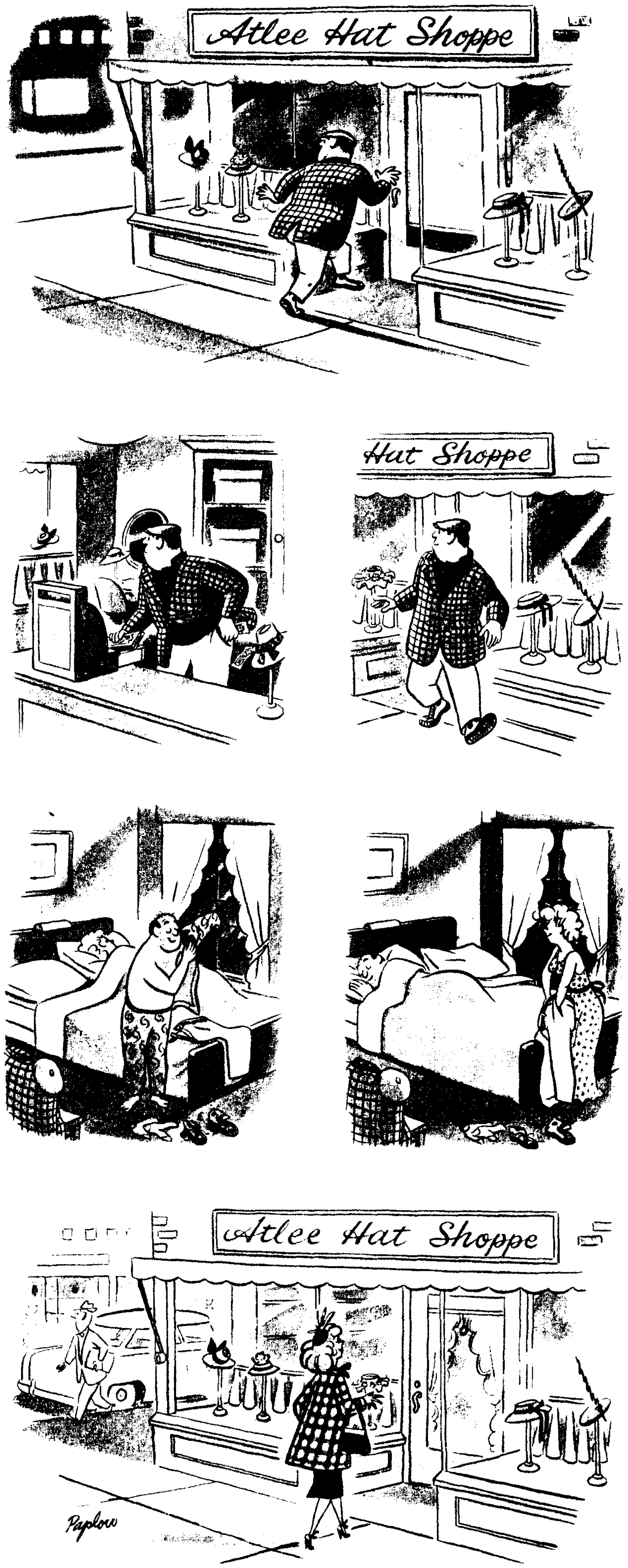
THE BARGAIN

By **BOB PAPLOW**



Unloved geese may die of melancholy

I think I'll take a run back with you. I want to see it all again."

We went, along with Jared Pratt, another operator of large acreage and Williams' neighbor and friend. Deane Stahmann doesn't preside over a farm so much as a principality. Joe Cason, one of his two pilots, met us at El Paso in one of Stahmann's private planes, a four-seater Cessna, and flew us up an irrigated strip like green tape pasted to the desert. The harsh brown and red peaks of the Franklin and Organ Mountains jumped here and there from the dead floor of the long Colorado Plateau—to the south, hundreds of miles of parched nothing; to the west, the same; and to the east, whence we had come, Texas panting, dying of drought. Very different country from Louisiana, with its annual 60 inches of rainfall, green even in its current severe drought.

What grass would geese find to nibble in this scathed waste? Surely grass was harder to raise than geese here—but that was reasoning without Deane Stahmann's pumps, which, from 80 feet down, lift water at the rate of 2,000 gallons a minute to flood his fields. Suddenly, after no trees at all, we came upon a great many—Stahmann's grove of 96,000 pecan trees, largest in the world, planted on 4,000 acres amidst the cotton.

As Joe Cason banked and took us lower, we saw the geese—great white stains, flowing in strange undulating waves across the land. That's how they move. They saw us, too, and flowed away in stately panic like milk spilling out of a bottle. Five minutes later we were taxiing up to a shed housing cars and planes beside the Stahmann manor house, which is low, and built mission-style around a patio.

We toured the plant in a cluster of buildings housing a commissary, the business offices and the slaughtering and quick-freeze departments.

Sympathy for Abattoir Victims

We watched as the geese were herded into the abattoir from outside pens, and then moved head down on shackles until, finally, they emerged as frozen birds in clear plastic packages weighing from five to seven pounds each. It was all bloody, oppressively hot and eerily disturbing. Unlike chickens, geese are graceful and strange of mood. And now that I knew they could live to be a hundred years old if left alone, this softie writer felt a twinge—but not the gaily chattering Mexicans who work on the Stahmann goose disassembly lines.

Stahmann Farms produce three commodities: pecans, cotton and geese; $2,000,000 worth of pecans, $350,000 worth of cotton and 250,000 geese this year.

In 1932, Deane Stahmann owned 4,000 debt-heavy acres. He had an engineering degree, no money and a driving, stubborn enthusiasm for all ideas—provided they were big and new. Now he is several times a millionaire. In his 44-foot living room, hung with a fortune in art, air-conditioned and lushly furnished, he resembled a younger Lewis Stone of the old silents. He is alert, precise of speech and highly literate.

"Any farmer who can't make geese pay off as weeders," he said carefully, "isn't giving them the minimum care they must have. They can't be unloaded in the fields and left to their fate. They must be watched and herded; they must be fed a little."

He smiled. "They must have love. They are very sensitive to the men who tend them. They like to be talked to affectionately by their human friends. They like to discuss matters intimately with the herder; otherwise they grow melancholy and even die."

As Laborers' Wages Increase

Stahmann revealed that possibly 40,000 of his 250,000 geese this year were sold for weeding: "That may be ten per cent of the total used for that purpose; it may be less—it's hard to be positive. And some farmers use old geese, year after year. But there should be a steady increase in direct proportion to the increase of wages for hand labor. We shipped Robert Pfost, in Fresno, California, 12,000 this year—I understand Pfost has sold 36,000 altogether this year for weeding cotton, potatoes, tomatoes, berries, grapes and orchards. Paul Martin, in Atwater, California, bought 5,000."

In California the wageless hoe-hand is becoming a very sizable factor. Also they're eating geese out there. The supermarkets carry them in competition with turkey. A half century ago there were 8,000,000 geese in the land. Now the U.S. Department of Agriculture guesses—and it may be a bad guess—there are about a million. But the number is going up so fast an intelligent guess is difficult.

Stahmann stood up. "Geese are a big story, it's quite true; Americans scarcely yet realize the birds are making a comeback as food. But there's another angle we haven't covered yet."

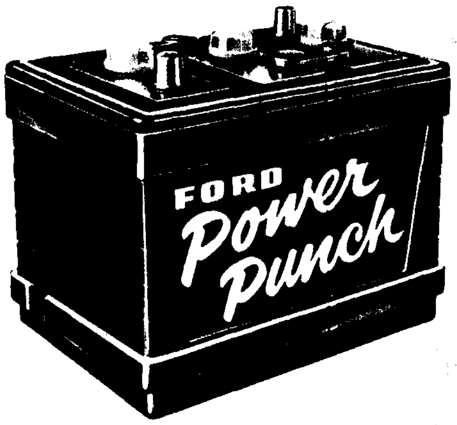
He left the room almost at a run, returning with three strange objects which he handed around.

"These," said Stahmann, "are goose pelts." They were skins, goose-shaped as a bear rug is bear-shaped, with the long neck of the bird obvious. They were dyed garishly, Easter-egg purple, neon green, baby pink; the furry down was delectably soft to touch.

"The French make powder puffs out of these," Stahmann pointed out. "The Russians use the down to make linings for aviators' suits and arctic soldiers' uniforms. We may have to fight a war someday up around the Arctic Circle and there is absolutely nothing comparable to goose down for such purposes. Our plastic and fiberglass aviation suits are poor substitutes, as all the experts know; a man can't sweat in them with comfort, because they're airtight, unlike the goose-down article."

He sighed and shook his head. "A lot of feathers and down are sold to overseas markets—not to Russia, but I have the uneasy feeling many shipments may be ending up there. I'm sure my buyers are innocent, but I have a hunch that the Russians are stockpiling. Come war in the arctic, our shortage of goose down might be comparable, as a story, to the rubber squeeze in World War II. But perhaps all that is wholly irrelevant to your weeders."

I said, not altogether. Farmer Williams declared that, on second thought, he might be able to use 40,000 head in 1955. We took our leave. ▲▲▲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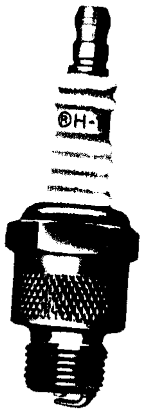

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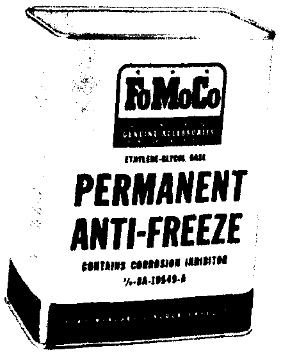
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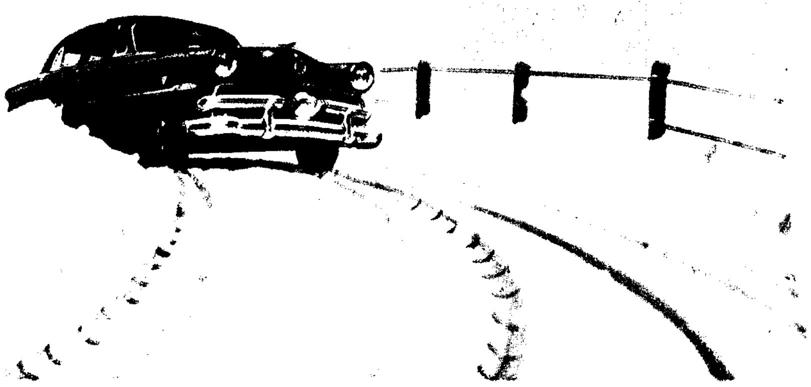

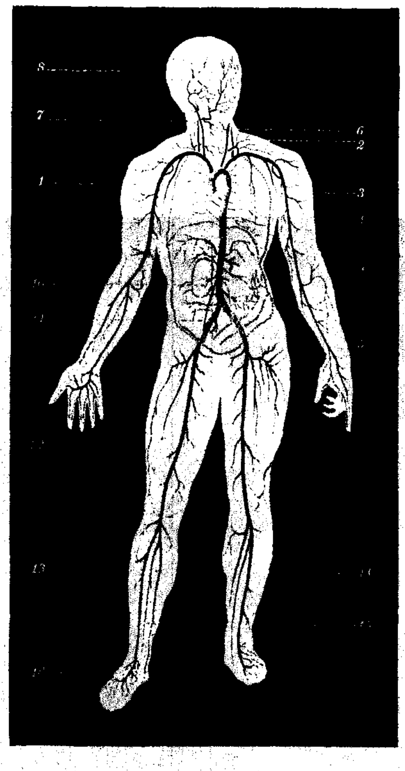

BODY FLUIDS—

Hundreds drown in their own body fluids every day. The cause? Congestive heart failure, as great a killer as cancer. But there's new hope for victims of the dread disease—a drug that will help the body get rid of surplus liquid

THIS year some 200,000 Americans will drown—not in oceans, streams or pools, but in their own body fluids. The cause often is congestive heart failure, as big a killer as cancer. When diseased hearts are unable to pump enough blood to the kidneys, those organs fail to excrete the body's surplus fluid and it congests tissues. Feet, legs and ankles swell with retained water; a gallon or more may accumulate in the abdomen or chest.

In congestive heart failure, life depends on a ceaseless battle against the rising tide of excess fluid. Low salt diets help, since an ounce of salt in the body will seize and hold three quarts of water. Heart-stimulating drugs—such as digitalis—are also valuable; they increase the heart's output of blood to the kidneys. But in the fight against watery death, doctors today rely mainly on kidney-stimulating drugs.

A new drug of this type, Diamox, is already being ranked as a major medical discovery—one of immediate use to a million or more people. Taken in pill form, the drug prods lagging kidneys into action, increasing urine output by as much as 600 per cent. In hundreds of trials it has caused puffiness to melt from the feet and legs of heart cripples. It is valuable in pregnancy, where swollen legs and ankles are one of the first signs of kidney difficulties. It is often a star performer in glaucoma, the blinding eye disease in which fluid pressure within the eye gets out of control. Indeed, the new drug promises to be of value wherever the body's water balance mechanism gets out of whack.

Before we go more fully into how the drug works and some of the striking results achieved with it, let us look at some of the body's water-balance problems. Each of the body's 1,000 billion cells contains water and is surrounded by water. Blood is also largely composed of water; so are other body fluids. In fact, 70 per cent of the human body is made up of water. The body's control system not only must keep the proportion of water in the tissues and fluids at proper levels, but be able to meet and compensate for any emergency.

After exercising on a hot day, for example, we may drink a gallon of water over a short period—potentially enough to dilute the blood and flood tissues. Automatically, the body must use what water it needs and dispose of the rest. Part of the excess will be excreted by the lungs in the form of water vapor, such as you see when you blow on a mirror. Another part will be disposed of by the sweat glands; they will excrete as much as two quarts an hour during violent exercise on a hot day.

But the job of water control falls chiefly on the kidneys. If the loss of water through exercise or other causes is excessive, the kidneys will hoard the dwindling supply; they will extract water from the blood and, instead of excreting it as normally, return it to the circulation. If excess water collects in the body, they will dispose of it.

When we drink a glass of water, we set off a chain of reactions of almost unbelievable complexity. Part of the water will be absorbed into the blood via the stomach walls; the rest will go into the intestines to help liquefy foods undergoing digestion. After it has done its job in the digestive tract, the water is reabsorbed into the blood stream through the walls of the large intestine—leaving solid wastes behind. During diarrhea this mechanism fails. Water is lost in large quantities. The resulting dehydration can be severe enough to cause death—particularly in infants.

How the Body Reports Water Shortage

Whenever a water shortage develops, the body sounds an alarm. Salivary glands in the mouth go out of action. As their secretion dwindles, the mouth dries. Thirst is the alarm that sounds the need for water.

The pituitary gland at the base of the brain also plays a major role in maintaining the body's water balance. The gland secretes a water-conserving hormone which acts as a brake on the kidneys—preventing too great activity and too great a water loss there. When the water content of the blood rises too high, the pituitary cuts production of its water-conserving hormone. With this brake removed, the kidneys become more active. They rid the body of excess fluid and restore the balance.

The kidneys are among the most intricate and remarkable organs in the body. They are absolutely essential to life. They are bean-shaped, about 4½ inches long and two inches wide, and there is one on each side of the lower spine. It is their job to govern exactly the constitution of the blood, ridding it of wastes and determining its water content.

Each kidney has an elaborate filtration system—in excess of a million filter cells. Small though they are, the kidneys have an unbelievably rich blood supply. A fifth of the total blood pumped by the heart is fed to these fist-sized organs.

In the course of a day, the kidneys will filter perhaps 200 quarts of water from the blood—far more than the total body weight—but something like 198 quarts of it will be reabsorbed into the blood through 280 miles of hair-sized kidney tubules. The remaining two quarts will be disposed of as urine.

Any one of a number of influences may stimulate kidney action. Fear or excitement hoists blood pressure, increasing the blood flow to the kidneys and stimulating urine production. Chilling of the body also increases the blood flow (the body attempts to maintain normal temperature) and

A Major Medical Problem

By J. D. RATCLIFF

again, as more blood goes to the kidneys, more urine is extracted.

The kidneys have a tremendous reserve capacity. People live quite as well with one kidney as with two. Some have survived with kidneys functioning at only one twentieth the normal rate. But when they fail completely—when the kidneys lose their ability to filter wastes from the blood—impurities accumulate in the body. The main impurity is urea, a protein waste. As a rule the victims of total kidney failure die in about a week from uremic poisoning.

Congestive heart failure is the most lethal form of kidney failure. It can result from almost any type of heart disease—rheumatic heart disease, hypertensive heart disease, hardening of the heart arteries. In any of these sicknesses, the heart is unable to pump enough blood to the kidneys to keep the body in proper fluid balance. Fluid accumulates first in the areas of poorest circulation, the feet and legs. As the condition worsens it accumulates elsewhere, mainly the chest and abdomen. Victims become waterlogged cripples—always carrying with them an added burden of water which imposes extra strain on an already overloaded heart.

In the main this waterlogged condition can be traced to salt in the body; salt acts as a chemical sponge for water. Treatment for congestive heart failure therefore revolves around ridding the body of salt. There have been various approaches. For years victims were put on severely limited water intake in the hope that the body in time would rid itself of accumulated salt and water. Later on efforts were made to flush brine from the body by giving excessive fluids. More recently, the low-sodium (or low-salt, since salt is sodium chloride) diet has come along.

Medicinewise, the standby treatment has been the administration of mercurial diuretics—mercury compounds which stimulate kidney action. Although they save lives, the mercurials are among the most unsatisfactory medicines ever developed. Many people cannot tolerate them. Others become so resistant to them that the drugs are no longer effective. Horribly irritating to tissues—causing great welty sores—the mercurials have to be injected directly into veins. In heart disease patients, veins are often difficult to find. Result: patients in severe heart failure, who have to be injected three times a week or oftener, usually look like welty pincushions. Blander mercurials, developed in the past few years, helped solve some but not all of these problems.

What was needed for the million people who depended on mercury for life was a better, blander drug, preferably one which could be taken by mouth; and that goal has now been reached—by a tedious, roundabout path of medical research.

The first step was taken in 1932, when two British researchers found in kidney tubules a new enzyme—carbonic anhydrase. An enzyme is a naturally occurring body chemical which promotes chemical reactions without itself taking part in the reactions. An enzyme in saliva, for example, changes starch into sugar; chew a piece of bread for a few minutes and you'll notice it becomes sweet.

The enzyme found by the Britons plays a key role in kidney function. It promotes an almost unbelievably intricate chemical exchange. Simplified, the process is something like this: after joining together water and waste carbon dioxide to make carbonic acid, the enzyme in turn breaks carbonic acid down into hydrogen and bicarbonate. The free hydrogen then replaces sodium in the various chemical compounds about to be excreted. Result: sodium is returned to the blood. This is precisely what is *not* wanted in cases of congestive heart failure; the body wants to get rid of sodium. The British work was more or less filed away as an interesting piece of mental gymnastics of little practical value.

In 1938 researchers at the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, Maryland, ran across another important fact. Patients being treated with sulfanilamide had increased urinary output. More important, the increased output was associated with increased output of sodium. Here, then, was a sulfa drug which was getting rid of the salt constituent that caused most of the trouble in the body. There were no very good theories at the time as to *why* sulfa acted in this strange way. But in 1940 two British researchers found the answer.

Complicated Process Gets Good Results

Sulfa, they discovered, slowed the action of the mysterious carbonic anhydrase. When the enzyme was slowed down it produced less hydrogen. This meant that there was less hydrogen to come to the rescue of the sodium about to be excreted. It was all very complicated but it added up to the fact that without hydrogen to rescue it, the sodium was excreted instead of being returned to the circulation. This result was precisely what physicians wanted to achieve in cases of congestive heart failure—a new and better means of ridding the body of sodium.

At this point Dr. Richard O. Roblin, Jr., a talented chemist and top researcher, took over the problem. Roblin works at the Stamford (Connecticut) Research Laboratories of the American Cyanamid Company. He blocked out the problem before him. Sulfanilamide would help rid the body of salt—and the water held by salt. But it was far too toxic to use for this purpose; you would probably kill a person with sulfa long before ridding him of any appreciable amounts of water.

The situation might have looked hopeless to a nontechnical person, but Roblin knew that the sulfa molecule could be remodeled and rebuilt into hundreds, even thousands of sulfa cousins. Maybe among these cousins there would be a drug less toxic than the original sulfa, one with far greater braking power in slowing down the enzyme. Roblin, with the help of Dr. William Schwartz of Boston, and a large team of research men set out to find such a drug.

Before the job was over, the researchers had studied 6,063 sulfa preparations—some of them from stocks already available in the laboratory, others synthesized especially for the study and therefore new to the world. In the end they came up with a drug which looked particularly promising. It had a name staggering to anyone but a chemist: 2-acetylamino-1,3,4-thiadiazole-5-sulfonamide.

Preliminary testing showed that the new drug was virtually nontoxic and about 400 times as potent as sulfanilamide in slowing down action of the kidney enzyme. Dr. Roblin handed the drug over to another company owned by American Cyanamid, Lederle Laboratories. Lederle shortened the name of the new drug to Diamox and sent it out to selected doctors for clinical trials.

One medical group which made a thorough study of Diamox was in Galveston, Texas. Headed by Dr. George R. Herrmann, of the University of Texas Medical Branch Hospitals, the group also included Drs. Ruth Baxter and M. R. Hejtmancik. Most of the patients studied were horribly bloated with retained water. Some had become resistant to mercury and no longer derived benefit from the constant needle jabbing; they seemed doomed, unable to fight any longer against the briny fluid which was swamping them.

Almost from the outset, Diamox was a remarkable performer. Within an hour or so of swallowing a pill, gravely ill people began to rid themselves of fluid. In most studies of this type, the criterion of success is the weight lost by the patient; weight loss represents lost water. One terribly bloated patient in the Herrmann study lost the incredible total of 60 pounds in two weeks!

Among one group of bedridden patients, urine output nearly tripled. Among 57 patients, the average weight loss the first week was 10 pounds. Men and women, sodden with retained water, came back to life as fluid disappeared from their chests and abdomens. As swelling in puffy, sausagelike legs went down, the patients found they could walk normally instead of having to hobble painfully.

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Other uses for the new drug: in

New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital tried the new drug on 15 nonhospitalized men and women who had been hobbling to doctors' offices for shots of mercury at intervals of two days to a week. Checks indicated that with the new pills most of this group did as well as or better than they had on shots of mercury. Weight losses averaged about a pound a day.

Relief for an Elderly Woman

In Mt. Vernon, New York, Dr. Hyman Belsky collected another group of patients. One was a seventy-four-year-old woman who had had heart disease for 15 years. For six years she had suffered from breathlessness and from grossly swollen legs and ankles. Mercury shots once a week had kept her alive—barely alive. On Diamox she lost four pounds the first day. The swelling disappeared. So did the bouts of breathlessness—always terrifying to cardiac patients. The woman continued to take one pill of Diamox a day, and during the six months she was studied, there was no recurrence of swollen legs, no more difficulty with retained fluids.

Another patient, a forty-two-year-old businessman, had been suffering from severe congestive heart failure for six months. Fluid collected in his legs to such an extent that it oozed from the pores. It collected in his lungs in such quantities that frequent taps were necessary to prevent him from drowning. Mercury shots twice a week prevented death. During his first week on Diamox, this patient lost 10 pounds. After that a daily pill kept his weight stabilized at normal levels. Fluid disappeared from his legs and chest and he was able to resume normal business activities.

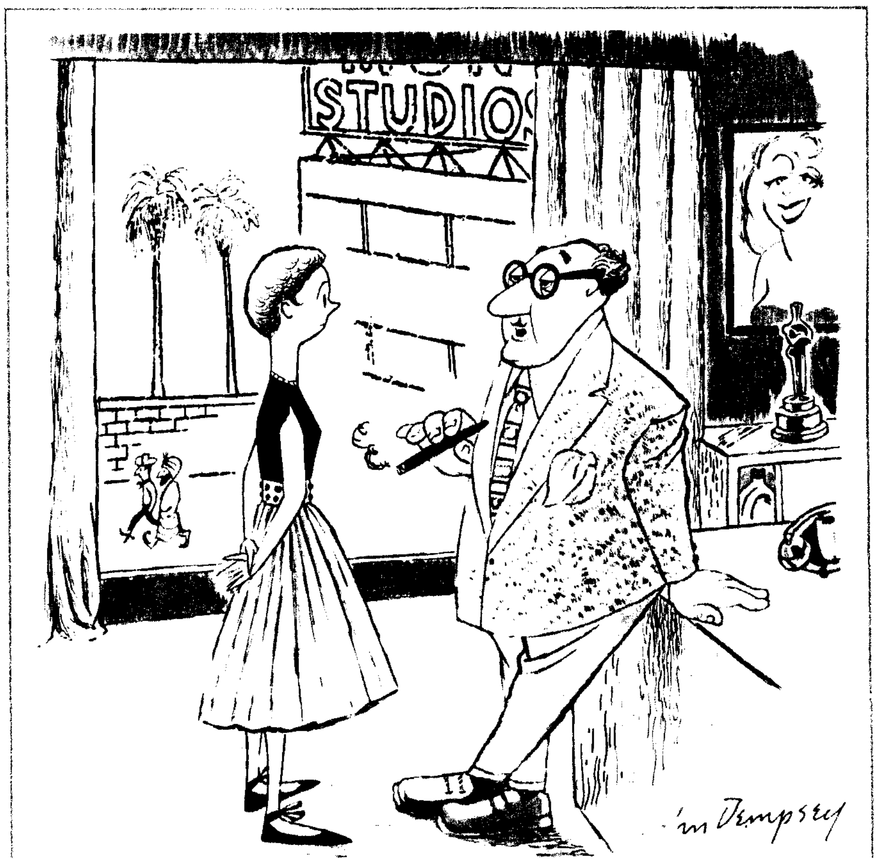
Still another patient was a fifty-four-year-old housewife. A heart cripple, she would become breathless on the slightest exertion. Her blood pressure was sky-high. Accumulated fluid in tissues had shot her weight up to 173 pounds. For three years her doctor had fought her sickness with a low-salt diet, digitalis and mercury shots—with only partial success.

A daily pill of Diamox solved her problem. Swelling disappeared from her feet and legs. Breathing improved to a point where the woman was able to do moderate housework without undue distress.

From all over the country came similar stories. Diamox was a merciful substitute for painful shots. It worked in many cases where mercury failed to work; in others it was a helpful adjunct to mercury therapy. It was almost ideally nontoxic. Heavy dosages might cause occasional drowsiness and, in a few patients, a tingling sensation in the face or fingers. But these reactions almost always disappeared when dosages were reduced. A single pill a day enabled victims to keep their bodies free of excess fluid. New energy and new hope came to hundreds of people in these initial trials. With the trial-period record so uniformly good, Lederle put Diamox on the market a few months ago.

In the meantime, doctors began to wonder. Fluid accumulations were problems in other conditions besides congestive heart failure. Indeed, they were apt to be a problem at any point where the body's delicate water-balancing mechanism got out of order. Glaucoma was a case in point.

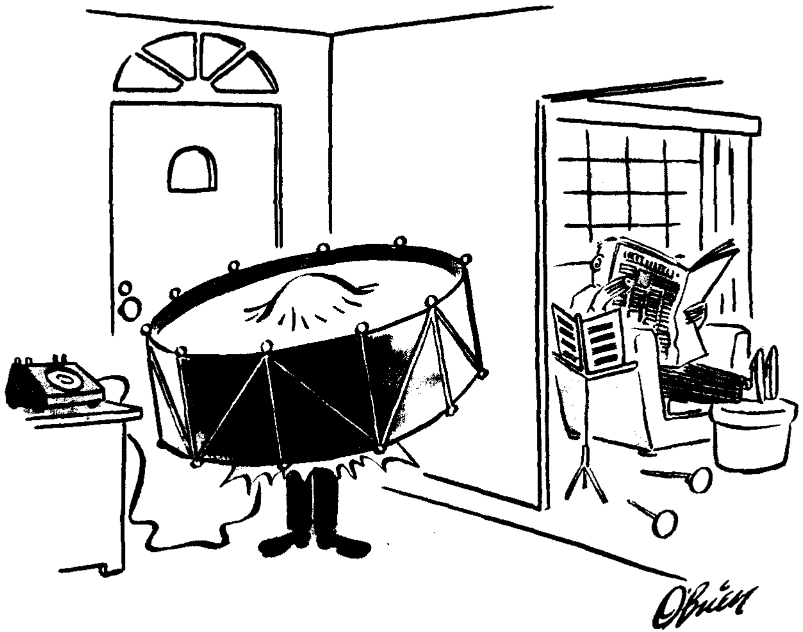
Glaucoma is one of the most serious and widespread of eye ailments—causing about one in eight cases of blindness. In the normal eye a jellylike fluid flows into and out of the eye at a constant rate. In glaucoma, exit channels



"You're through as a child star, but we're going to keep you under contract for a few more years and see what develops"

COLLIER'S

JOHN DEMPSEY



"I'll meet you at the playground, Herbie—
Pop has decided to stop my music lessons!"

COLLIER'S JACK O'BRIEN

for the fluid become blocked. Internal pressures rise. Vision becomes distorted; a rainbow halo appears around lights. If permitted to go untreated, the pressures continue to rise, eventually producing almost unbearable pain. In time the optic nerve ends are destroyed and permanent blindness follows.

Reducing Internal Pressures

All treatments—both medical and surgical—are directed toward reducing internal pressures in the eyes. There are drugs available which shrink the pupil, thereby temporarily opening channels through which the fluid can drain; and surgery is directed toward establishing permanent channels for drainage.

Might not Diamox be of value here? A number of doctors asked this question at about the same time. In one early trial in Boston, internal eye pressure dropped from extreme levels to normal inside of six hours. Dr. Bernard Becker, of Washington University, St. Louis, tried Diamox on 70 glaucoma patients. Eye pressures dropped an average of 40 per cent, in many cases doing away with the need for elaborate surgery.

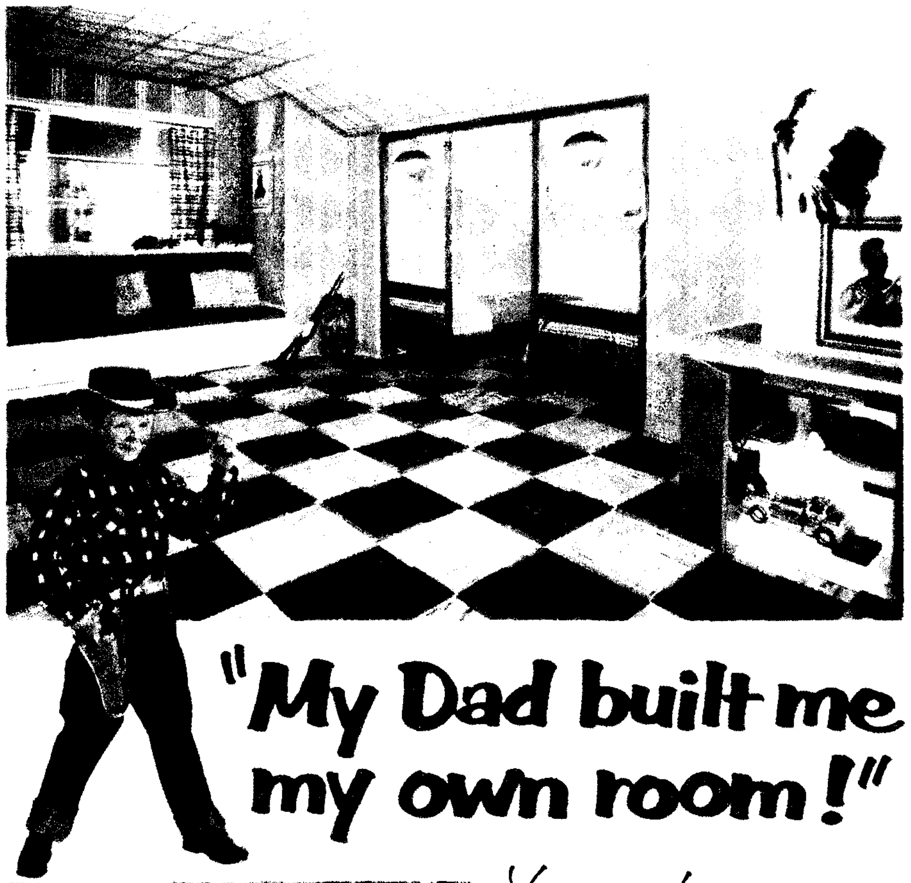
Preliminary work is under way for using Diamox in the treatment of epilepsy, perhaps the most mysterious of all diseases. Brain tumors, abscesses and injuries can—and do—cause about 25 per cent of epilepsy cases. In the other 75 per cent there is no apparent cause for seizures. Faced with this baffling situation, doctors have approached epilepsy on a trial-and-error basis—trying any and all new drugs on the off-chance that they might be of value.

Diamox was given its chance for an interesting reason. In the kidneys the drug achieves its effect by lessening the activity of carbonic anhydrase. This same enzyme is found in brain tissue. Why it is there, or what it does, no one knows. But on the chance that it might have some connection with epilepsy, and that by slowing its activity Diamox might do some good, the drug was tried. Trials are still in the very earliest stage, and conclusive results have yet to be reported. But Diamox seems to cut the severity and frequency of attacks. Early evidence indicates that it is of value in about half the cases of epilepsy.

Another equally tenuous use for Diamox has been found—in the treatment of hang-overs. No one knows for sure what causes a hang-over, but its headachy misery and dejection is strikingly similar to that caused by excess potassium in the body. Alcohol is highly dehydrating, as shown by excessive thirst on the morning after. It causes the body to lose water, but not sodium, potassium and other mineral substances. Hence, with a hang-over there is an increased concentration of potassium in the body. Diamox comes in at this point. It causes the body to excrete potassium rapidly, as well as the sodium found in salt. Privately and not for publication—at least not for publication with their names attached—a number of doctors reasoned that Diamox might be the ideal drug for treatment of a hang-over. A few trials conducted on a strictly personal basis seem to confirm this theorizing. The drug doesn't make a well man of a sick man in minutes—which would be ideal. Its action is slower, but within an hour or so it restores the will to live.

Not a Headline-Making Drug

In sum, Diamox isn't a grandstand player, a headline-making drug. It won't, like penicillin, snatch back to life a baby dying of pneumonia. It won't, like cortisone, rub misery from the limbs of an arthritic almost while the doctor just watches. Nonetheless, many physicians already consider it one of the most valuable medicines to find its way into their satchels in recent years. They might find a *real* need for penicillin once a week, cortisone once a month. But they will find uses for Diamox every day—in keeping upwards of a million victims of congestive heart failure out of watery graves, in helping save young epileptics from the plague of their disease, and in solving the problems presented by glaucoma. Without question still other uses will be found for the drug. But even today it is a shining contribution to medical progress. ▲▲▲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The teams line up. The quarterback—Ralph Guglielmi of Notre Dame—scans the defense. Some 200 plays crowd his mind. Which is best now? He has three seconds to decide

The PLAY'S THE THING

[illegible]

A COLLEGE quarterback works with about 50 basic plays—35 runs and 15 passes. Each basic play has four or five variations (blocking assignments must be altered to counter constantly shifting defenses). So, the quarterback has a choice of more than 200 play variations when he calls a signal in the huddle.

The referee times the quarterback. If the quarterback takes more than 25 seconds to start the play, the referee assesses a five-yard penalty for "delay of game." Obviously, quarterbacking is a profession for young men who can make up their minds in a hurry.

Ralph Guglielmi, the Notre Dame quarterback, is such a young man. Opposing coaches rate Guglielmi the quickest and smartest play caller in college football. Ralph averages only 18 seconds per play—seven seconds faster than the legal limit—and during this brief period he frequently calls two plays.

"Actually," explains Guglielmi, "there are six steps in every play call—and each step takes time.

"First, you assemble the team in the huddle. That takes approximately three seconds.

"Second, you estimate the situation—you figure the down, the yards to go, the probable defense the opposition is going to throw at you. Three more seconds.

"Third, you call the play, with perhaps some extra instruction to a particular player. Three seconds.

"Fourth, you hustle the team back to the line of scrimmage. Two seconds.

"Fifth, you double-check the other team's defense. Maybe they've surprised you. Maybe they're in a seven-man line and the play variation you called in the huddle won't work against a seven. When that happens, you change your play by calling a code signal—what we call an 'automatic' at Notre Dame. The 'automatic' changes the play to another variation designed to work against a seven-man line.

"Double-checking the defense and possibly calling the automatic takes another two or three seconds.

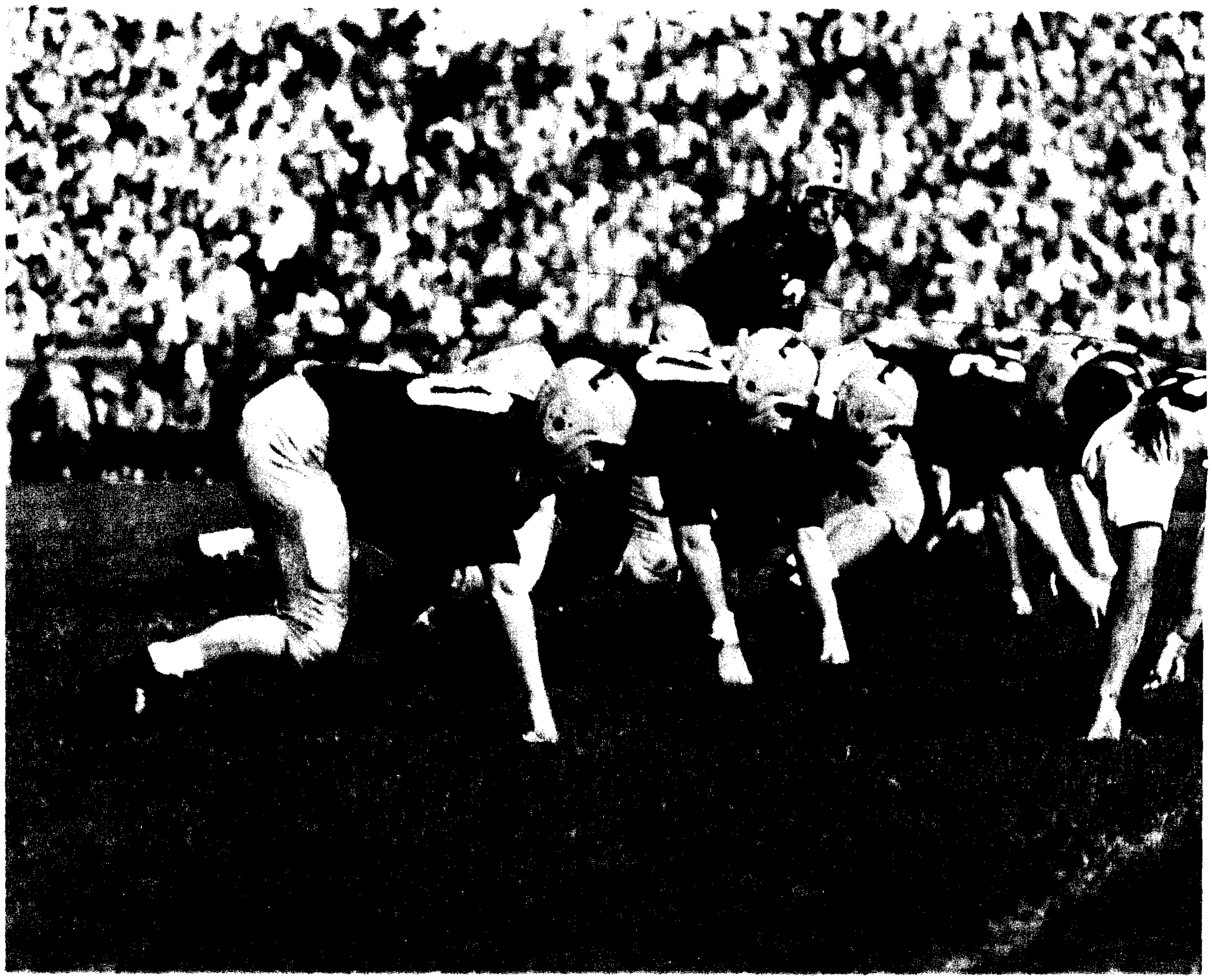
"By the time you've double-checked the defense," concludes Guglielmi, "you've used up about 13 or 14 seconds. The sixth step—calling the signals—takes another three or four seconds. It all adds up to about 18 seconds—and the most important step is that three-second pause when you double-check the defense."

As might be expected, a busy quarterback like Guglielmi has his problems on a Saturday afternoon.

Turn page for more of Guglielmi's inside football ▶

...THE PLAY'S THE THING

"Some Saturdays you can read the defenses like a book. You look them over and spot a line-backer out of place so you shoot a play by him for a big gain ... But then you have days when you can't locate a hole anywhere. The big thrill comes spotting a weak point quickly enough to switch plays on the line of scrimmage ... You yell out the code signals and each man on the team adjusts his assignment ... It all comes off in less than three seconds ... Toughest situation is a third down and four ... Pass or run? You need a good hole and a hot back ... Better pick a play that's been working well"



VETERAN observers of Notre Dame football rate Ralph Guglielmi on a par with such distinguished Irish quarterbacks of other years as Frank Carideo (1930), Angelo Bertelli (1943), Johnny Lujack (1947) and Bobby Williams (1951). Guglielmi is a deadly clutch passer; he handles the difficult option play in Notre Dame's split-T flawlessly; and he's big enough (6 feet and 190 pounds) to meet the rugged defensive demands of one-platoon football.

"From the quarterback's standpoint," says Guglielmi, "the switch to one-platoon football last season made the game a lot more interesting. You pick up a lot of stuff playing defense that you can turn to your own advantage when your team gets the ball.

"For example, take the time Texas' left end raced 50 yards downfield on a third-down pass that failed, then hustled back to get into position for a fourth-down punt, then raced another 45 yards at top speed to cover the punt. Obviously, that end figured to be tired from all that running; so, we sent a fast back around him on our next play—and gained 15 yards.

"That's why one-platoon football is more fun to play," concludes Guglielmi. "You get into more spots where thinking pays off."

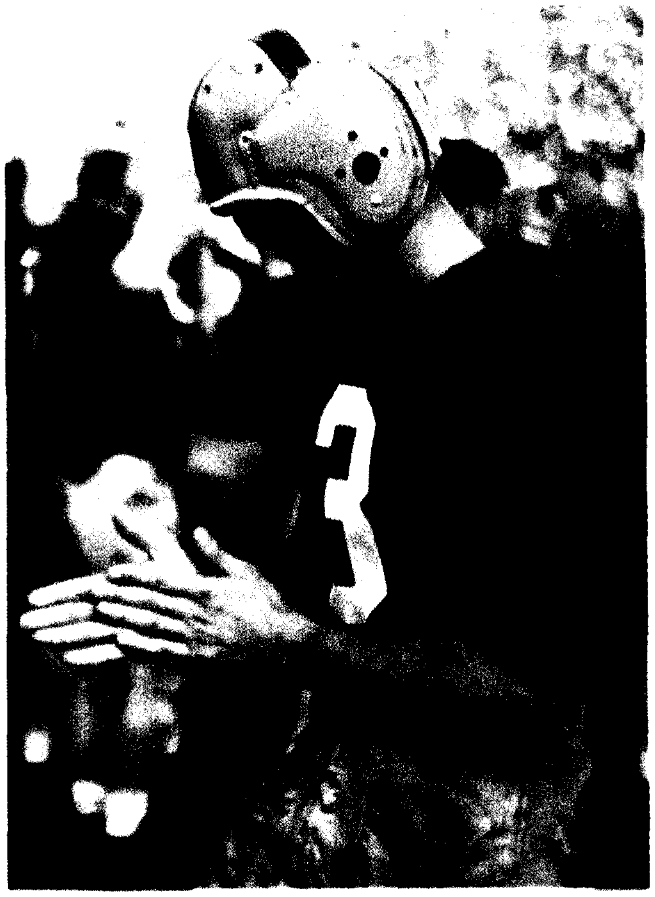
Guglielmi earned a total of 10 letters at Grandview Heights High School near Columbus, Ohio. He was a baseball catcher, a basketball forward and a football quarterback. Freshmen were eligible for varsity competition when Guglielmi arrived at Notre Dame in the fall of 1951 and Ralph quickly earned the third-string quarterback job. When Notre Dame's attack bogged down completely against Southern California in the '51 finale, coach Frank Leahy gambled on Guglielmi. "Get in there and move that ball," Leahy ordered.

Taking charge at the start of the second quarter with Notre Dame trailing 6 to 0, Guglielmi directed three touchdown drives of 78, 73 and 61 yards. Notre Dame rallied to win 19 to 12. Since then, Ralph's mother (a fraternity housemother on the Ohio State campus) never has been able to explain to the Ohio State football coach how Ralph got away to Notre Dame. ▲▲▲

"Quiet is the word for Terry Brennan. He isn't excitable. During a game, he almost never gets off the bench ... In an early scrimmage, one of our veteran players pulled a real bonehead play. The new coach was calm. 'When you make a mistake,' he told us all, 'make it a beaut'"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY

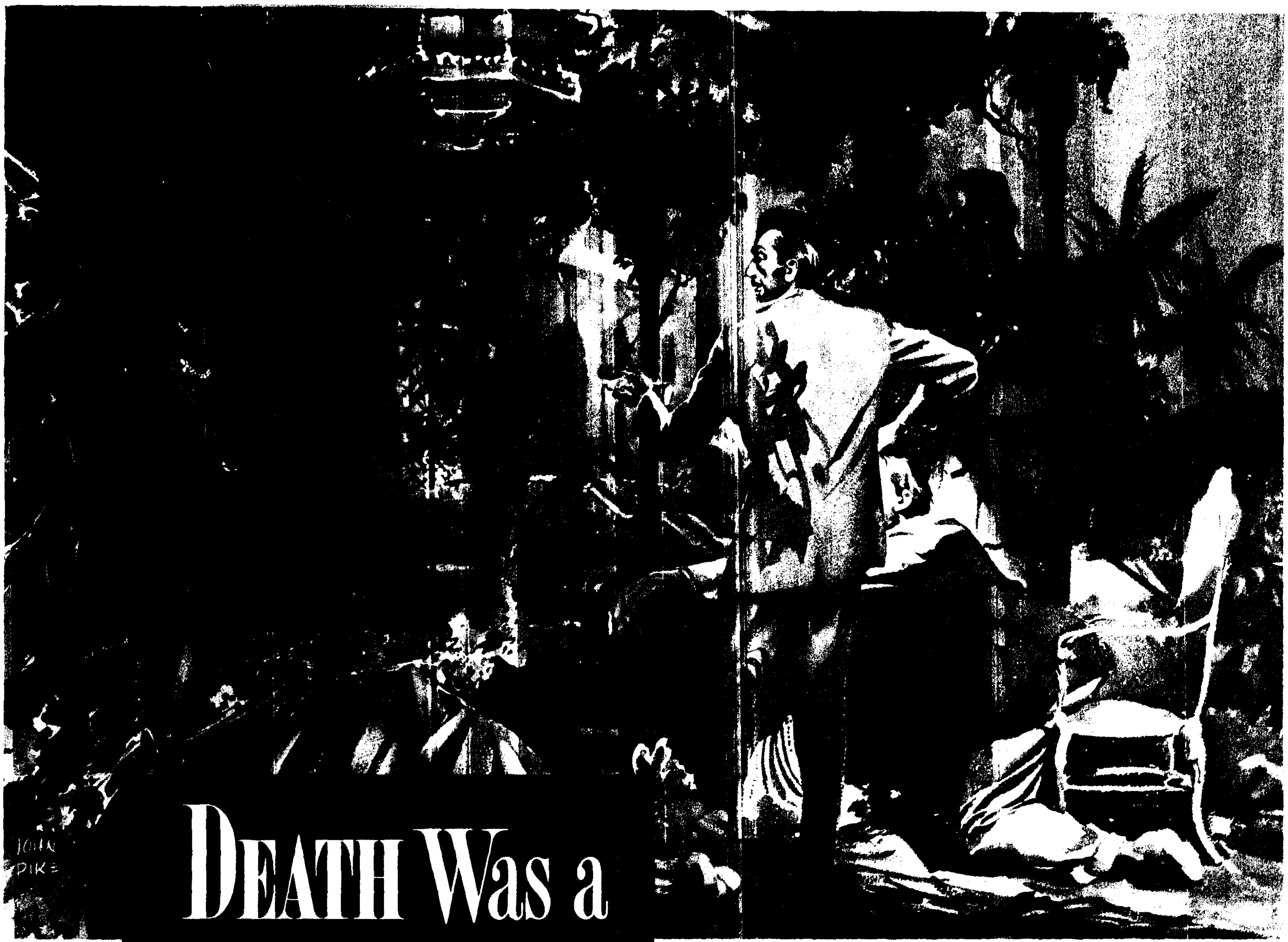
“That roar from the Notre Dame stands when you run out on the field is a sound you never forget. Talk about spirit! After Purdue whipped us, more than 3,000 students waited outside the dressing room in a heavy rain to give us a cheer. On touchdown drives, I have to scream my signals over a steady chant: ‘Go! Go! Go!’ After each game, I'm too hoarse to talk”



“There's one moment each football Saturday that's always the worst—the instant before the opening kickoff. Frankly, I'm scared to death—so nervous I can hardly breathe . . . Everybody else is just the same. But you settle down after the first solid tackle”

“If you want to play at quarterback in the T, you've got to master all the fakes, spins, laterals and hand-offs. I put in about an hour every day on ball-handling drills. My main fault is a tendency on our split-T option plays to run laterally instead of forward behind our charging linemen. It's the *movement forward* that always makes a defensive end commit himself. If he comes in, you pitch out to a halfback. If he waits, run the ball inside him”

GARRY WINOGRAND AND LEW MERRIM



DEATH Was a Wedding Guest

"The dead man is one you know, madame," Chafik said. He lifted the head and brutally turned it toward the woman

Chafik had been called to the scene of the crime and a solution had been given to him; but the murder had not yet been committed

By CHARLES B. CHILD

THE telephone rang at midnight, waking Inspector Chafik of the Baghdad police from a pleasant dream. "The tongues of women, and other clamorous instruments, should be stilled at this hour," he complained as he reached over his wife to the bedside table.

A man with a pleasant voice said, "Inspector Chafik, I fear I disturb you."

"Sleep is not for the fathers of teething babes, nor for policemen," Chafik answered, regarding himself sympathetically in the mirror on the wall. He was small and dark and had a large head, high cheekbones, and a thin face. With subconscious vanity he studied his proud features.

"The dead will keep you awake tonight," said the stranger.

"A poor jest—"

"I do not jest. Go to the house of Ursule, she who was once wife to Sheik Majid, the exile. There is an arbor in the lady's garden. You will there find—" The voice stopped, then went on, hushed and urgent, "Come, please come!" and then the connection was broken.

The Inspector knew he could not trace the call—the city had an automatic exchange—and, grumbling, he began to dress.

"Possibly a hoax; you may expect me back in a snarling mood," he said to his meek-looking wife.

"Must you go then?" asked Leila, with the deference an Arab woman shows her husband.

"Sheik Majid was mentioned. You would know nothing about him, but fifteen years ago he encouraged the tribes to revolt and had to flee the country. There was a report today that he had left his place of exile and might cross the frontier."

"Does he not have a daughter?"

"Yes, the sheik has a daughter by his first wife, the one who died," Chafik said, using this conversation to brief himself. "Her name is Noemi. She was given into the care of his second wife, the Lady Ursule, who divorced him after his disloyalty. Tomorrow, Noemi is to wed—"

"Is to be sacrificed!"

Chafik turned and looked at Leila in astonishment. "She weds her cousin, Tarik," he said indignantly.

"Tarik is a monster!"

"Madame!"

"God," said Chafik's wife, "sometimes touches a man and thereafter he converses with the birds. In the case of Tarik, as all Baghdad knows, the Devil touched him at birth; he creeps with the reptiles. Furthermore, Tarik is not Noemi's cousin, not really. He is the nephew of her stepmother, Ursule, and like Noemi he is a ward of that woman. Ah, what a schemer she is!"

"The Lady Ursule is a matriarch—"

"A schemer, my man! Sheik Majid forfeited his estates when he fled the country, they have been held in trust by the Keeper of Properties as his daughter's dowry, and now they will go to the husband. But as Tarik is Ursule's creature, she—"

"Enough!"

"Poor little Noemi is really in love with that nice Lieutenant Risa of the army, whose father is a parliamentary deputy—"

"Why do I keep records?" shouted Chafik. "All I have to do is listen to you coffee-cup gossips!"

"Then the facts are correct?"

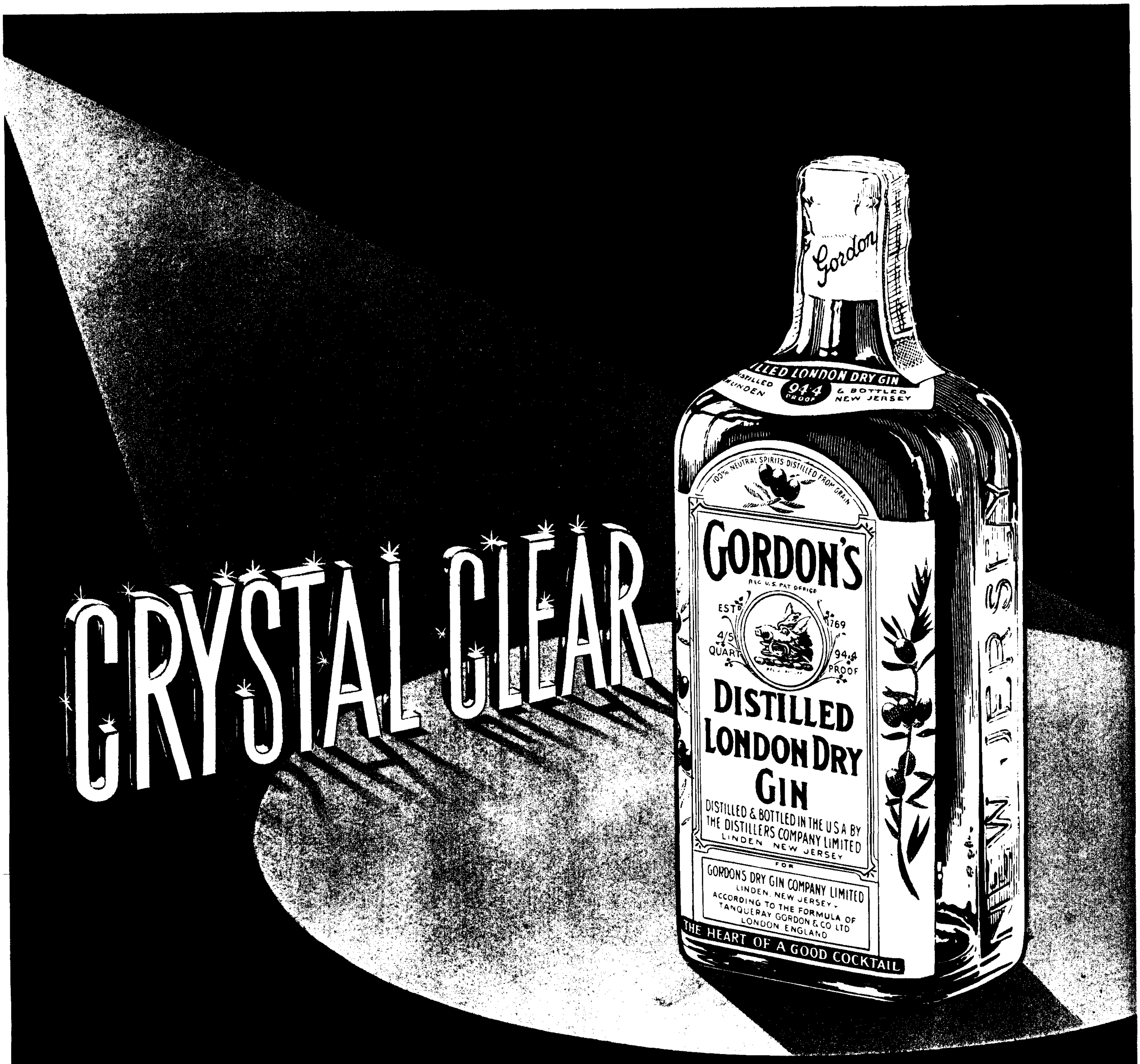
"More than twenty years we have been married, still I walk into your parlor like a witless fly! Yes, it is all probably true—the Lady Ursule will be the real benefactress of Noemi's dowry, and it's none of my business. I'm a policeman, not a marriage broker!"

Leila brushed back the cloud of blue-black hair from her smooth shoulders. "It is dreadful. I hope Sheik Majid is here to stop it."

"How can he? The man is an outlaw and has no civil rights."

"A loving father might be forgiven if an

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE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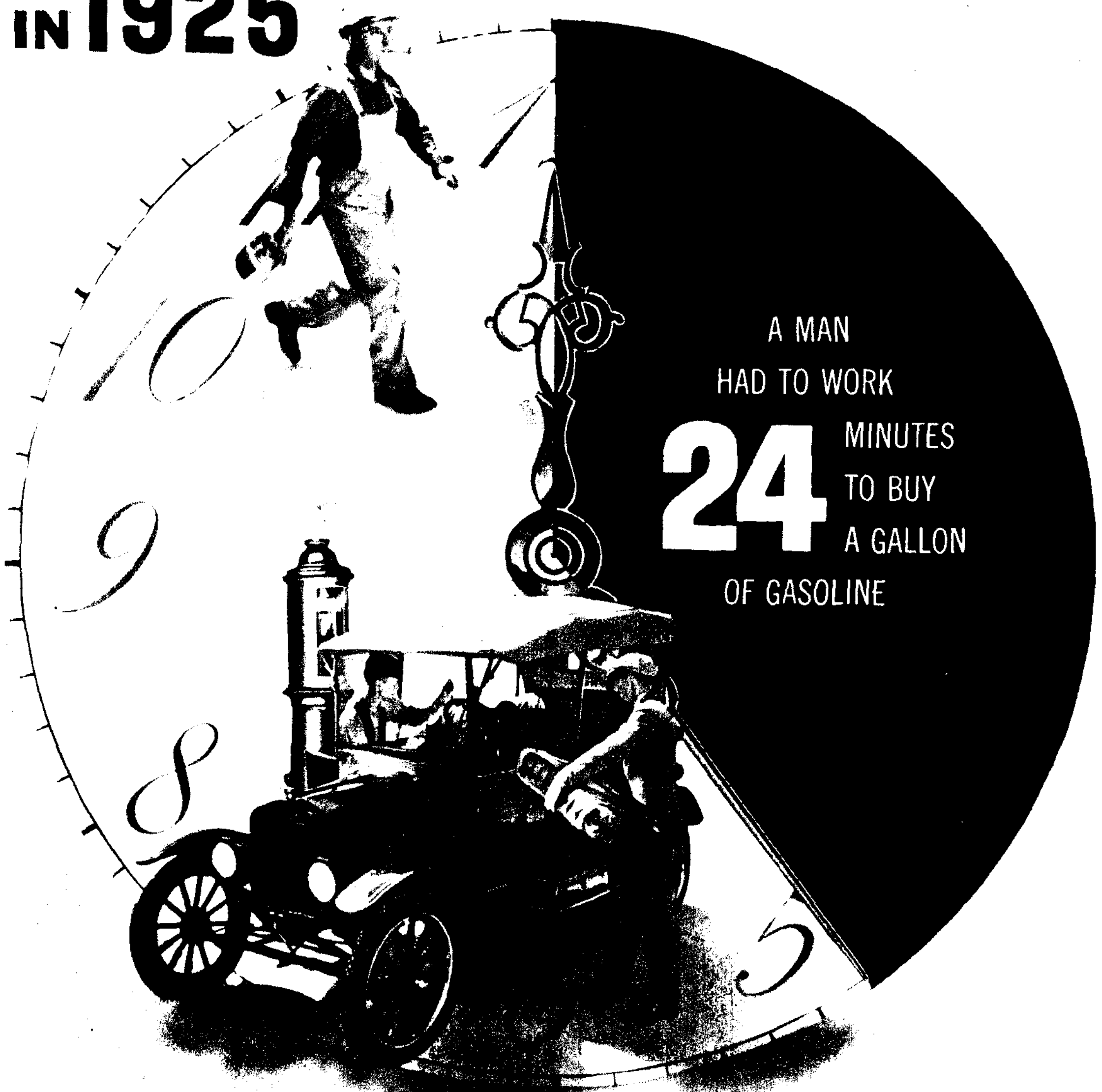

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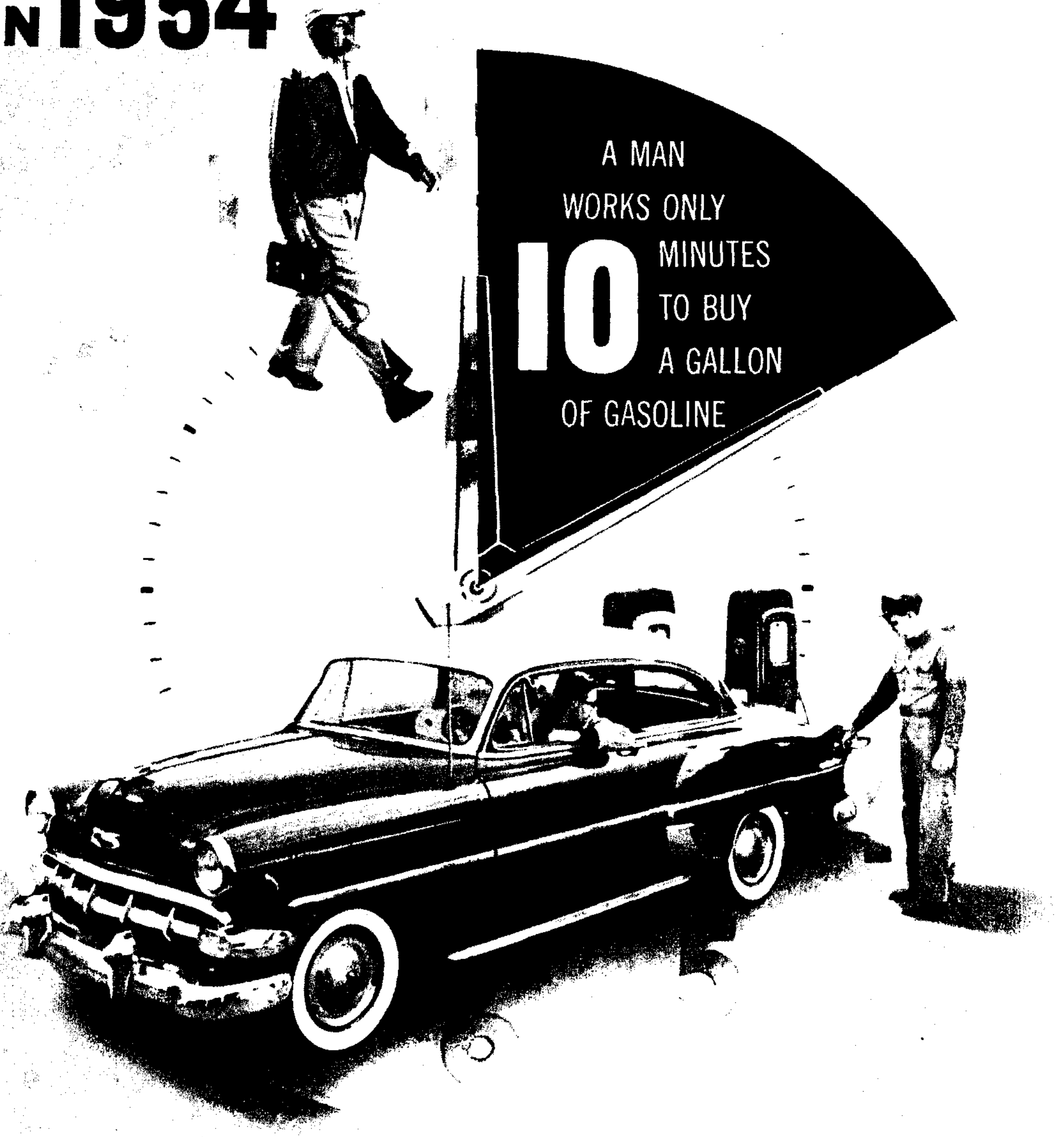

TODAY'S GASOLINE IS A REAL BARGAIN. Comparing the number of minutes of work needed to buy a gallon of gasoline in 1925 as against 1954 illustrates sharp decline of gasoline's actual cost when compared to income. *This is even more remarkable when you consider that these figures include gasoline taxes, which are up over 250% since 1925.* (Figures based on U. S. average hourly earnings of production and related workers engaged in manufacturing.)

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accident happened to the bridegroom."

Inspector Chafik threw up his hands. "Woman!" he said in a terrible voice, and then he saw Leila's smile. "An improper jest," he went on sternly. "Furthermore, your proposition is impractical. Our laws demand financial retribution from a murderer's family, besides his neck. If the sheik did what you foolishly suggest, his daughter would forfeit her dowry in blood money to Tarik's next of kin. And do you know who that relative is?"

"His aunt, the scheming Ursule," Leila answered in a subdued voice. "I had not thought of that. My solution was hastily conceived."

"Women are always hasty," Chafik told her.

He adjusted a black *sidarah* on his sleek head, lighted a cigarette and went out. He was in the street before he realized how completely he had been briefed, and his thin face darkened as, from the bedroom window, he heard a soft laugh.

SHEIK MAJID'S former wife lived on the outskirts of Baghdad, in a district of gardens and fine villas. A breeze from the river rustled the palms, the air was sweet, the sky was brilliant with stars, and Inspector Chafik was almost amiable.

"No siren, Abdullah," he said to the police sergeant who drove the car. "This may be a sleeveless errand and I do not want to disturb a household needing rest for tomorrow's ceremony."

Sergeant Abdullah, a vast and shadowy man, said with the privilege of long association, "Sir, this marriage should not take place."

"You, too?" exclaimed Chafik.

"I have daughters—"

"Ah, yes—three . . ." Chafik shrugged and there was a glint of mischief in his eyes when, in the superior voice of the father of a son, he said, "Daughters are very nice, but it is inconceivable a man would risk everything, including his neck, to save one from an unpleasant union—"

"I would make such a sacrifice!" shouted Abdullah.

The Inspector said, "Your pardon, old friend, it was only a test. I wanted to make sure fathers of daughters truly love them. Now I know."

When they had gone a little farther and Abdullah was calm, Chafik said, "I trust the report about Majid is incorrect. He is still politically dangerous and would find sympathizers if he came to Baghdad."

"Also enemies—"

"His implacable enemy is his former wife. She betrayed him once and would betray him again. I am concerned for her, particularly after what you have just taught me about the fathers of daughters. She almost invites vengeance . . ."

The thought made him fidget, and he looked around anxiously. They were going up an avenue lined with oleanders. The great dark river was ahead, and the lights of the train ferry crossing it were like swimming stars. There was no other sign of life.

Then from somewhere came a fusillade of gunshots, starting up the cacophony of hysterical dogs that too often made Baghdad nights hideous.

Sergeant Abdullah spoke professionally, "An automatic, sir. Small caliber, short barrel. It jammed after the third shot. They often do. A revolver is more reliable."

Alertness pleased the Inspector, but he was worried. "My midnight telephone call becomes a nightmare," he said, and leaned forward to peer into the darkness.

At that moment the car came to a sudden stop, and he was thrown against the windscreen. And then he saw the sergeant running to a man who had fallen in the path of the car.

The Inspector got out and went to join the sergeant. The man on the ground was young, good-looking and well-dressed; blood from a head wound was smeared over his face, but it was not a serious injury.

"Struck with a blunt instrument," Sergeant Abdullah said.

"Help him up." When the dazed victim was on his feet, the Inspector said, "Your name, please. I am the police."

"Risa. Ali Risa."

Chafik remembered his wife's gossip about the young army lieutenant who was loved by Sheik Majid's daughter, and so he knew this was the man. "I detest coincidence," he said aloud, but speaking to himself—an unbreakable habit. When he realized he had spoken, he was embarrassed and therefore angry. "What happened?"

"Last time I saw Jaxon, he was getting ready to teach some dumb native how to play poker!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

"I was struck from behind; that is all I remember."

"Where were you?"

Lieutenant Risa hesitated and then pointed to a grove of citrus trees near the brick wall of a house. "I was walking there," he said.

"An odd place to walk at such an hour. Did you hear shooting?"

"I heard nothing. I was stunned—shooting? Where?" asked the young man, suddenly aware of the import of the question.

Chafik turned to a police patrol which had just arrived from another direction. "Have you traced it?" he asked the senior constable.

"The shooting was somewhere in this quarter, sir. There are lights in that villa, and I was going to inquire there," the officer said, and pointed his carbine toward the nearest wall.

"Whose house is it?"

"Madame Ursule's, sir."

The Inspector spun around and began to run toward the wall. There was a gate and the hinges creaked when he touched it. His surprise was echoed in the sergeant's gasp; gates are not left open in Baghdad at midnight. They looked into a garden thick with trees.

Chafik saw lights in the house but went down a path to the rear of the garden. "Surely one coincidence is enough for one night," he said.

"Sir?" asked Abdullah, following close behind him, gun drawn.

"There is an arbor in the lady's garden," Chafik said, repeating what the stranger had told him in the midnight telephone call.

They came to the pool, and nearby was a trellis covered with vines. Chafik took the sergeant's flashlight and went to look into it.

A man sat sprawled at a table under the vines, head resting on one outflung arm, back turned. One leg was twisted under the chair as by a violent and suddenly arrested contortion. A stick was on the floor at his side.

There were three bullet wounds, all in the back; it had been a frenzied killing. The Inspector touched the body and found it warm. He thought: If I had not been delayed by meeting that young man, Risa, I would have found the lion crouching over its kill. He wondered if that had been the hope of the person who had telephoned him.

He knelt and lifted the lolling head. The face was trimly bearded, otherwise very much like his own. An odd twist of the lips suggested a smile, as if the corpse said: Well, what do you make of me?

Chafik stood up and turned to the sergeant. "Abdullah," he said.

"Sir?"

"A daughter has lost her father—here is Sheik Majid."

FIFTEEN years of exile had changed the sheik; once a heavy-set man, he was now gaunt to the point of emaciation and so changed that he had been able to move about in Baghdad without being challenged. "Even his friends would not recognize him," said Sergeant Abdullah.

"But an enemy did."

Chafik picked up the stick that lay beside the dead man's hand. It was the sort a watchman carries and had a lead load and brass rings, which made it a formidable weapon. On it there was a smear of blood mingled with a few hairs, and the Inspector said, "Not Majid's blood. This has almost dried. Blows were struck tonight—"

Abdullah's face showed unusual animation. "Suppose—" he began.

The Inspector stopped him. "We are both leaping to a conclusion. "Supposition is a policeman's major sin."

"Yes, sir, and you have also taught me to frown on coincidence. Yet a young man with a bloodied head and a blunt instrument—"

"Enough, enough," Chafik said bitterly. He admitted to himself that the circumstances made a case against Lieutenant Risa; and he looked at the corpse reproachfully, wondering why Sheik Majid should have come out of exile to add this final horror to the misery of his daughter's wedding eve. It was inexplicable, and so was the telephone call that had announced the imminent tragedy.

Chafik remembered the voice, casual, slightly mocking, and tinged with sadness. And then there had been urgency: "Come, please come!" the man had pleaded before the connection was broken.

"Too many threads and all broken," grumbled the Inspector. He lighted a cigarette and then stood forgetful of the flaming match held in his hand.

Somebody was running down the path from the house—a dim white figure with dark flowing hair. The light of the match showed huge frightened eyes and a young, graceful body, as she ran to the man slumped over the table. "Ali! Ali!" she cried. "They've killed you! Ali—"

CHAFIK dropped the match as it burned his fingers; Abdullah's flashlight came on. "Not Ali!" the girl said, looking up at them, too dazed by relief to wonder who they were. "But this man!" she went on. "This kind man with the sad eyes who gave me Ali's message—"

"What message?" asked Chafik.

"Ali could not meet me tonight. The man, the one who lies here, stopped my carriage when I was coming back from visiting friends and told me— Oh!" cried the girl, suddenly aware that the man was dead and turning to flee.

Chafik grabbed her arm. "You are Noemi," he said.

"Yes."

"Then you do not know who that is there?" He prayed that she had not recognized her father so changed by all these years.

Noemi said, "He looked at me strangely when we met, just as if we were acquaintances, but I did not know him." The daughter of Sheik Majid shuddered, then wrenched free, and instinctively ran to Abdullah, who held her gently.

"You father of daughters!" said Chafik. Angry because duty compelled him to restrain compassion, he shouted. "Her tears are overgenerous, like monsoon rains!"

"Sir! I protest—"

"Abdullah, she had a rendezvous here; a wayward child trysting on her wedding eve." He tossed away his cigarette. Had the father known about the tryst? he asked himself. Had he tried to stop it and had there been a fatal quarrel with Risa? Chafik went to the girl and forced her to look at him. "You love Ali Risa?" he asked harshly.

With all the defiance of a seventeen-year-old, she said, "Let all the world know!"

"Tomorrow you wed another—"

"What choice have I? An Arab woman has no rights! Yes, I marry the creature of Ursule's choosing, but I hate him, and I hate her! I love Ali and shall always love Ali. And she knows it!" shouted Noemi, pointing behind the Inspector.

He turned. A woman stood in the

path, watching and listening, a woman of medium build and years, and comfortably fleshed. A chuddar, the outdoor robe of the Middle East, was draped around her shoulders, but the folds that should have veiled her face were thrown back. She was carefully groomed, handsome, her manner commanding.

Inspector Chafik recognized her and salaamed. "Lady Ursule," he said, and formally announced, "I am Chafik J. Chafik of the police—"

Sheik Majid's former wife raised her hand and sent the girl running.

"Madame—" the Inspector began.

"You will attend to your own affairs, policeman," Ursule said coldly. "There has been an unseemly disturbance—shooting—in my garden."

"I regret it, but death is no respecter of property."

"You will go about your work decently," Ursule went on in her insolent voice. "There is to be no scandal." She looked into the arbor and shuddered. "It was suicide, of course."

"What makes you say that?" asked the Inspector.

"Young lovers are foolish. This Risa, he—"

"Madame, that is not Risa there."

Ursule was visibly upset. "Not Risa?" she said. "Of course it is Risa. Who else would be so vulgarly romantic as to come here and shoot himself on Noemi's wedding eve?"

"One you know, madame, and he did not kill himself." Angered by the woman's manner, Chafik raised the dead face and brutally turned it toward her.

"Majid!" she cried. "Oh, fool, fool!" She drew the folds of the chuddar over her head and fled, shrieking.

WHEN the Inspector saw her again it was in the house and his men were everywhere, engaged in routine duties. The dawn was spreading over the desert, and the chant of the prayer callers came from the towers of Baghdad's many mosques.

Ursule had recovered by now and said, "I regret my weakness. It was the shock."

"So understandable," he said sympathetically. "Divorce is never a successful operation; there is always a trace of memory left—"

She looked at him coldly. "You are mistaken, policeman. I have no lingering affection for Majid. He was a traitor, and it is right that he should be dead. I was shocked that it should have been done in my garden."

The Inspector abandoned compassion. "Why were you so sure that it was Risa?" he demanded. "Did you hear something, see something? Why were you dressed for the day instead of the night? Were you expecting a visitor?"

"You are insolent!"

"And you, madame, are evasive."

"I was dressed," Ursule said, "because I awaited my nephew—"

"Ah, yes, the bridegroom. Here it is the dawn of his wedding day, and he has not yet found his bed!"

"Tarik went to a party—"

"Given by Mr. Rinaldi, a friend," the Inspector said, and absently quoted a police record: "Rinaldi, Hussein. Age: thirty-one. Inherited fortune from his father. Two wives, three mistresses. Entertains lavishly . . . There were at least a hundred guests invited last night," Chafik added, remembering a routine report.

Ursule lost her poise and cried, "You police! You know everything!"

"Duty, madame—"

"Spying, always spying! Yes, it is true I was disturbed tonight! I saw a man in the garden—"

The Inspector was astonished by this sudden co-operation, but he looked at Ursule calmly.

"It was just before the shooting," she went on. "I was looking out of my window, waiting for Tarik, and saw a man run down the path toward the pool."

"Why did you not call the servants?"

"This was not a matter for servants; I thought I recognized Risa. I knew my stepdaughter had been having secret meetings with him! I was about to go and send him away when the shots came. That is why I thought it was his body in the arbor, that he had committed suicide—"

"And you saw nobody else?" Chafik's fingers began to move nervously.

Ursule stared at them and cried, "Will you stop that? I will not stay here to be tormented!"

She turned to leave, but at that moment a door at the back of the room opened, and a shambling, heavily built youth came in, escorted by a constable. "He was found entering the house by a window, sir," the officer told Chafik.

The youth had an overlarge head, a flat, vacant face and thick lips: his animal-like eyes were small and sly, and they stared with panic. Seeing Ursule, he wrenched himself free and ran to her. "Aunt! Aunt! Who are these people?" He spoke in the thin treble of a child.

Ursule turned and shouted at Chafik, "How dare your men touch him! Tarik has a right to be here!" And then she said to her nephew, soothing him, "You are late, so late. Was that why you entered by the window? You were afraid I would scold you? Poor Tarik—"

"I—I—" Tarik began, his lips trembling.

"Yes, yes, Tarik, you were naughty, but I forgive you. This is your wedding eve. Your party kept you; it is understandable. You had trouble finding a carriage? Where did you leave it? Why didn't you drive to the door? Why—"

Chafik said sharply, "Madame, let me do the questioning."

"You would frighten him. You can see how timid he is. And what has poor Tarik done except come home late from his wedding-eve party?"

THE Inspector shrugged and looked at the constable, who said, "He did come in a carriage, sir. He left it a short distance away."

"He saw the house lighted up and was afraid I was waiting up to scold him," Ursule said hastily. "Isn't that so, Tarik?"

"It was lighted up and I was afraid you would scold me," repeated the youth.

At that moment his shifting gaze stopped and brightened, and he went across the room to a table where there was a bowl of fruit and sweetmeats. His sliding gait reminded Chafik of Leila's description of Tarik: he creeps with the reptiles.

Tarik greedily filled his mouth. His thick lips smacked with coarse delight, and wiping his sticky hands on his clothes he reached toward the bowl again.

Ursule said, "Enough! Go to your room and rest. Today you wed—"

"Today I wed," repeated Tarik. "Noemi . . ." He mouthed the name as though it were another candy, and his hands darted to the bowl again. He went out smiling.

The Inspector could not hide his disgust. "Why tell him he is to wed?" he asked Ursule. "How can there be a wedding with the bride's father dead in your garden?"

"That makes no difference!"

"But—"

"Majid was a stateless man, a rebel; there is no mourning period for him. Noemi has no father. She marries Tarik!" Ursule said, and left the room.

Chafik stood motionless, shocked into silence. But when Sergeant Abdullah entered, the Inspector said, "Surely dogs howl in Baghdad when the Lady Ursule walks the streets!"

Abdullah had news. "We have found the gun, sir; it was in the pool. An automatic, short barrel. When we heard the shooting I said—"

"Only a contortionist pats himself on the back," Chafik said absently.

The Inspector walked over to the table and the bowl of sweetmeats. "Halva," he said, identifying the pink-and-white confection, and then he surrendered to temptation. "Almond-flavored," he announced, as he took another piece and followed his sergeant into the garden.

He looked at the gun his men had dredged out of the pool and congratulated them on their thoroughness. There would not be much chance of finding fingerprints; mud and water would have smudged them. He had the weapon sent to ballistics.

They had found the two ejected shells—the third had jammed the mechanism. There was nothing else. The ground was too hard for defined footprints, although there was the faint imprint of a man's shoe near the wall that enclosed the garden.

Beyond the wall was the citrus grove where Lieutenant Risa had walked and had been attacked, according to his story. Chafik was unhappy and said, "Well, the stick that Majid bloodied on somebody's head will have to tell us about that."

He stood in the street for a final survey before leaving for headquarters. It was dawn of the new day—Noemi's wedding day, thought Chafik, and felt compassion and disgust and anger.

HE CROSSED the road to a public telephone box, and something clicked and hummed in his mind. "An excellent view from here, Abdullah," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"One can see both the garden and the adjoining grove. Have this instrument dusted for prints."

"And whose am I to find, sir?"

"That depends. If my midnight caller was human, you will find his. Or you may be rewarded with the prints of the individual responsible for the death of Sheik Majid."

The Inspector got into his car. His fingers were sticky from the filched sweetmeat—halva clung like glue—and he licked his fingers reflectively. . . .

His office was on Rashid Street, the main thoroughfare of Baghdad. The shutters were closed against the sun, and as the day wore on, the small room became filled with smoke; a pyramid of cigarette butts bore witness to Chafik's concentration.

He was a tidy man and liked everything sorted out before he began to weave his solution, but in this case there were broken threads and he was distressed.

The reports that came in about Risa made an ugly case: the pathologist stated that the hairs mingled with the blood on Sheik Majid's stick came from

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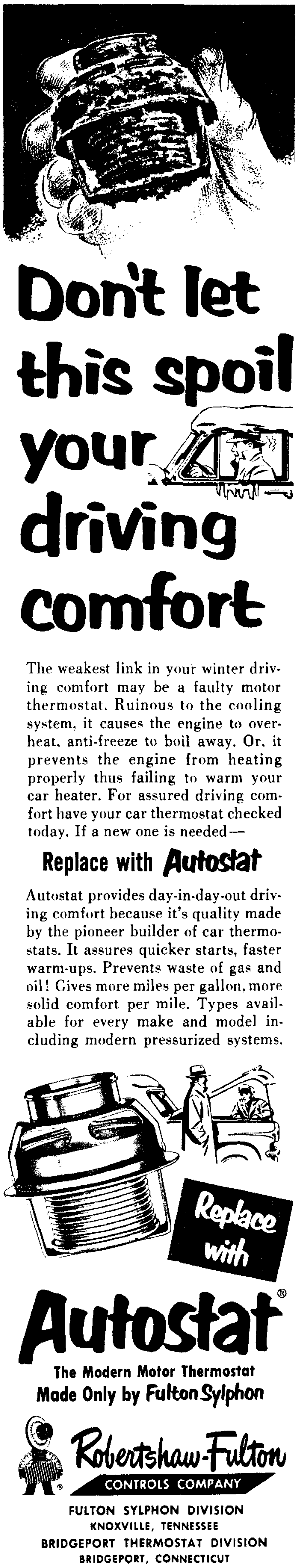

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the young man's head. The Inspector had Risa brought to him.

He was a sullen witness and said, "I know nothing except what I told you." He refused to admit to a rendezvous with Noemi. The evasion was clumsy.

"It is curious," Chafik said wearily, "how the process of breeding an officer and a gentleman destroys the more human instinct for preservation. Take this gentleman away!"

He added another butt to the neat pile in the ash tray. A vision of Noemi's face with its huge frightened eyes drifted in the smoke of a fresh cigarette. In a few hours she would become Tarik's bride, and the Inspector, not a profane man, swore.

ABDULLAH came into the room as silently as if he had materialized. "You are bursting with news," Chafik said, looking up.

"Yes, sir." The sergeant placed the automatic found in the pool on the Inspector's desk. "Nothing," he said. "It did kill Sheik Majid, but as we feared, there are no defined prints. Nothing, sir, except a foreign substance on the butt which is being analyzed."

Chafik could see a whitish smear in the corrugations, and he picked at it with a penknife as he listened.

"No possibility of tracing the serial number," Abdullah went on. "Illegal entry of lethal weapons into this country, sir. All that. Possibly purchased abroad. Possibly—"

"Abdullah, your real news, please," Chafik said.

"Sir, it is about the telephone box near the house of Madame Ursule. There *were* fingerprints—"

"Ah! So my midnight caller did have a body!"

"Yes, sir, a dead body. The fingerprints were Sheik Majid's." The sergeant dropped his news like a bombshell, but the Inspector went on picking at the substance on the butt of the gun.

"He had a nice voice," Chafik said mildly. "He wasn't a bad man, you know. Too ambitious. Politics." He shrugged. "I have a medical report here somewhere which says the sheik was fatally sick, so the gun anticipated the inevitable . . ."

The Inspector thoughtfully looked at the point of his penknife and the substance that adhered to it. Then he carefully tasted the substance scraped from the gun. He announced, "Almond-flavored—"

Suddenly he struck the desk with his fist; his sallow face looked like a bronze mask, and his eyes reflected the fire of the stone set in his signet ring. He said: "Let us go and stop this unholy marriage!" . . .

Noemi's marriage was being held in her stepmother's house. The big room where Inspector Chafik had interviewed Ursule was now divided by a curtain. On one side waited the bride and her womenfolk, hidden from the eyes of men; on the other side sat the bridegroom and his attendants, with a white-robed mullah who inspected documents.

The bridegroom slyly took sweetmeats from his pocket and chewed steadily; his eyes were on the curtain that hid Noemi.

The official finally put away the documents. "All is in order, the contract is correct," he said. He looked at Tarik, sighed, shook his head, and then turned to the curtain behind which the bride waited. "Noemi, daughter of Majid," he said. "Do you accept or oppose this union?"

"It is opposed!" said a voice from the door, and Inspector Chafik burst into the room. "A thousand pardons for this melodrama; there was no time to send in my card—"

He crossed the big room, his shoes silent on the fine Bokhara rug; his white suit was crumpled, his polka-dot tie askew. "Reverend sir," he said, stopping before the mullah, "the curtain that discreetly hides the bride also hides the pinches that force her submission—"

"Explain," said the dignitary.

Chafik bowed and turned to Tarik, who was fumbling in his pocket for the only comfort he knew. "You went to a party last night," Chafik said, "a party given for you by your friend Hussein Rinaldi. There were many guests and you were confused."

"So many guests—" mumbled the bridegroom, chewing.

"And one came to you and took you aside?" The Inspector spoke gently as to a child. "You remember a stranger, a man with a beard, who told you distressing news about Noemi?"

Tarik's round face grew pale. "The man with the beard!" he wailed. "He told me Noemi had a lover. He told me I was not a man unless—unless . . . Aunt! Aunt!" cried the youth, his eyes searching wildly.

Ursule flung back the curtains, saying, "Silence, you fool!" but Sergeant Abdullah was waiting and his dark hand gagged her.

Chafik ignored the interruption. "The stranger told you to come here at midnight," he told Tarik. "And he gave you a gun and warned you not to tell anybody what you were going to do—"

"He gave me a gun—"

"Then he went away."

"He went away. I looked for him but could not find him again. So many guests. He went away—"

"And what did you do then, Tarik?" Chafik asked.

"I came here at midnight and there was a man waiting for Noemi and I shot him and—"

"Aunt came?" asked Chafik.

"Aunt came. She took the gun and threw it away. She told me to go away and come back in a carriage and not know anything— Aunt! Aunt! This man looks at me! He makes me talk!" Tarik cried.

Ursule made throttled noises; she was helpless in Abdullah's grip.

"Your fingers were sticky from sweetmeats," the Inspector said to Tarik. "They always are," he added gently. "They left their trace on the gun—halva clings, and it hardens in water. But you have talked enough and eaten enough," Chafik added with compassion for the creature.

He looked at the mullah. "Reverend sir, tear up the contract. The law forbids this union."

"That is true," agreed the old man. "There is blood between these people, although it would appear that the sheik arranged his own death."

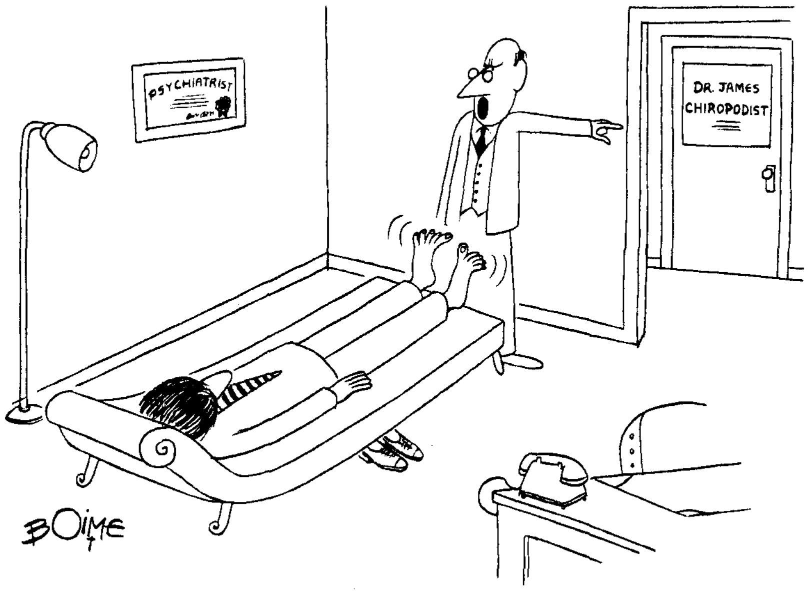
"He could do nothing else, sir. He was a stateless man and a dying one, and his only thought was to save his daughter. So he arranged that he should be killed by the bridegroom, and then he called me to bring me to the scene of his death, to capture Tarik red-handed. The plan almost failed. My arrival was delayed by Risa."

Chafik fumbled with a cigarette. "First the sheik stopped his daughter from keeping her rendezvous with Risa; she did not know it was her father who brought her that false message canceling the rendezvous. And then, fearing Risa would frighten Tarik away, he ambushed Risa and struck him down when he was about to climb the wall to go to the arbor. Risa recovered too soon, sidetracked me, and gave Ursule time to get Tarik away—"

FOR the first time, the Inspector looked at the woman. "Lies come smoothly to your lips," he said. "It was Tarik you saw in the garden, not Risa as you told me. You just had time to get your nephew away after the shooting, no time at all to examine the body, which you were so sure was Risa's. What a shock, madame, when I turned the dead face of Noemi's father toward you! Did it mock? Did those lips seem to say, This is my victory? The law will be kind to Tarik, not quite a man, but the law will be harsh with you, madame."

Chafik went quietly from the room. He stopped in the garden to look at the evening sky. He thought how pleased Leila would be with the romantic conclusion, and smiled with indulgence.

Even the gossip of a woman, ground in God's mill, makes a fine, white flour, he thought, and as he lighted a cigarette, he said, "I, of course, am a reliable millstone." —CHARLES B. CHILD



COLLIER'S "I don't care how comfortable you are —you belong in the adjoining office!" AL BOIME

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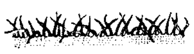

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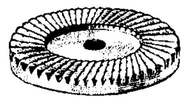
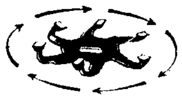


ary skin-guard discs catch these whiskers *no matter which way they grow*—generally the first time over.



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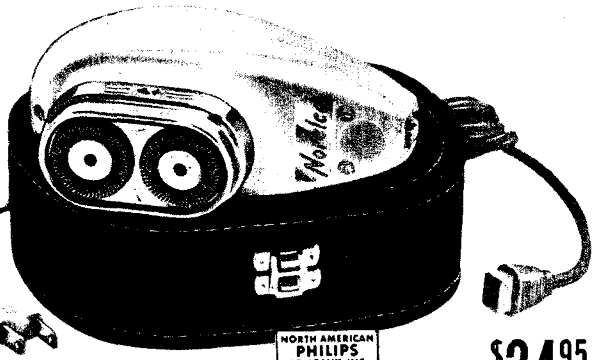

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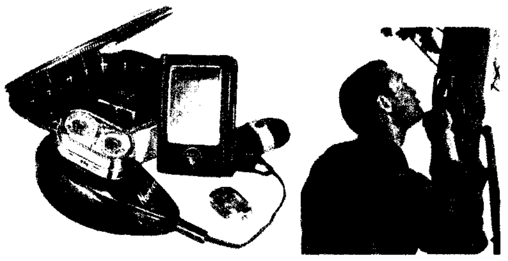

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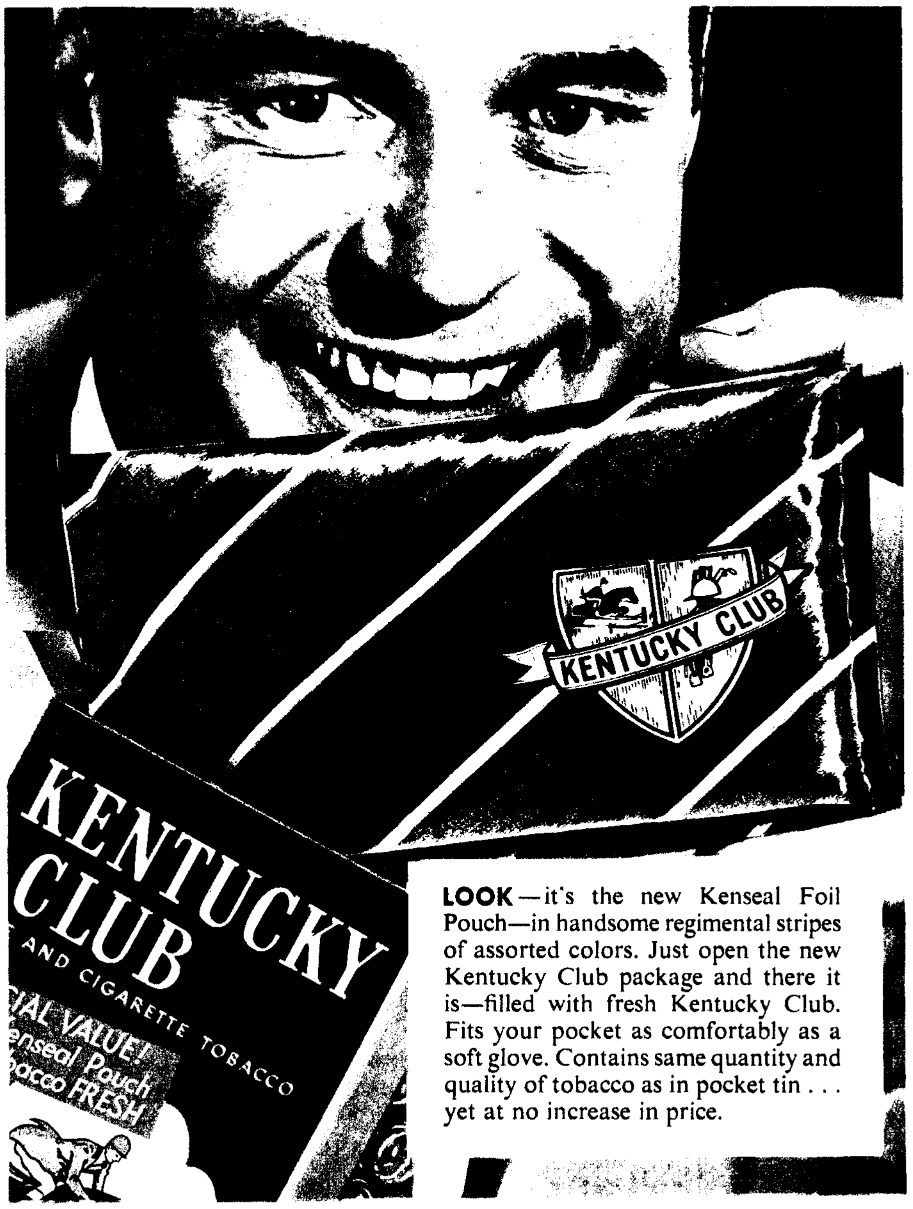

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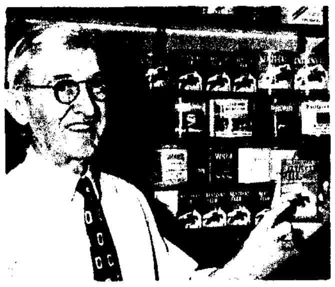

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The Body Snatchers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

says she knows it's not Ira. I'm worried sick!" Tears came to her eyes again.

I sat back in my chair, thinking about this. Wilma had her problems, but she was tough-minded and bright, about thirty-five years old. Red-cheeked, short and plump, she had no looks at all; she had never married, which is too bad. I'm certain she'd have liked to, and I think she'd have made a fine wife and good mother, but that's how it goes. She ran the local rental library and greeting-card shop, and did a good job of it. She made a living out of it, anyway, which isn't so easy in a small town. I looked at Becky. "What do you want me to do?"

BECKY leaned forward across the desk, pleading. "Come out there tonight, Miles. Right now, if you possibly can, before it gets dark. I want you to look at Uncle Ira, talk to him; you've known him for years."

"What're you talking about, Becky? Don't *you* think he's Ira?"

She flushed. "I don't know, Miles, I just don't know. *Certainly* he's Uncle Ira! Of *course* he is, but—it's just that Wilma's so *positive!*"

"Well, let's go see," I said gently. "Take it easy, Becky. Whatever's happening, there's a cause; we'll find it, and fix it."

I dialed telephone-answering, told them where I was going, and we left the office to go take a look at Uncle Ira.

Just to get the record straight, my full name is Miles Boise Bennell, I'm twenty-eight years old, and I've been practicing medicine in Santa Mira, California, for just over a year. Before that I interned, and before that, medical school at Stanford. I was born and raised in Santa Mira, and my father was a doctor here before me, and a good one, so I have a good practice.

I'm five feet eleven inches tall, weigh one sixty-five, have blue eyes, and black, kind of wavy hair. I play golf and swim whenever I can, so I'm always pretty tanned. Since I was divorced, I've been living here in Santa Mira, alone in a big old-fashioned frame house, with plenty of big trees and lots of lawn around it. It was my parents' house before they died; now it's mine. That's about all. . . .

We turned into Dewey Avenue, and Uncle Ira was out on their lawn. I had the top down, and when we drew into the curb, Uncle Ira looked up, saw us, and waved. "Evening, Becky. Hi, Miles," he called, smiling.

We answered, waving back, and got out of the car. Becky went on up to the house, and I strolled across the lawn toward him. "Evening, Mr. Lentz."

"How's business, Miles?" He grinned as though this were a brand-new joke: "Kill many today?"

"Bagged the limit," I said. This was the usual routine whenever we ran into each other around town, and now I stood, looking him in the eyes, his face not two feet from mine.

It was nice out, and the light was good—not full daylight, but still plenty of sun. I don't know just what I thought I might see, but of course it was Uncle Ira, and the same Mr. Lentz I'd known as a kid, when I delivered an evening paper to the bank every night. He was head teller then—he's retired now—and was always urging me to bank my huge profits from the newspaper route. Now, he looked just about the same, except that it was fifteen years later and his hair was white. This was Ira, no one else, standing there on the lawn in the early evening, and I began to feel scared about Wilma.

We chatted about nothing much—local politics, the weather, business, the new state highway they'd been surveying for—and I studied every line and pore of his face, listened to each tone and inflection of his voice, alert to every move and gesture.

Hell, it was Uncle Ira—every hair, every line of his face, each word, movement and thought—and I felt like a fool. Becky and Wilma came out of the house and sat down on the porch swing, and I waved to them, then walked on up to the house.

Wilma sat waiting on the swing with Becky, smiling pleasantly till I reached the steps. Then she said quietly, "I'm glad you've come, Miles."

"Hello, Wilma, nice to see you." I sat down on the wide porch rail, my back against a white pillar.

Wilma glanced out at her uncle, who'd begun puttering around the lawn again. "Well?" she said.

I glanced at Ira too, then looked at Wilma. I nodded. "It's Ira, Wilma. It's your uncle, all right."

She just nodded, as though expecting exactly that answer. "It's not," she said, not arguing, just asserting a fact.

"Well," I said, "let's take this a little at a time. How do you know he isn't Uncle Ira? How is he different?"

"Miles, there *is* no difference you can actually see," she said, leaning toward me. "I'd hoped you might find one, when Becky told me you were here—that you'd see *some* sort of difference. But of course you can't, because there isn't any to see. Look at him."

WE ALL glanced at the lawn again; Uncle Ira was kicking at a weed or pebble or something embedded in the lawn. "I've been waiting for today," she whispered. "Waiting till he'd get a haircut, and he finally did. There's a little scar on the back of Ira's neck. You can't see the scar unless his neck is shaved. Well, today—I've been *waiting* for this—today he got a haircut—"

I sat forward, suddenly excited. "And the scar's gone? You mean—"

"No!" she said, almost indignantly, eyes flashing. "It's *there*—the scar—exactly like Uncle Ira's!"

I didn't answer for a moment. I couldn't look at poor Wilma. Then I said, "Look, Wilma, he *is* Uncle Ira. Can't you see that? No matter how you feel, he is—"

She just shook her head, and sat back on the swing. "He's not."

"What about his habits, Wilma?" I said. "Little mannerisms?"

"All the same as Ira's. Exactly."

"Wilma, what about memories? There must be little incidents only you and Uncle Ira would know."

"I've tested that too," she said quietly. "Talked to him about when I was a child." She sighed, trying uselessly, and knowing it was useless, to make me understand. "He remembers everything. Just as Uncle Ira would."

I'm a general practitioner, not a psychiatrist, and I was out of my depth and knew it. For a few moments I just sat staring down at my interlaced fingers and the backs of my hands, listening to the chains of the swing creaking gently overhead.

"*Listen*, Wilma," I finally said, leaning far forward, looking into her eyes. "Your Aunt Aleda would know! Can't you see that? *She* couldn't be fooled, of all people! What does *she* say? Have you talked with her?"

Wilma just shook her head again, turning to stare across the lawn at nothing.

"Why not?"

SHE turned slowly back toward me. For a moment her eyes stared into mine, and then suddenly the tears were running down her plump, contorted face. "Because, Miles, *she's* not my Aunt Aleda!" For an instant, mouth open, she stared at me in absolute horror; then, if you can scream in a whisper, that's what she did. "Oh, Miles, am I going crazy? *Tell* me, Miles, tell me, don't spare me, I've got to *know*."

Becky was holding Wilma's hand, squeezing it between her own, her expression an agony of compassion.

And then suddenly Wilma stood up, smiling, and said, "We'd better break this up, or"—she nodded toward the lawn—"he'll begin wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Wondering," she said patiently, "if I don't suspect." Then she held out her hand, and I took it. "It's helped just to tell you, Miles, and I don't want you to worry too much about me." She turned to Becky. "Or you either." She laughed. "I'll be all right. And if you want me to see a psychiatrist, Miles, I will."

It was all very eerie and I nodded and said I'd make an appointment for her with Dr. Manfred Kaufman in Valley Springs, the best man I knew of, and that I'd telephone her in the morning. I muttered some nonsense about relaxing, taking it easy, not worrying and so on, and Wilma smiled gently and put her hand on my arm, the way a woman does when she forgives a man for failing her. Then she thanked Becky for coming over, said she wanted to get to bed early; and I told Becky I'd drive her home.

In the car I asked Becky if she'd like to do something, have dinner somewhere, maybe, but I wasn't surprised when she wanted to get home. When we stopped at the curb, Becky said, "Miles, what do you think? Will she be all right?"

I hesitated, then shrugged. "I don't know. I'm a doctor, according to my diploma, but I don't really know what Wilma's trouble is. I could start talking psychiatrical jargon, but the truth is that it's out of my line, and in Mannie Kaufman's."

"Well, can he help her?"

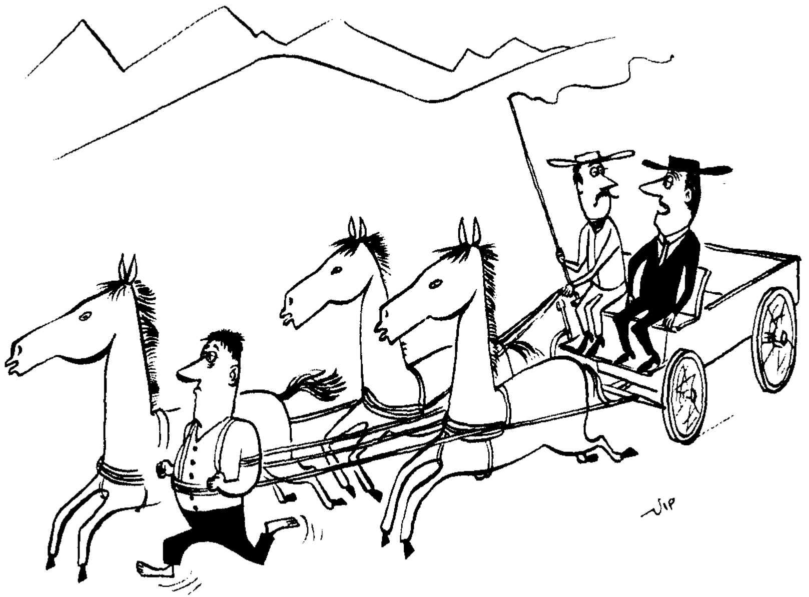
Sometimes there's a limit to how truthful you should be, and I said, "Yes. If anyone can help her, Mannie's the boy to do it. Sure, I think he can help her." But I didn't really know.

At Becky's door, without any advance planning or even thinking about it beforehand, I said, "Tomorrow night?" and Becky nodded absently, still thinking about Wilma, and said, "Yes. Around eight?" and I said, "Fine. I'll call for you." You'd think we'd been going together for months—that's just the way we acted, not giving it a thought—and walking back to my car, it occurred to me that I was more relaxed and at peace with the world than I'd been in a long, long time.

Maybe that sounds heartless; maybe you think I should have been worrying about Wilma, and in a way I was, far back in my mind. But a doctor learns, because he has to, not to worry actively about patients until the worrying can do some good; meanwhile, they have to be walled off in a quiet compartment of the mind. If you can't do that, you give up medicine—or specialize.

I know the local menus by heart, so I ate at Elman's. Sitting up at the counter, I was embarrassed to catch myself thinking that now I had a girl, but what puzzled me was that nothing had happened between us tonight. And we weren't reviving an old romance, either, because there'd never been any. I was a senior in high school when I knew Becky last, and we'd had a few dates, that's all. I think I'd have seen more of her, but that summer she went away with her folks, and in the fall I went down to Los Angeles, to school, and I hadn't seen her since.

NEXT morning when I got to my office, a patient was waiting—a quiet little woman in her forties, who sat in the leather chair in front of my desk, hands folded in her lap over her purse, and told me she was perfectly sure her husband wasn't her husband at all. Her voice calm, she said that he looked, talked, and acted exactly the way her husband always had—and they'd been married eighteen years—but that it simply wasn't he. It was Wilma's story all over again, except for the actual details, and when she left I telephoned the psychiatrist, Mannie



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DOES SCIENCE PROVE
THE BIBLE WRONG?

Some people are convinced that it does.

They read in the Bible, for example, that the stars are fixed in the "roof" of the world like luminous ornaments, which is the way they appeared to the unscientific eyes of the authors of Genesis. Later scientific knowledge proves that the stars are incandescent bodies moving in space.

Although willing to acknowledge that God created the universe, these scientific-minded folks refuse to believe the Biblical account in which apparently it all took place in six days. Also, they contend that the scientific evidences of evolution appear to contradict the Bible in this instance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, there can be no real conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. From the time of Moses down to the present day, science has opened the doors to many of the earth's physical secrets—including in our own time, the fantastic secret of atomic energy. There will undoubtedly occur, in the unforseeable future, even more revolutionary discoveries. But the fact remains that science has yet to produce any evidence that discredits the basic truths of Holy Scripture.

The Bible, to begin with, is a book of religion—not a scientific textbook. The Book of Genesis should be regarded therefore, not as a scientific explanation of the heavens and the earth, but as an exposition of certain divine truths. These include such matters as the creation of all things . . . the creation of man as the object of God's special providence . . . the unity of the human race . . . the loss of man's original state of blessedness through original sin . . . God's promise and plan of redemption.

In writing of these things, the authors of the Old Testament were divinely protected against error. God did not, however, stand over them and dictate what they wrote. Their writings, therefore, while recording basic truths, are clothed in language forms common to their primitive time, and are influenced by cultural and scientific concepts far less enlightened than our own.

A correct appraisal of the Book of Genesis, and the history of Creation, requires an understanding of the meanings which the Old Testament authors intended to convey, and an appreciation of the language forms, philosophy and mores of their times. An interesting pamphlet explaining these things, and detailing the doctrine of the age-old Catholic Church concerning Creation, will be sent free, in a plain wrapper, on your request. Nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. C-48.

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Kaufman, and made *two* appointments.

I'll cut this short: by Tuesday of the following week, the night of the County Medical Association meeting, I'd sent five more patients to Mannie. One was a bright, levelheaded young lawyer I knew fairly well, who was convinced that the married sister he lived with wasn't really his sister—though the woman's own husband obviously still thought so. There were the mothers of three high-school girls, who arrived at my office in a body to tell me, tearfully, that their daughters were being laughed at because they insisted their English teacher was actually an impostor who resembled the real teacher exactly. A nine-year-old boy came in with his grandmother, with whom he was now living, because he became hysterical at the sight of his mother—who, he said, wasn't his mother at all.

WAITING for me when I arrived at the medical meeting were Mannie Kaufman and Dr. Carmichael, another Valley Spring psychiatrist. They were sitting in the front seat of Mannie's car. Ed Pursey, my Santa Mira competition, was in the back seat. Mannie had the door on his side open and was sitting sideways on the front seat. He's dark, nervous and good looking—looks like an intelligent football player. Carmichael and Pursey are older and look more like doctors.

"What the hell's going on in Santa Mira?" Mannie said as I walked up. He glanced at Ed Pursey in the back seat to show he was included in the question, so I knew Ed must have been having some cases too.

"It's a new hobby over our way," I said, leaning on the open door. "A cinch to replace weaving."

"Well, it's the first contagious neurosis I ever ran into," Mannie said; he was half laughing, half angry.

"Most unusual series of cases," Carmichael said judiciously.

"Well," I said, "psychiatry is in its infancy, of course."

"No fooling, Miles, these cases have got me stopped," Mannie said. "You know what I'd say about any one of these cases, if it weren't absolutely impossible? The Lentz woman, for example? I'd say there was no delusion at all. From every indication I've seen, I'd say she's not particularly neurotic—at least not in that respect. I'd say she doesn't belong in my office, that her worry is external and real. I'd say—just judging from the patient, of course—that she's right and that her uncle actually is not her uncle. Except that that's impossible." Mannie looked up at me curiously, and added, "But it's equally impossible for a total of nine people in Santa Mira to acquire suddenly and simultaneously a virtually identical delusion—right, Charley? Yet that's what seems to have happened."

Charley Carmichael said, "These are not typical cases of delusion."

"Or anything else," said Mannie.

"Maybe we should try a little bloodletting," I said.

"You might as well!" said Mannie.

It was time to go in, and they got out of the car. Mannie said, "Keep in touch, will you, Miles? We've got to work this out." . . .

Wednesday night, when I called for Becky, we decided on the movies.

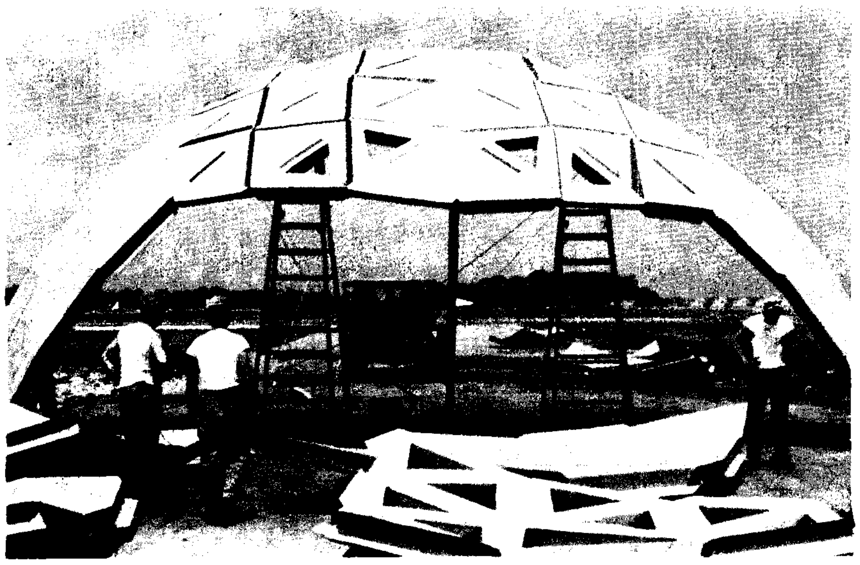
As we got into the car, I said, "You look swell."

"Thanks," Becky said. "I feel good when I'm with you, Miles. I'm not at

Now It's a "Flying

IF THE aviation division of the Marine Corps has its way, the tent as a shelter for men and equipment soon will be as obsolete as a World War I biplane. For years, Marine airmen have been troubled by thoughts of the housing situation that would exist at advanced bases in a global war. But until recently, no one could suggest any practical improvements on an age-old system of hastily setting up a tent camp, and then replacing the tents with solid buildings when time permits.

What the Marines asked for was a group of shelters that would weigh less and cost less than tents, take fewer hours to put up than tents,



JAY MAISEL

Men build 36-foot dome in day by stapling diamond-shaped panels ease with most people these days. But it's different with you. I suppose it's because we've been divorced." She laughed and added, "In Santa Mira it does make a difference."

Well, of course that was it, and now I realized it. Driving along through the summer evening, the top down, turning onto Main Street, I understood why I'd rather be with Becky these days than anyone else I knew, including old friends. I had a girl in the only way I wanted a girl just now, on an even, steady keel. Of course I was aware that Becky was attractive, and I'd wondered how it would be to kiss her. But, mostly, meeting Becky was like coming home from a world of strangers.

WE GOT the last parking space in the block, and at the box office I bought two loge tickets. The girl in the booth said, "Just check in with Ed, Doctor," meaning she'd relay any call that came in for me, if I'd remind the usher to remember where he put us.

We were lucky; we saw half the picture. Sometimes I think I've seen half of more movies than anyone else alive, and my mind is cluttered with vague, never-to-be-answered wonderings about how certain movies turned out and how others began. This evening was no different. The usher was flashing his light, beckoning to me, and I muttered to Becky; then we pushed our way out.

"Someone downstairs, Doctor," the boy said.

As we came down the carpeted stairs, Jack Belicec came across the lobby toward us, smiling apologetically. "Sorry, Miles," he said, glancing at Becky to include her in the apology. "Hate to spoil your movie."

"That's okay. What's the trouble?"

He didn't answer, but walked over to hold the outer doors open for us, and I knew he didn't want to talk in the lobby, so we walked on out to the sidewalk, and he followed. But outside he still wouldn't get to the point. "No one's sick, Miles; it isn't that. But I'd certainly like you to come out to the house."

I like Jack. He's a writer, and a good one, I think. But I was a little annoyed; this kind of intrusion happened so often. All day people will wait around, thinking about calling the doctor, but deciding not to, deciding to wait, hoping it won't be necessary. But then it gets dark, and there's something about night that makes them decide that maybe they'd better have the doctor in after all.

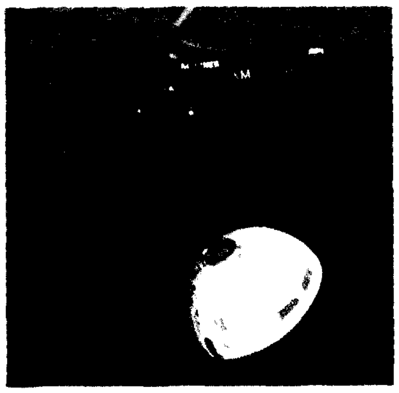
"Well, Jack," I said, "if it's not an emergency, if it's anything that can wait till morning, then why not do that?" I nodded toward Becky. "It's not just my evening, but—you two know each other, by the way?"

Becky smiled, and nodded. Jack glanced from me to Becky and said, "Look, bring Becky along, if she'd like to come. Might be a good idea, might help my wife." He smiled wryly. "I don't say Becky's going to like what she'll see, but it'll be a lot more interesting than any movie, I promise that."

I glanced at Becky, she nodded, and since Jack is no fool, I didn't ask any more questions. "All right," I said, "let's go in my car. I'll drive you back to pick up yours when we're through."

We sat three in the front seat, and on the way out—Jack lives in the country just outside town—he didn't offer any more information, and I assumed he had a reason. Jack's a thin-faced intense sort of man, with prematurely

Cup"



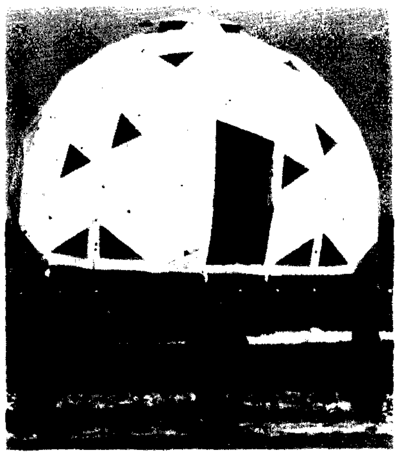
SAM ROSENBERG

Marine helicopter easily carries off assembled, cuplike building

and provide the comfort of semipermanent steel and wood buildings.

Buckminster Fuller, the noted engineer and developer of spherical-shaped buildings, was called on for a solution. He now has come forth with a half-dozen preliminary models, designed originally as possible civilian houses, which look like a series of upside-down cups. They range in size from a six-man shelter which weighs only 55 pounds, contains less than ten dollars' worth of material and can be erected in minutes, to a 1,200-pound prefabricated hangar which not only can house a helicopter but can be flown off intact by its tenant.

Fuller has built most of his experimental domes for the Marines out of a type of waterproof paperboard which both he and the corps agree is not quite sturdy enough for military use. But industry already is testing another paperboard which looks to be satisfactory, and the Marines are so impressed with the concept of Fuller's "flying cups" that work has started on pilot models which may form the basis for large-scale production. Then, many a warm, dry Marine can credit his comfort to the round, paper roof over his head. —HOWARD COHN



CY MAISEL

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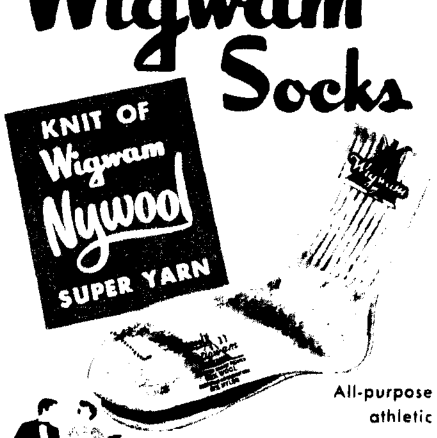
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white hair. He's about forty years old, an intelligent man of good sense and judgment. I respect him; he knows how to make a decision. And so I waited now, till he was ready to talk.

We passed the city-limits sign, and Jack pointed ahead. "Turn left on the dirt road, if you remember, Miles. It's the green house on the hill."

I nodded, and turned, shifting into second for the climb.

He said, "Stop a minute, will you, Miles? I want to ask you something."

I PULLED to the edge of the road, set the hand brake, and turned to him, leaving the motor running.

He took a deep breath, and said, "Miles, there are certain things a doctor has to report when he runs into them, aren't there?"

It was as much a statement as a question, and I just nodded.

"A contagious disease, for example," he went on, as though thinking out loud, "or a bullet wound, or a body. Well, Miles"—he turned to stare out the window on his side—"do you always have to report them? Is there ever a case, I mean, when a doctor might feel justified in overlooking the rules?"

I shrugged. "Depends," I said. I didn't know how to answer him.

"On what?"

"On the doctor, I suppose. And the particular case. What's up, Jack?"

"I can't tell you yet; I've got to know the answer to this first." Staring out his window, he thought for a moment, then turned to look at me. "Maybe you can answer this. Can you imagine a case, any kind of case—a bullet wound, for example—where the rules or the law or whatever it was, required you to report it, and where you'd get into real trouble if you didn't report it and were found out—maybe even lose your license? Can you imagine any set circumstances where you might gamble your reputation, ethics and license, and not turn in a report, just the same?"

I shrugged again. "I don't know, Jack. I guess so. I guess I could dream up some sort of situation where I'd forget the rules, if it were important enough and I felt I ought to." I was suddenly irritated at all the mystery. "I don't know, Jack. What are you getting at? This is all too vague, and I don't want you to get the idea that I'm promising anything. If you've got something up at your house that I ought to report, I'll probably report it. That's all I can tell you."

Jack smiled. "All right. That's good enough. I think maybe you'll decide not to report this one." He nodded toward his house. "Let's go on up."

I pulled out into the road again, and the headlights caught a figure, maybe a hundred yards ahead, walking toward us. I saw it was Theodora, Jack's wife.

I pulled toward her in low gear, then stopped beside her. She said, "Hello, Miles," then spoke to Jack, looking into the car through my open window. "I couldn't stay up there alone, Jack. I just couldn't. I'm sorry."

He nodded. "I should have brought you along. It was stupid of me not to."

Opening the car door, I leaned forward to let Theodora into the back seat; then Jack introduced her to Becky, and we drove on up to the house. . . .

Jack's house sits by itself on the side of a hill, and the garage is a part of the basement. The garage was empty, the door open, and Jack motioned for me to drive right in. We got out of the car; Jack snapped on a light, closed the garage door, and then opened a door leading into the basement proper, motioning for us to go on in.

We stepped into an ordinary basement and then Jack walked past us across the room to another door. He stopped, turning toward us, his hand on the doorknob. He had a pretty good secondhand billiard table in there, I knew; he'd told me he used it a lot, just knocking the balls around by himself, doing a lot of his writing in his head. Now he looked at Becky, glancing at his wife too. "Get hold of yourself," he said. Then he walked in, pulled the chain on the overhead light, and we followed after him.

The light over a billiard table is designed to light up the table surface brilliantly. It hangs low so it won't shine in your eyes as you play, and it leaves the ceiling in darkness. I wasn't looking at Becky, but I heard her gasp. Lying on the table top under the brilliant light of the 150-watt bulb, and covered with the rubberized sheet Jack kept on the billiard table, was what was unmistakably a body. I turned to look at Jack. He said, "Go on; pull it off."

I was irritated; this worried me and scared me, and there was too damn' much mystery to suit me. It occurred to me that the writer in Jack was laying on the dramatics a little too heavily. I grabbed the rubber sheet, yanked it off and tossed it to one side. Lying on the green felt, on its back, was the naked body of a man. It was maybe five feet ten inches tall—it isn't too easy to judge height, looking down on a body that way. The skin was very pale in the brilliant shadowless light; the body looked unreal and theatrical, as though it were lying in a spotlight. And yet it was intensely, overly real. The body was slender, weighing maybe 140 pounds, but well nourished and well muscled. I couldn't judge the age, except that he wasn't old. The blank eyes were open, staring directly up into the overhead light, in a way that made your own eyes smart. There was no wound visible, and no other obvious cause of death. I walked over beside Becky, slipped my arm under hers, and turned to Jack. "Well?"

He shook his head, refusing to comment. "Keep looking. Examine it. Notice anything strange?"

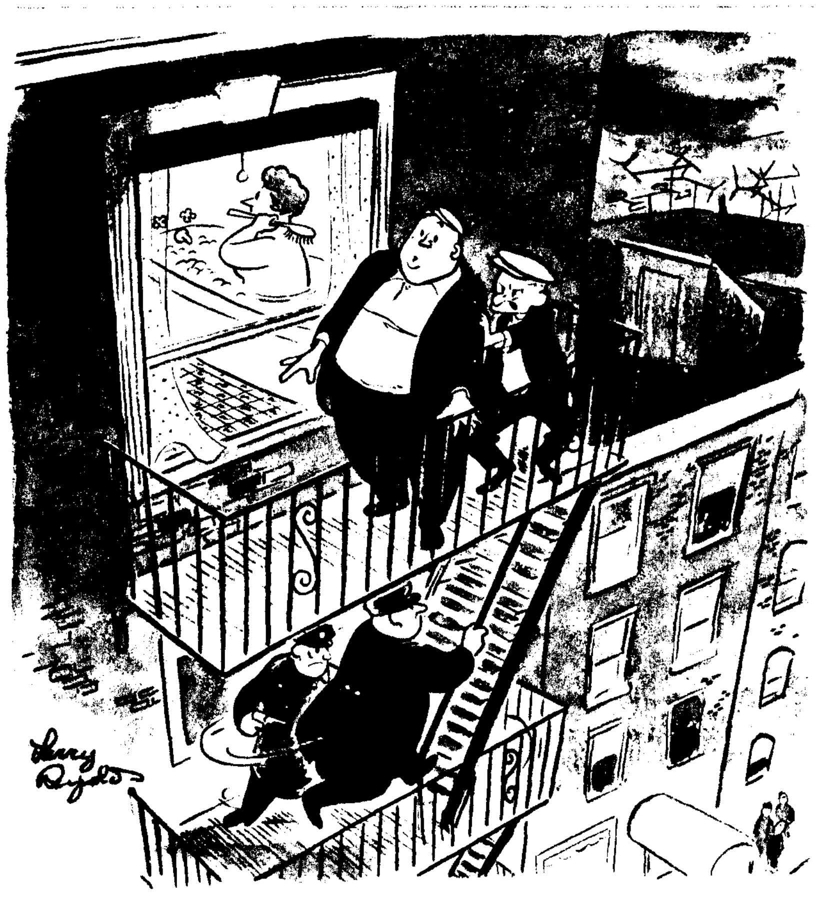
I turned back to the body on the table. I was getting more and more irritated. I didn't like this; there *was* something strange about this dead man on the table, but I couldn't tell what, and that made me angrier. "Come on, Jack," I said. "I don't see anything but a dead man. Let's cut out the mystery. What's it all about?"

Again he shook his head. "Miles, take it easy. Please. I don't want to tell you my impression of what's wrong; I don't want to influence you. If it's there to see, I want you to find it yourself, first. And if it isn't, if I'm imagining it, I want to know that too. Bear with me, Miles," he said gently. "Take a good look at that thing."

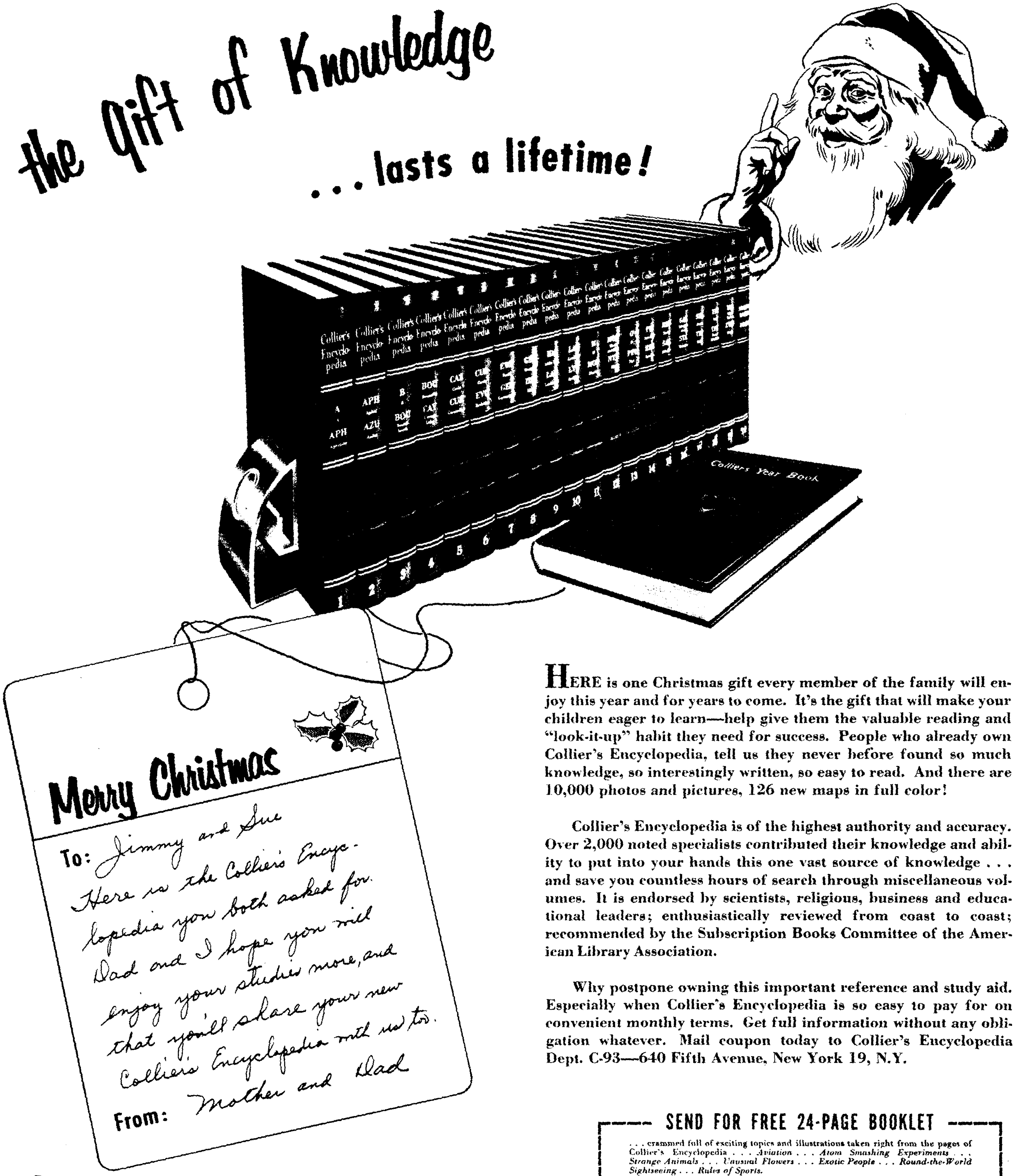
WALKING slowly around the table, I studied the corpse, stopping to look down at it from various angles. Jack, Becky and Theodora stepped out of my way as I moved. "All right," I said presently, and reluctantly, apologizing to Jack with the tone of my voice. "There *is* something funny about it. You're not imagining anything. Or if you are, so am I." For maybe half a minute longer I stood staring down at what lay on the table.

"Well, first of all," I said finally, "you don't often see a body like this, dead *or* alive. In a way, it reminds me of a few tubercular patients I've seen, those who've been in sanitariums nearly all their lives." I looked around at them all. "You can't live an ordinary life without picking up a few scars, a few nicks here and there. But these

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "We can't stop now. Just shut your eyes and dash through" LARRY REYNOLDS



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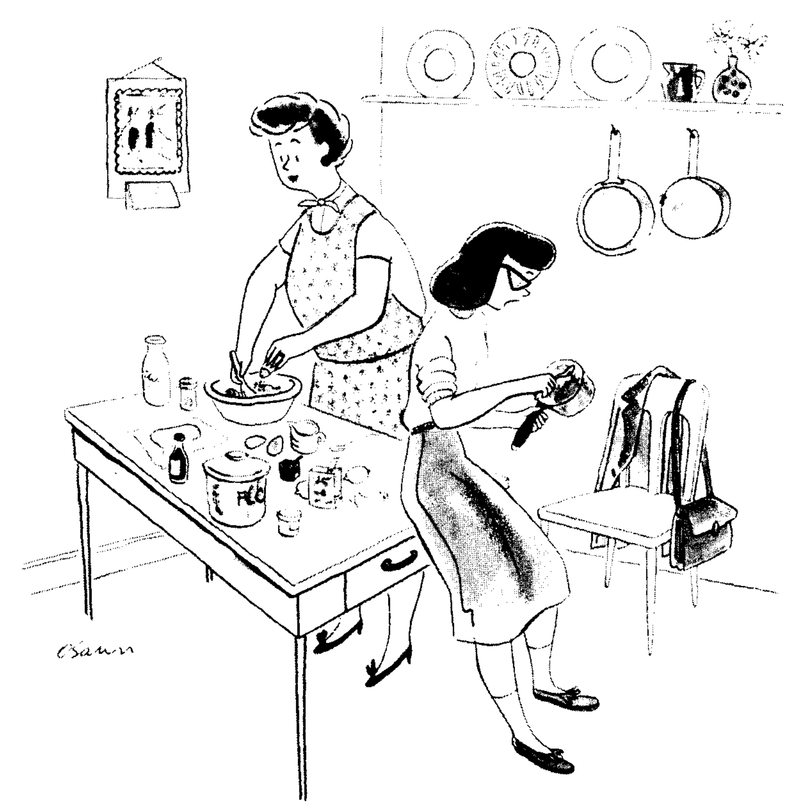


"I've used up three kissproof lipsticks. But I still don't know if it works . . ."

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

sanitarium patients never had a chance to get any; their bodies were unused. And that's how this one looked. But it's not tubercular. It's a well-built healthy body; those are good muscles. But it never played football or hockey, never fell on a cement walk, never broke a bone. It looks—unused. That what you mean?"

Jack nodded. "Yes. What else?"

"The face," I said, answering Jack. I stood looking down at that face, waxy-white, absolutely still and motionless, the china-clear eyes staring. "It's not immature, exactly." I wasn't sure how to say this. "Those are good bones; it's an adult face. But it looks"—I hunted for the word, and couldn't find it—"vague. It looks—"

Jack said, "Did you ever see them make medals?"

"Medals?"

"Yes, fine medals. Medallions."

"No."

SETTLING into his explanation, Jack said, "Well, for a really fine job, in hard metal, they make two impressions." I didn't know what he was talking about, or why. "First they take a die and make impression number one, giving the blank metal its first rough shape. Then they stamp it with die number two, and it's the second die that gives it the details, the fine lines and delicate modeling you see in a really good medallion. They have to do it that way because that second die, the one with the details, couldn't force its way into smooth metal. You have to give it that first rough shape with die number one." He stopped, looking from me to Becky, to see if we were following him.

"So?" I said, a little impatiently.

"Well, usually a medallion shows a face. And when you look at it after die number one, Miles, the face isn't *finished.* It's there, all right, but the details that give it character aren't." He stared at me. "Miles, that's what this face looks like. It's like a blank face, waiting for the final finished face to be stamped onto it!"

He was right. It really wasn't a face, not yet. There was no life to it; it wasn't marked by experience—that's the only way I can explain it. "Who is he?" I said.

"I don't know." Jack walked to the doorway and pointed to the staircase leading upstairs. "There's a little closet under the stairway; it's walled in with plywood to make storage space. It's half full of old junk and we hardly ever open it. I found him in there about an hour ago; I was hunting for a reference book I needed, and thought it might be in there. He was lying on top of the cartons, just the way you see him now. It scared me stiff at first. Then I pulled him out. I thought he might still be alive; I couldn't tell. Miles, how soon does *rigor mortis* set in?"

"Oh, eight to ten hours."

"Feel him," Jack said.

I picked up an arm from the table, by the wrist; it was loose and flexible. It didn't even feel clammy, or particularly cold.

"There's no *rigor mortis,*" Jack said. "Right?"

"That's right," I said, "but *rigor mortis* isn't invariable. There are certain conditions—" I stopped talking; I didn't know what to make of this. I picked up the rubber sheet and tossed it over the body again, half covering it. "All right," I said. "Let's go upstairs and talk this over."

Up in the living room, Theodora sat down in a big easy chair, Becky and I were on the davenport, and Jack was sitting by the window.

Jack said, "We called you, Miles, because you're a doctor, but also because you're a guy who can face facts. Even when the facts aren't what they ought to be. You got anything more to say about this body downstairs?"

I sat there for a moment or so, fiddling with a button on my coat, then made up my mind to say it. "Yes," I said, "I have. This doesn't make sense, it makes no sense at all, but if I were to perform an autopsy on that body, you know what I think I'd find?" I glanced around the room—at Jack, Theodora, then Becky—and no one answered; they just sat there waiting. "I think I'd find no cause of death at all. I think I'd find every organ in as perfect condition as the body is externally. Everything in working order, ready to go."

I let them think about that for a moment, then went on; I felt utterly foolish saying it, and utterly certain I was right. "And that isn't all. I don't believe for a single moment that that body downstairs ever died. There is no cause of death, because it never died. And it never died because it's never been alive." I shrugged, and sat back on the davenport. "There you are. That screwy enough for you?"

"Yes," Jack said, slowly and emphatically nodding his head. "That's exactly screwy enough for me. It's exactly what I think, and so does Theodora. And what's important is, I didn't tell her anything about my impressions. I let her look at that thing and form her own opinion, just as I did with you."

"You tell anyone else?"

"No."

"Why didn't you call the police?"

"I don't know." Jack looked at me, a little smile on his face. "*You* want to call them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. But I don't."

Jack nodded in agreement, and then said slowly, "I have a feeling that this is a time to do something more than call the police. What exactly could the police do? This isn't just a body, and we know it. It's"—he shrugged, his face somber—"it's something terrible. Something—I don't know what." He looked up, glancing around at us all. "I only know, and somehow I'm certain of this, that we mustn't make a mistake here. That there is some one step—the wise step, the single correct step, the one and only step to take—and if we fail to take it, if we guess wrong, something terrible is going to happen."

I said, "What should we do?"

FOR a moment, Jack turned away to stare out the window. Then he looked back at us, and smiled a little. "I have a terrible urge to call the President at the White House, or the head of the Army, the FBI, the Marines or something." He shook his head in wry amusement at himself, and then the smile faded. "Miles, what I mean is, I want *somebody*—exactly the right person, whoever he is—to realize from the very start how important this is. And I want him, or them, to do whatever should be done, without a mistake. But the trouble is, whoever I got in touch with—if he'd even listen to me or believe me—might be exactly the wrong person, somebody who'd make the worst move possible, whatever that might be. But I do know this isn't something for the local police. This is—" He shrugged, realizing he was repeating himself, and stopped.

"I know," I said. "I have the same feeling, the feeling that the world better hope we handle this right." In medicine sometimes, on a puzzling case, an answer or a clue will pop up out of nowhere—the subconscious mind at work, I suppose. I said, "Jack, how tall are you?"

"Five, ten."

"How tall would you say the body downstairs is?"

He looked at me for a moment, then said, "Five ten."

"And what do you weigh?"

"One forty."

"And what would you say—"

"One forty."

I nodded. "You got an ink pad in the house? The kind you use for rubber stamps?"

"Yes," Theodora said and got up. She crossed the room to a desk. "There's one in here somewhere." She found and brought out an ink pad, and then opened another drawer and got out a sheet of stationery.

I went over to the desk, and so did Becky. I inked the ends of all five fingers of Jack's right hand, then pressed the fingers, carefully rolling each one, on the sheet of paper, getting a full set of clean sharp prints. Then I picked up the stamp pad and paper. "You girls want to come?" I nodded at the basement door.

Becky said, "No, but I'm going to," and Theodora nodded.

DOWNSTAIRS, Jack turned on the light over the billiard table. It swung a little, giving the impression that the body was moving. I picked up the right wrist, concentrating on that, not looking at the face. I inked the ends of all five fingers, then I laid the sheet of paper containing Jack's fingerprints on the wide table ledge, beside the body's right arm. I brought the hand up, laid it on the paper and, rolling each finger, I took an impression of them all, directly opposite Jack's prints; then I lifted the hand from the paper.

Becky actually moaned when we saw the prints, and I think we all felt sick. It's one thing to speculate about a body that's never been alive, a blank. But it's something very different to have that speculation proved. There were no prints; there were five absolutely smooth, solid black circles.

Sitting in the living room again, I said to Jack, "You've got the word for it, all right. It's a blank, still waiting for the final impression."

He nodded. "What'll we do? You got any ideas?"

"Yes." I sat looking at him for a moment. "But it's only a suggestion, and if you don't want to go through with it, nobody'll blame you."

"What is it?"

"Remember, this is only a suggestion." I leaned forward on the davenport, forearms on my knees, and now I turned to Theodora. "And if *you* don't think you can take this," I said to her, "you'd better not try it, I'm warning you." I looked at Jack again. "Leave it where it is, down on that table. Then we'll re-establish the conditions under which the body first appeared. Tonight you'll go to sleep, Jack; I'll give you something to take." I turned to Theodora. "But you stay awake; don't sleep for an instant. Every hour I want you to go downstairs and look at that—body. If you see any hint of a change, hurry upstairs and wake Jack up, right away. Get him out of the house—both of you get out right away—and come right down to my place."

Jack looked at Theodora for a moment, then he said quietly, "I want you to say no, if you don't think you can go through with that."

She sat biting gently at her lip, staring at the rug. Then she looked up, first at Jack, then at me. "Would Jack wake up? Could I wake him any time?"

"Yes. A slap on the face and he'll wake right up. Now, listen, even if nothing happens, wake him up if you find you can't stand it. You can both come down to my place for the rest of the night then, if you want."

She nodded, and stared at the rug again. Finally, she said, "I guess I could." She looked up at Jack, frowning. "As long as I know I can wake him any time, I guess I could."

Jack glanced at Theodora and then said, "We'll try it."

We sat then and talked some more, and around twelve the Belicecs got their coats and drove downtown with us to pick up Jack's car. They said good night—Jack smiling a little, Theodora not bothering to try—and got into their car. Becky and I waved and drove off.

On our way to her house, through the dark empty streets, Becky said quietly, "There's a connection, isn't there, Miles? Between this and—Wilma's case?"

I glanced at her quickly, but she was staring straight ahead through the windshield. "What do you think?" I said casually. "You think there's a connection?"

"Yes." She didn't look to me for confirmation, but simply nodded as though she were certain. After a moment she added, "Have there been other cases like Wilma's?"

"A few." I watched Becky from the corner of an eye.

But she didn't react, or say anything for nearly a block. Then we swung into her street, and as I drew the car in to the curb and stopped at her walk, she said, still looking straight ahead through the windshield, "Miles, I'd meant to tell you this after the movie." She took a deep breath. "Ever since yesterday morning," she said slowly, keeping her voice calm. "I've had the feeling that"—she finished in a panicky rush of words—"that my father isn't my father at all!" Darting a horrified glance at the dark shadowed porch of her home, Becky covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

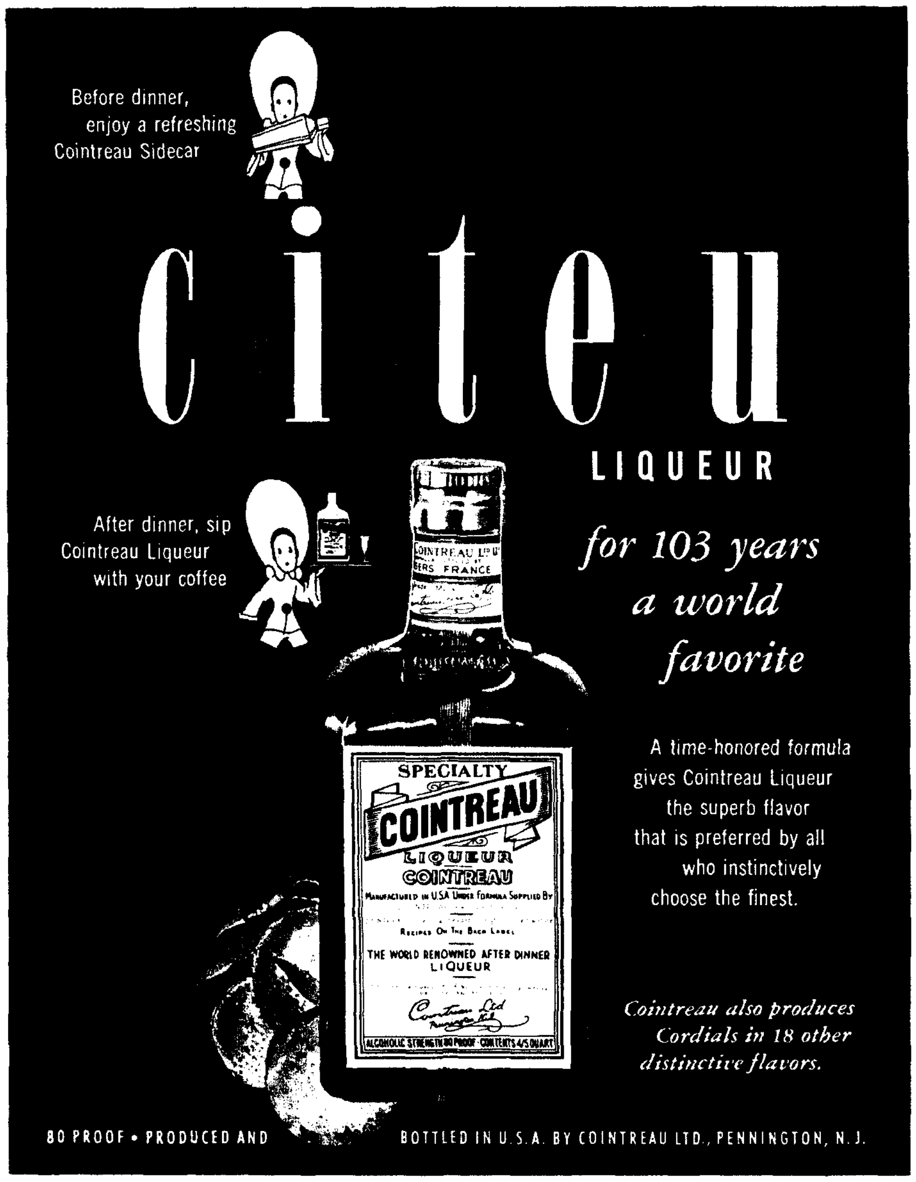
I don't claim much experience with crying women, but in stories I read, the man always holds the girl close and lets her cry. And it always turns out to have been the wise, understanding thing to do. Anyway, I liked holding Becky. There in my car, on the silent street in front of her home, Becky fitted into my arms very nicely. I was worried and scared, even panicky, but there was still room for enjoying the warm, alive feel of Becky pressed close.

WHEN her crying tapered off to an occasional sniffle, I said, "How about staying at my place tonight?" The idea was suddenly and astonishingly exciting. "You can have a room to yourself—"

"No"—Becky sat up, keeping her head ducked so I couldn't see her face, and began fumbling through her purse—"I'm not frightened, Miles, just worried. It's as though Dad were sick. Just not himself, and— Well, it's just no time for me to leave," she said, looked up at me, and smiled. Suddenly she leaned toward me and quickly kissed me on the mouth, very firmly and warmly. Then she opened her door and got out. "Night, Miles. Call me in the morning." She walked quickly along the brick path leading to the darkened porch of her house.

I watched her go. And all the time I was aching, wild to go right along with her, and at the same time I was griped as hell, because it was the last way in the world I wanted to feel just now, about her or any other girl. . . .

Some two hours later, when the tele-



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phone rang, my bed lamp was still on; I'd been reading, not expecting I could fall asleep for a while, yet I had, right away. It was three o'clock. Reaching out for the telephone, I noted the time automatically.

"Hello," I said, and as I spoke I heard the telephone at the other end crash down into its cradle. I knew I'd answered at the first ring; no matter how tired I am at night, I always hear and answer the telephone instantly. I said, "Hello!" again, a little louder, but the line was dead, and then the dial tone began, and I hung up.

SITTING on the edge of the bed, I began to curse tiredly. I was fed up—with phones, with events and mysteries, with interrupted sleep, women who bothered me when I only wanted to be left alone, with my own thoughts, with everything. Finally, when I'd turned off the light, and was nearly asleep again, I heard footsteps on the porch stairs, then the quick peal of the doorbell, followed instantly by a frantic, rapid tapping on the glass of the front door.

It was the Belicecs: Theodora, wild-eyed, incapable of speech; Jack with furious, dead-calm eyes. We said only the bare words necessary to get Theodora, half carrying her, up the stairs and onto a guest-room bed, a blanket over her, and some sodium Amytal in a vein.

Then Jack sat on the edge of the bed and watched her for a long time, twenty minutes maybe, holding her hand between his, staring at her face. Finally, I nodded my head and said, "She'll sleep for several hours at least, Jack—maybe even till eight or nine in the morning. Then she'll wake up hungry and she'll be all right."

Jack nodded, accepting that, then stood up, turning toward the door, and I followed after him.

My living room is big and we sat there, Jack and I, across from each other, each with a drink. After a few sips of his, staring down at the floor, Jack began to talk. "Theodora woke me, shaking me by the front of my shirt—I slept with my clothes on—and slapping me so hard my teeth jarred. I heard her"—Jack looked up at me, frowning; he usually chooses his words rather carefully—"not calling me, exactly, but just saying my name in a subdued, desperate kind of moan, 'Jack, Jack, Jack.' "

He shook his head, bit his lower lip a couple times, and then took a deep swallow of his drink. "I came to; she was hysterical. She didn't say anything; she just stared at me for a second, wild and sort of frantic, then whirled away, darting across the room to the telephone. She grabbed it, dialed you, stood waiting for a second, then couldn't stand still, slammed the telephone down, and began crying out at me—very softly, as though someone might hear—to get her out of there."

Again Jack shook his head. "Not thinking, I took her wrist and started leading her down the basement stairs to the garage and the car, and she began to fight me, yanking her arm to get loose, shoving at my shoulder, her expression wild. We went out the front door then and down the steps. Even then she wouldn't come near the garage or basement; she stood well out on the road, away from the house, while I got the car."

Jack took a swig of his drink, and stared at a living-room window, shiny black against the night. "I'm not sure what she saw, Miles. I couldn't take time to go see; I knew I had to get her out of there. And she didn't tell me anything on the way down here. She just sat there, huddled up and shivering, pressed tight against me." For several moments he stared at me somberly. "We proved something, all right, Miles," he said then with quiet bitterness. "The experiment worked, I guess. Now what?"

I didn't know, or try to pretend I did. I just shook my head. "I'd like to get a look at that thing," I said. "See what happened."

"Yes, me, too. But I won't leave Theodora alone just now. If she woke up and called, and I didn't answer—the house empty—she'd go out of her mind."

I didn't answer. I thought about driving up to Jack's place alone, right now. I thought of going into Jack's basement, bumping into the table, finding the light overhead, finally; I thought of turning it on and lowering my eyes to look at—whatever had sent Theodora into shocked hysteria. And I was ashamed. I didn't want to do what I'd let Theodora do; I didn't want to go up there to that house in the night, not alone.

I was suddenly angry with myself. And I took my anger and shame out on Jack. "Listen"—I was on my feet, staring furiously across the room at him—"whatever we're going to do about this, we've got to start *doing* it! So what do you say? You got any ideas? What'll we *do?*" I was a little hysterical, and I knew it.

"I don't know," Jack said slowly. "But we've got to move carefully, make sure we're doing the right th—"

"You said that! You already said that early this evening, and I agree, I agree! But *what?* We can't sit around forever till the one correct move is finally revealed to us!" I was glaring at Jack, then I forced myself to calm down. I thought of something, turned and crossed the room rapidly, picked up the downstairs telephone and dialed a number.

When the ringing at the other end of the wire finally ended, I had a mental picture of Dr. Manfred Kaufman, black hair mussed, eyes barely open, wondering who could possibly be calling a psychiatrist at this hour, as though he were an ordinary G.P. "Hello, Mannie?" I said, when he answered.

"Yes."

"Listen"—I made my voice exaggeratedly solicitous—"did I wake you up?"

That brought him to life, cursing like a wild man.

"Okay, okay, Mannie, listen"—I was still smiling, but the tone of my voice promised no more bad jokes. "Something has happened, Mannie, and I've got to see you. Just as fast as possible, and it has to be here, at my place. Get over here, Mannie, as fast as you can; it's important."

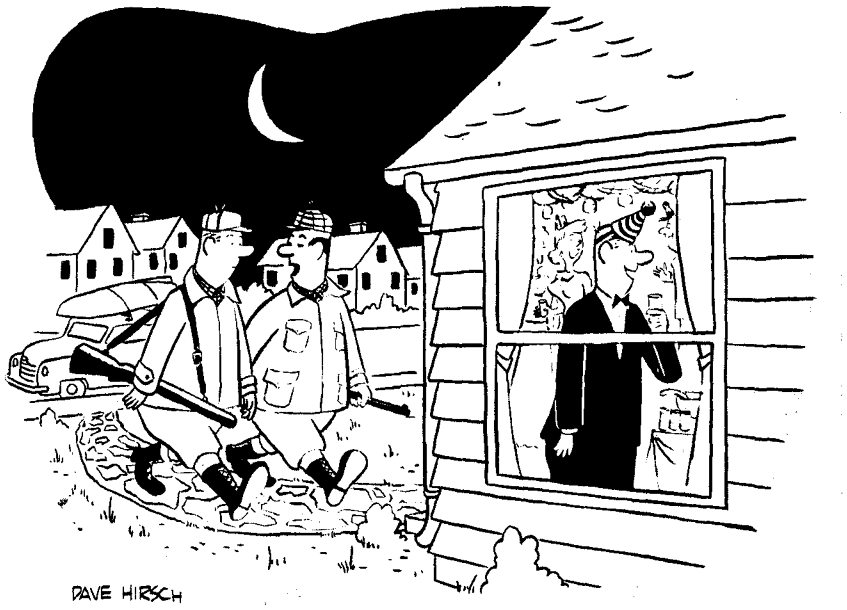
Mannie's quick-minded; you don't have to repeat or explain. For just an instant he was silent, then he said, "Okay," quietly, and hung up.

I was enormously relieved, actually happy, crossing the room toward my chair and my drink again. In an emergency calling for brains, or most anything else, Mannie's the first man I'd want on my side, and he was on his way, and now I felt we were getting somewhere. I picked up my drink, ready to sit down, and I actually had my mouth open to speak to Jack, when something happened: I broke out into a cold sweat, and I stood there stock-still for several seconds, utterly paralyzed with fear.

Then, quickly, I began to move, but in a fog of panic. I was wearing pajamas and slippers, and I ran to the hall and grabbed up my light topcoat from a chair. I had only one all-consuming thought, and it was impossible to do anything but what I did—act, move, *run.* I'd forgotten all about Jack, forgotten Mannie, as I yanked the front door open and ran down the steps into the night. I had my hand on the door of my car when I remembered that the ignition key was upstairs, and it simply wasn't possible for me to turn around and go back. I began to run—as hard as I could.

WHEN I got to Becky's, I could hardly see; my throbbing heart seemed to pile blood behind my eyeballs, filming my vision. I went straight to a basement window, but it was locked. I bunched the hem of my coat around my fist, held it against the glass of the window, and pushed, increasing the pressure till suddenly it cracked. One piece fell inward and dropped into the basement—onto a cardboard carton, it sounded like, making very little sound. Then I reached in, unlatched the window, opened it, and crawled in feet first. Pressing against my chest as I slid down, I felt the fountain-pen flashlight I carry in my coat; then, standing in the basement, I turned it on.

The feeble little beam showed noth-



COLLIER'S "His light is on. For once he's ready to go" DAVE HIRSCH ing at all beyond a step or two ahead. Slowly I shuffled around the dark unfamiliar basement, passing bundles of old newspapers, a rusting screen door, a paint-smeared sawhorse, an old trunk, an old sink and a pile of discarded lead piping—and I began to get panicky. Time was passing, I wasn't finding what I was certain was here somewhere, and what I had to find if it wasn't already too late.

Then I found the cupboards. They were built against an end wall, extending the full width of the basement, from floor to ceiling. In the weak beam of my flashlight, I'd thought at first that they were the wall itself. I opened the first set of double doors; the shelves were loaded with canned goods. I opened the next set of doors beside them and the shelves were dusty and empty, all but the bottom one.

THERE it lay, flat on its back, eyes wide open, arms motionless at its sides. I got down on my knees beside it. I think it must actually be possible to lose your mind in an instant, and that perhaps I came very close to it. And now I knew why Theodora Belicec lay on a bed in my house in a state of shock, and I closed my eyes tight, fighting to hold onto control of myself. Then I opened them again and looked, holding my mind, by sheer force, in a state of cold and artificial calm. This thing lying on its back on that dusty shelf in the feeble orange glow of my flashlight was an unfinished, underdeveloped, vague and indefinite Becky Driscoll.

In a panic of fright and excitement, I got to my feet, my legs stiff, so that I stumbled. Then I moved—fast—up the basement stairs. In the living room, I swung onto the white-railed staircase, turned at the landing, then climbed silently, two stairs at a time, to the upper hallway.

There was a row of doors, all closed, and I had to guess. I tried the second, on a hunch, opened it wide and strode in, my flashlight on and moving rapidly to find the face of the sleeper. I was lucky; it was Becky, lying motionless in that little circle of light, the face a stronger, more vigorous duplicate of the parody of a face I'd left in the basement. I grasped Becky's shoulder, my other hand holding the light. I shook her and she moaned a little but didn't waken. I couldn't wait another second. I heaved Becky up over one shoulder in a fireman's carry. One arm curving up, holding her in place, I took the flash in my other hand. I walked down the stairway in the dark, sliding my feet, feeling for each step with my toes.

Then I was walking down the dark, empty street, alternately carrying Becky over my shoulder, then holding her in my arms. Just past Washington Boulevard, she moaned, then lifted her head, eyes still closed, and her arms came up and clasped me around my neck. Then she opened her eyes. Sleepily, like a child, she said, "What? What, Miles? What is it?"

"Tell you later," I said quietly, and smiled at her.

"Miles, what's *happening?*" She looked up at me. "Miles, are you kidnaping me? Carrying me off to your den or something?" She looked down and saw that under my unbuttoned coat I was wearing pajamas. "Miles," she said mockingly, "couldn't you wait? Couldn't you at least ask me, like a gentleman? Miles, what in the *world* are you doing?"

Now I smiled at her. "I'll explain in a minute, when we get to my place." Her brows lifted at that. "Don't worry, you're perfectly safe; Mannie Kaufman is there, and both the Belicecs. You'll be well chaperoned."

Becky shivered suddenly; the night air was cool, and her nightgown was sheer. "Too bad," she said. "The biggest adventure of my life, kidnaped from my bed by a good-looking man in pajamas. Carried through the streets like a captive cavewoman. And then he has to supply chaperons."

Mannie was at my place; his car was parked in back of mine. On the porch I set Becky on her feet and gave her my topcoat, as I should have done long before; I just hadn't thought. She put it on and buttoned it, smiling; then we walked in, and Mannie and Jack were in the living room.

They stared, mouths open, and Becky just smiled and greeted them, as though she were dropping in for tea or something. I told her where she could find a clean pair of old blue jeans which had shrunk and were too small for me, a clean white shirt, wool socks, and a pair of moccasins. She nodded and went upstairs to find them.

Mannie looked at me searchingly. "Same thing?" he said quietly, nodding toward the stairs Becky had just climbed. "Did you find one at her place?"

"In the basement."

"Well"—he stood up—"I want to see them. One of them, anyway. At her place, or Jack's."

I nodded. "Okay. Better make it Jack's; Becky's dad is at her place. I'll get some clothes on." I turned toward the stairs.

Upstairs, after we were both dressed, I told Becky as briefly as possible what she had already guessed—what had happened at the Belicecs', and what I'd found in her basement—without going into details too much.

I was afraid of how it might affect her, but Becky's eyes, I noticed now, were alive and eager, unafraid. I realized that because she hadn't seen what Theodora and I had, she was more pleased and delighted than anything else, at all the excitement.

"Mannie and Jack and I are going to Jack's," I said to her. "Someone has to stay with Theodora. You are it."

WE TOOK my car, all three in the front seat. When we climbed the dirt road in second gear and rounded the last turn, every single light in Jack's house was blazing. For an instant it scared me—I'd expected the house to be utterly dark—and I had a quick mental image of a half-alive, naked and staring figure stumbling vacantmindedly through that house clicking on light switches. Then I realized that Jack and Theodora wouldn't have bothered turning off lights when they'd left, and I calmed down a little.

I parked just outside the open garage and, none of us speaking a word, we walked single-file into the garage, Jack leading. Then we were in the basement, the half-open door of the billiard room six or eight paces ahead. The light was on, just as Theodora had left it, and now Jack was pushing the door open, and starting to walk through.

He stopped so suddenly that Mannie bumped into him; then Jack moved slowly forward again, and Mannie and I filed in after him. There was no body on the table. Under the bright shadowless light lay the brilliant green felt, and along the center of the table lay a sort of thick gray fluff, which might have been jarred loose, I supposed, from the open rafters. —JACK FINNEY

(This is the first of three parts)

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TENZING TRIES THE

The tough little Himalayan guide, one of the two men who conquered Mount Everest, tackles the Swiss mountains—and gets a rude shock

Rosenlaui, Switzerland

AT ELEVEN TWENTY-EIGHT, on the morning of May 29, 1953, Tenzing Norkay stood 29,002 feet above sea level on the absolute summit of the world—the top of Nepal's Mount Everest. At the moment he and Edmund P. Hillary became the first men to set foot on Everest's forbidding peak, they achieved glory. After the descent, the two were hailed internationally as heroes. Among a host of honors, Hillary, a New Zealand beekeeper, was knighted; Tenzing, Nepalese Sherpa and professional mountain guide, was awarded Britain's coveted George Medal.

Thirteen months later, Tenzing enrolled in a school to study mountain climbing.

Tenzing's action may have appeared as incongruous as Albert Einstein enrolling for a course in high-school algebra. Actually, it wasn't. His conquest of Everest had earned him an appointment as head instructor at the brand-new Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering and Research, at Darjeeling, India. The institute was to be patterned after the famous Swiss School of Mountaineering, at Rosenlaui in the Bernese Alps. And it was at the Swiss school that Tenzing and six associates were to learn to instruct others to be mountain guides, in an attempt to build up India's tourist trade.

Tenzing and his men were taken under the personal tutelage of Switzerland's foremost teacher of guides, Arnold Glatthard, who operates the school.

For three months, the seven hard-muscled little Sherpas, who have made their living climbing at 22,000 feet under 60-pound loads, shinnied up the Alpine slopes studying Swiss climbing techniques. The curriculum was the regular course for Swiss guides. It included everything from knowledge of how the body operates at high altitudes to the niceties of tourist-guide relationships and conversation.

Mountain climber Tenzing flunked the course.

So did Ang Tharkay, the veteran Sherpa who was on the Annapurna expedition with Maurice Herzog. In fact, only one of the seven Indians passed.

Instructor Glatthard saw nothing unusual in this development. Western climbing is showier and more acrobatic than the Eastern style.

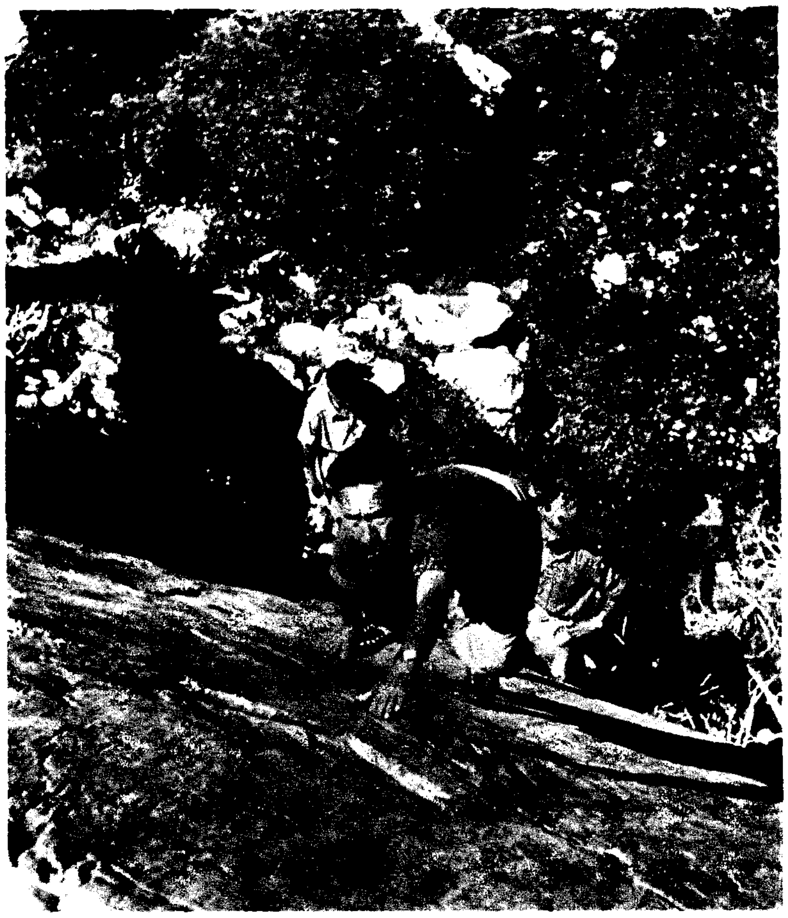
"Whenever they can," Glatthard pointed out, "Sherpas 'walk' up a mountain with a minimum of rope work, and so they lack the special muscle development needed for the gymnastics of Western-style climbing." At the Alpine school, he continued, the Sherpas never could understand why their instructors would often select a difficult route when an easier ascent was available. They thought it was a childish waste of energy.

When a Sherpa climbs a mountain, Glatthard explained, he is not necessarily devoted to the act of climbing itself. His only object is to get to the top. And when he climbs the incomparably high Himalayas, he takes the least difficult route—or he never reaches the summit.

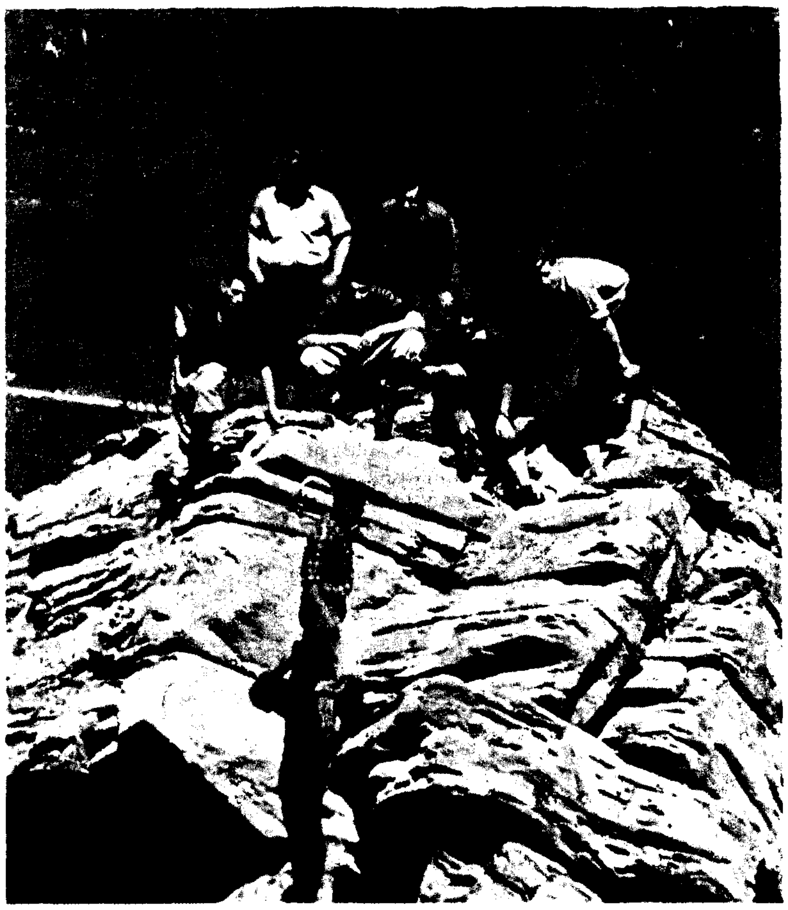
Tenzing, the man who stood on top of the world, was deeply disappointed at his showing in the Alps. When he left Switzerland, he shook his head over the frills of Western civilization. "Now I go home to Nepal," he said. "There I know how to reach the top." —SAM ROSENBERG

Tenzing Norkay, as student at Swiss mountain guide school, nears pinnacle in practice climb

ALPS



Ang Tharkay, Sherpa who guided Maurice Herzog during ascent of Annapurna, struggles on all fours up a sheer rock face in Alps



Maj. Narendra Dahar Jayal, who outclassed other members of the Indian group at Swiss school, instructs a class of Europeans

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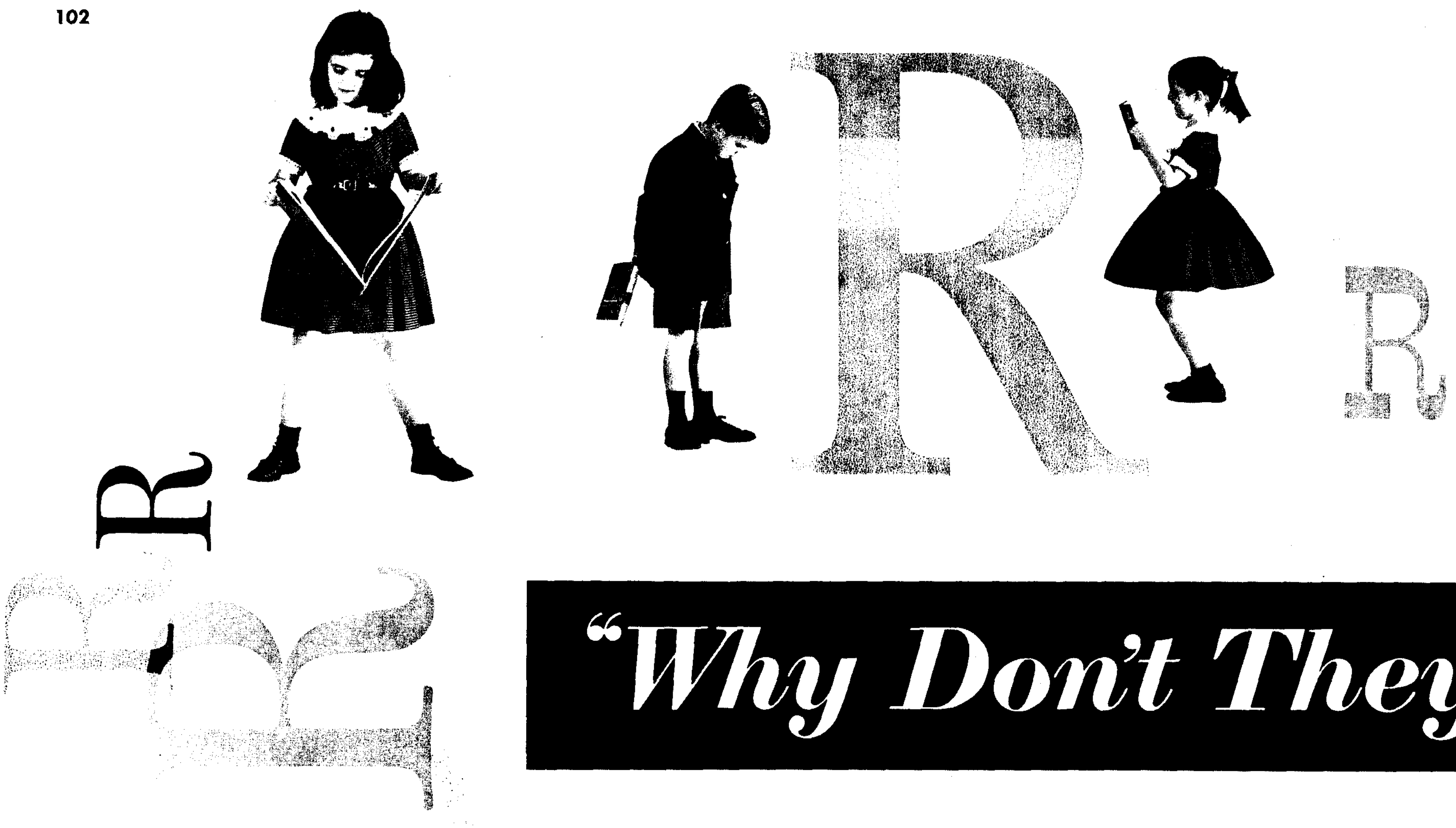


“Why Don't They

THE man next to me in the airport bus entering Pasco, Washington, said, “My six-year-old reads words at school and can't read the same words when I point them out at home in the newspaper. In school today the children aren't taught to read—they're taught to memorize.”

A man in the seat ahead chimed in, “Everything is pictures. My youngster is in the sixth grade. He'll still come across a word like *pasture* and he remembers a picture in his early reader and calls it *meadow*.”

Neither passenger knew I was making a national study of modern education; they volunteered their remarks, sharing something they were concerned—and troubled—about. Like them, thousands of other American parents with first-grade children who are not catching on to reading as taught by the modernists, and those with upper-grade children handicapped by lack of a solid reading foundation, are concerned and troubled.

But most of all they are puzzled. Why is reading taught this way? A thousand times one hears the question, “Why don't they teach my child to read?” How can schools tolerate a method which turns out many children of eight, nine and older who stare helplessly at a word (not on their memory list) and cannot make a stab at reading it? What has happened to the method of teaching reading sound by sound, syllable by syllable, so that a child can at least make a reasonable attempt at reading any word?

Two basic teaching methods are in conflict here. One is the phonetic approach (known as phonics), the old-fashioned way in the view of modern educators. They are likely to call it the “spit and spatter” or “grunt and groan” method, satirizing the way youngsters try to sound out letters and syllables.

The other method, which the modernists have put into vogue, is the word-memory plan—also known as “sight reading,” “total word configuration” or “word recognition.” It has the more friendly nickname of “look and say,” since the youngster is supposed simply to look at a word and say it right out. He memorizes the “shape” of the word, the configuration, and identifies it with pictures in his workbook. Often he is taught to recognize phrases or whole sentences in his picture book, or on flash (poster) cards, before he can independently sound out and pronounce such simple words as *cat* or *ball*.

The fundamental difference in approach in the two methods reaches deep into philosophy and scientific theory. Thinkers have wrangled for centuries over which comes first, the whole or its parts (an argument perhaps as endless as that over the priority of the “chicken or the egg”). The phonics advocates say the parts come first; the word-memory people say we start with the whole and the parts fall into place in due course.

Overworking a Psychological Method

The modernists in education were given a push toward the word-memory method by the popularity in the 1920s and '30s of Gestalt psychology (from the German word *Gestalt,* meaning total organization or configuration). This approach stressed the wholeness of perceptions (we perceive a whole melody rather than the notes which make it up). Although it was a valuable contribution to psychology, the Gestalt idea attracted enthusiasts who made a fad of it; they applied it indiscriminately to nearly every field of living. If someone wanted to paint he was to go ahead and paint a whole picture; never mind learning about line, form, composition and color. If one wanted to try carpentry he was to “build things”; never mind learning how to square a board. And in reading, the Gestalt enthusiasts hoped children would learn to take in whole sentences and paragraphs at a gulp without first having learned to cope with words.

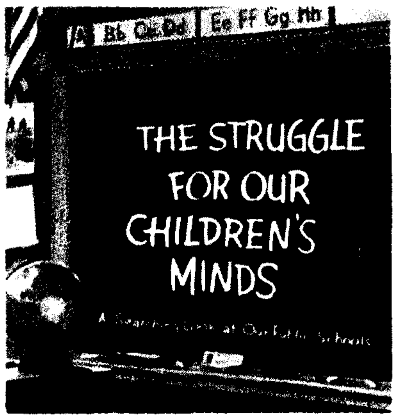
There was reason for the big swing to new-style reading. In the early 1900s, our schools had gone far overboard in the other direction. They had made a fetish of phonics, and children were laboriously sounding out a simple word like “room” as *roo-oom*. They were battling their way through polysyllables such as *or-gan-i-za-tion,* and pronouncing them piece by piece without having the slightest idea what they meant. It was a revolt against fanatical phonics which paved the way for the introduction of word-memory (and the Gestalt approach) in the 1920s.

Word-memory then became almost sacred to most professional educators. Teachers were admonished never to let phonics enter their classrooms. In the 1920s and '30s the enthusiastic antiphonics forces held that only comprehension was important. What difference did it make if a child couldn't figure out individual words so long as he got the sense of the paragraph? And if he didn't know a certain word, why not get a “clue from the context” and just guess—or put in some other word that fit just as well?

By 1940 the moans and groans of parents who found themselves with great little comprehenders who couldn't read finally penetrated the enthusiasm of the educators. High schools and colleges also sent out alarms. Their students were at sea in the new vocabularies of geology or economics; they couldn't read their texts. Or suddenly students broke down; they had memorized as many words as their brains could contain, and without the tools of reading, which enable one to attack any new word, they just couldn't go on. The situation was bad and might have been worse but for the stubborn dedication of thousands of classroom teachers throughout the land who, in spite of admonitions and at the risk of penalties, bootlegged phonics to their boys and girls.

Since 1940 much patching up has been done. There has been a great hustle and bustle in “remedial reading”—catching poor readers in the upper grades and trying to jack them up. In my visits to schools throughout the country I have noted how frequently superintendents extolled their reading programs by citing the great number of remedial classes they had. Only one, superintendent Ernest C. Ball, of Memphis, Tennessee, boasted that

Many of today's youngsters, taught reading by modern methods, can't handle the written word. The problem disturbs parents and teachers—and they've decided to do something about it



This is the sixth article on public education in Collier's series, The Struggle for Our Children's Minds. In each report, Whitman examines a problem facing the schools. His next article will be published soon

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Teach My Child to Read?”

he had *no* remedial reading program. He added, "We teach it right in the first place."

Phonics has been brought back to some extent, but reluctantly and under a new name—"word analysis." It is usually taught in the second and third grades. The child starts in grade one with word-memory and only later is introduced to the sounds of consonants, blends and word endings. Vowels often are left for grade three. Hereon turns a major debate. Are we still using the wrong foundation and simply doing a patch-up job later on? Should we teach phonics *first?*

John Dewey, philosophic father of modern education, favored the pragmatic judgment: a thing is good or bad depending upon how it works out in practice. Let's take a pragmatic look at modern reading instruction. How is it working out?

In January, 1952, Dr. Guy Bond of the College of Education, University of Minnesota, told a citizens' study committee in Minneapolis that, in general, schools were doing a better job in reading instruction than ever before, that they were doing a better job of preventing reading disabilities and that they were turning out much better readers. In June, when the study committee made its report, it correspondingly stated: "Reading is being taught a good deal better today than it was yesterday. And as a result our children today are learning to read so well that they will be better readers than we are at present."

Literature put out by the modernists in education understandably abounds in praise of the modernists' methods. Many a mother who comes to school to complain that her third-grade Johnny still isn't reading is sent home laden with literature telling her that children are reading better than ever. If she continues to complain she may be put down as "disgruntled" or (by those who have learned a smattering of psychiatric jargon and use it as a weapon) as "compulsive," "emotionally disturbed" or "neurotic."

Some parents are cranks, surely. And some reading difficulties are, indeed, emotional, perhaps stemming from troubled conditions in the home. But the amount of discontent with the teaching of reading which I found from coast to coast among levelheaded parents—average, normal Americans—was too great to be laid at this door and forgotten.

A mother in California complained, "My son sees the word *warm* and is just as likely to read it as *cold* because he associates it with a picture of people at a fireplace. He doesn't know his small words at all and to him '*on* the fire' is quite the same as '*in* the fire.' When he comes to new words I simply have to tell him what they mean."

A father in Texas related, "My boy started having trouble with spelling in the fifth grade. I took out a word list to help him and—I was amazed—he couldn't even spell *cat* and *dog*. But he had been getting 'satisfactory' marks all along. I found he didn't know what 'vowel' meant, or 'consonant.' He didn't know the sounds of letters. I sat down with him and started teaching him phonics then and there."

In Oregon a father said he had complained to school authorities that some children were going through school without even learning the alphabet—and was told, "We feel they will learn it incidentally; that's the sort of thing children learn anyway." This man later remarked, "That idea gets me—'They're going to learn it anyway.' If they're going to learn it anyway, why school?"

Boy "Frustrated" by Failure to Read

One of the goals of modernists in education has been to avoid "frustrating" children. Pupils aren't to be pushed too hard. They are to learn at their own rate of speed; they are to learn when they feel like learning, when they are "ready" to learn. "But," complained a Michigan father, "they're frustrating the kids right now. My boy of nine is awfully frustrated. He can't read—and he wonders why. He feels like a total flop."

Many a teacher has told me that a feeling of failure, caused by a neglect of fundamental groundwork, mainly in reading, lies behind delinquency problems later on. In April, 1953, a delegation from the Affiliated Teacher Organizations of Los Angeles went before the board of education to complain that one of the teachers' biggest discipline problems was among nonreaders in the high schools.

One high-school teacher explained to me, "I teach math. It's not that some of these teen-agers can't do the math. Some have pretty good mathematical minds. The trouble is they can't read the problems in the book." A board of education member added, "Naturally such students become problems in frustration and give vent to it in antisocial behavior."

The situation is not special to Los Angeles. The National Society for the Study of Education in its 1948 report, published by the University of Chicago, stated: ". . . a surprisingly large number of high-school and college students are seriously deficient in many of the basic aspects of reading. As a result they are unable to prepare assignments effectively and are, therefore, frustrated in their efforts to do high-school and college work."

Glenn McCracken, principal of the Arthur McGill and Highland Elementary Schools in New Castle, Pennsylvania, reached a similar conclusion. Risking the wrath of the dyed-in-the-wool modernists, he wrote in the May, 1952, issue of Elementary English, official journal of the National Council of Teachers of English: "Too many children are passing through our present-day schools without learning to read adequately. In one city the director of curriculum reported recently that, 'On the basis of standardized tests given to all students from grade one through grade twelve, we will have to say that 72 per cent of our pupils are inadequate readers.'

"In a western Pennsylvania college last year, 20 per cent of the freshman class were required to take remedial reading courses, without credit, so that in the judgment of school authorities they would be able to read well enough to complete

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successfully their college program. Think of that! In a college class where most of the students came from the upper 50 per cent of their high-school classes, 20 per cent needed remedial reading. An indictment of our reading programs? Rather conclusive evidence, isn't it?"

Far from asserting that we are "teaching reading better than ever," principal McCracken asked, "As twentieth-century progress moves ahead at such a startling rate in so many other fields, why are we faced with the fact that our schools are clogged with poor readers? Why does reading inadequacy continue to be one of the principal causes of school drop-outs?"

Principal Flays Modernist Fad

I asked McCracken if he could answer his own questions. He promptly aimed a blow at one of the most widespread educational fads of our day—readiness. The modernists tell our teachers not to teach a child to read until he is "ready"; he must first be taken along a playful and casual road known as "reading readiness."

"It's our program that is not ready, not the children," McCracken declared. " 'Reading readiness' has become one of the most overworked terms of the day. . . . We use it to defend our inability to teach more children to read. So many children have failed to profit from reading instruction at the beginning level that we have come to the conclusion that they were not ready to read."

A vicious circle forms here. Using a faulty teaching method, we find that children do not learn to read as they should. Since they do not learn to read as they should, we say they are not ready. This process still further delays their learning to read.

In one school, which the modernists would consider old-fashioned, a supervisor said to me, "I'll tell you frankly, we really don't know whether our children are ready or not. We just go ahead and teach them to read!"

Another modernist vogue is remedial reading. Even where some sincere modernists have admitted that reading instruction isn't "better than ever," they shy from admitting that their method may be faulty. Instead they call for more and more remedial courses in the upper grades. To some observers this procedure amounts to locking the barn after the horse is out.

Arthur F. Gardner, a member of the Los Angeles Board of Education, said to me, "We don't need so much remedial reading; what we do need is more prevention of reading difficulties. The primary-grade program is the critical one. Our job is to repair the weaknesses brought on by the overswing to Progressive Education methods."

I asked him to explain. He continued, "One of our elementary supervisors wanted to put off the teaching of reading to the third grade. That's the Progressive idea—let them learn when they're 'ready,' just run a play school in the meantime. Another of our supervisors actually came out and said, 'What's all the fuss about spelling? There's always the dictionary. And why all the fuss about writing? The businessman today has a typewriter to do his writing.' "

Gardner shrugged. "Yet these people are conducting institutes, teaching other teachers how to teach!"

He added, "I think it is significant that when they finally get the poor readers into the remedial reading classes they use phonics and plenty of it. If the phonetic method is the way to remedy reading difficulties, then it ought to be a pretty good way to teach reading in the first place."

I have visited numerous remedial reading classes. Other efforts besides phonetic first aid were being made. There was, first, a diagnostic attempt to discover whether emotional factors were causing a reading "block," in which case counseling or psychiatric aid might be recommended. Second, there were tests of vision and eye-brain co-ordination. Here special neuromuscular disabilities could be discovered and referred for medical attention.

Such services are always valuable to help the emotionally or physically handicapped. But the bulk of the work in remedial reading classes I visited was not with such students at all. Ninety per cent or more was with students who simply didn't get a solid groundwork in reading in their primary grades.

A surprising number of parents are sending their children to private teachers for tutoring. In nearly every community I visited, some sort of reading clinic has sprung up. I talked to the director of one of them, Mrs. Helen R. Lowe, who operates the William Street Workshop in Glens Falls, New York.

Mrs. Lowe believes much of the trouble in modern reading instruction stems from innovations made by professional educators while they were seeking doctor's degrees. Feeling they had to make some "new contribution" to education, she asserted, they dashed pell-mell into newness for newness' sake, abandoning methods whose very virtue was their proven effectiveness.

"I start teaching with the alphabet, what it is, and where it came from—even if it doesn't get me a doctor's degree because no one said it before," Mrs. Lowe remarked. "I tell how symbols were adopted for sounds. And then I start in teaching the logical, phonetic approach to reading."

"But," I interjected, "many experts have said that English is not a phonetic language. There are so many words which do not follow 'phonetic logic,' such as *bough* and *tough.*"

In Defense of Phonetic System

"The word-memorizers have been harping on that for years," Mrs. Lowe replied. "The fact is that of the one-syllable words, the ones with which children learn to read, only thirty-eight per thousand are not absolutely phonetic. The rest of the language is governed by workable rules and the exceptions are soon learned in day-to-day usage." It must be borne in mind, too, she pointed out, that children learned reading phonetically in American public schools for 275 years before word-memory became the vogue.

The major troubles Mrs. Lowe has encountered in rescuing hundreds of children from the schools of poor reading have been:

- A tendency to guess at words instead of logically attacking them. Having been taught to look for context clues, they sometimes come up with *milk* for *bottle* and *snow* for *cold.*
- A lack of exactness. This fault sometimes carries over to hamper children in other studies, notably arithmetic. Mrs. Lowe observed, "If you can look at *milk* and say *bottle,* you can look at 5 and say *seven.*
- A habit of reading words backward. Neurologists have called this fault

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"mixed cerebral dominance," but Mrs. Lowe has traced numerous cases to learning to read from pictures. "They never have been taught to read from left to right," she explained. "When you look at a picture your eyes can wander anywhere. You can look from right to left if you want to. Do this with words and *was* becomes *saw*."

It is quite possible that the most logical-minded youngsters suffer most under word-memory teaching. Their minds reach for the precision of logical word-attack but become bogged in the guesswork of context clues and the illogic of picture association. Youngsters with photographic minds, on the other hand, do quite well.

A Neurologist Makes a Report

Extensive reading-method studies were made in Iowa in 1926-'27 by the late neurologist, Dr. Samuel Orton, under a Rockefeller Foundation grant. At that time children who couldn't read were said to have "congenital word blindness"—but Orton wanted proof. What he found was quite different. He reported his findings in a scientific paper entitled, The "Sight Reading" Method of Teaching Reading as a Source of Reading Disability.

Dr. Orton barnstormed Iowa from school to school with a mobile mental-hygiene unit. One of his first observations was: "In my original group of reading disability cases I was surprised at the large proportion of these children encountered." He later compared two towns, one of which had twice as many retarded readers as the other. "In the community with the lesser number of cases," he said, "sight-reading methods were employed but when children did not progress by this method they were also given help by the phonetic method. In the town with the larger number, no child was given any other type of reading training until he or she had learned 90 words by sight . . . this strongly suggests that the sight method not only will not eradicate a reading disability of this type but may actually produce a number of cases."

It would be a mistake to think that, faced with the predicament of modern reading instruction, our schools are doing nothing about it. Most have tried hard to improve the situation.

A typical example is the Beaumont Elementary School in Portland, Oregon. In Miss Edith Olson's third-grade class I watched intensive work on reading, with ample word-analysis and phonics. "If any have come this far and can't read, I'm making sure they learn before they go any farther," Miss Olson declared.

St. Louis last year launched a remedial program in the third grade at five schools, spread it after one term to 39 schools, and planned to have it eventually in all of the city's 109 elementaries. Drury High School in North Adams, Massachusetts, opened a voluntary corrective reading program last January; 26 per cent of the school's students enrolled. Lima, Ohio, inaugurated a "refresher unit" this fall for high-school seniors who are rusty on reading or other of the three R's; it enrolled 23 per cent of the town's twelfth-graders.

One of the most conscientious experiments has been conducted by principal McCracken, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, whose appraisal of modern methods I have already cited. "Modern" isn't modern enough for him. Six years ago he became convinced of the merits of visual education and started teaching reading from film strips. This year first-grade classes at the Arthur McGill Elementary School are learning reading from pages of their primers projected onto a three-by-four-foot screen.

Spending no time on "readiness," McCracken goes right into reading. "We have measured our results. Everybody learns to read and most of the children come out of the first grade with second- and third-grade reading ability," he declared. "We give them plenty of phonics. Some of our youngsters are better accomplished in phonics than the average high-school class."

Spottily throughout the country some schools are going further still. They are sinking their teeth into the main bone of contention: which comes first, sight reading or phonics?

In Louisville, Kentucky, the Frayser Elementary School started an experiment with its first-graders in 1952, adopting a reading method which clearly put phonics first. Children were taught vowel and consonant sounds from the very beginning. They learned to recognize and pronounce syllables, to build words as they would build a house of blocks.

The school's five first-grade classes finished their year with an average reading proficiency four months ahead of national norms, and a third of the pupils were a full year ahead. The same pupils continued the phonics-first method in second-grade work last year and are carrying it into the third grade this year to complete the experiment.

In visiting their classes I noted the ability of these children to attack any word you showed them. They were never completely stumped, and there were no wild guesses. "We have more independent readers than ever before," said Miss Cethrine Walling, one of the teachers. Another, Miss Velma Hall, said, "I've never had children do so well before."

Ruse Didn't Fool First-Grader

Frayser School parents shared the teachers' enthusiasm. One mother said, "I never dreamed they could learn so fast. Last year I was telling my husband we were going to give our first-grader an R-O-B-E for Christmas. The youngster heard me spell it and said, 'I know—E on the end, so the O is long—that's robe!' "

Macon, Georgia, is another city where the phonics-first approach has been tried. Four first-grade teachers at the Charles H. Bruce School reported in the Georgia Education Journal: ". . . We have done several things which many authorities in reading have said you shouldn't do, or couldn't be done. . . . We have been told that first-grade pupils could not learn the fundamentals of phonetics. We have had no more trouble than in (other) teaching, and have learned that the pupil can do lots more than we give him credit for. . . . Our teaching has been a joy this year because our pupils have been happy and pleased with their achievement. We have challenged their ability, and they like it."

These are still random experiments. The debate over sight-reading versus phonics—which comes first?—is certainly not ended. But from one fact every parent can take heart: more independent thinking and more earnest effort are being addressed to the reading problem than ever before. From this, better reading instruction is bound to come. ▲▲▲

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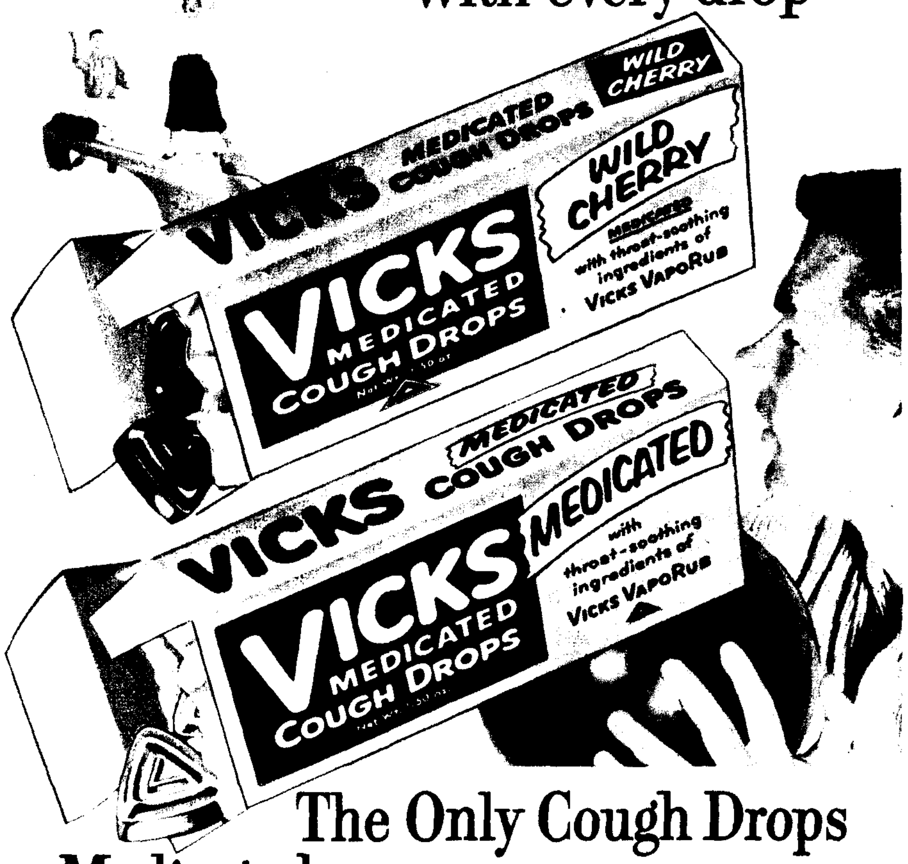
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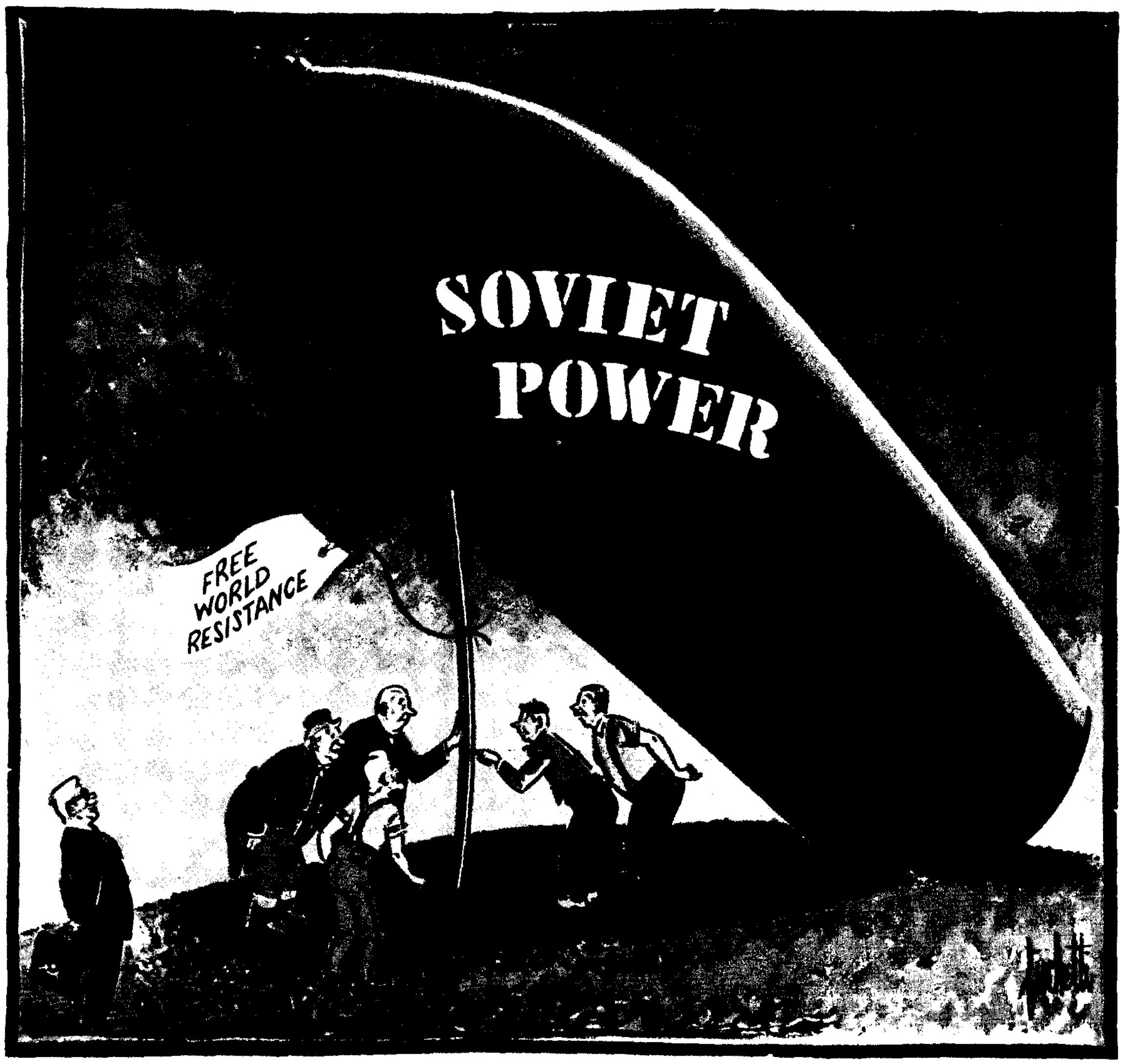

JOHN FISCHETTI

Vishinsky: "Let's just knock out a percentage of each"

Beware the New Bear Trap

MEN LIKE TO DREAM of rolling back history and returning to the "good old days." It is a tendency born of a fear of the ever-growing complexities and confusions of the world we live in.

For the last eight years and more, men have been trying to unwrite that chapter of history that opened at Alamogordo with the detonation of the first atomic bomb. Somehow this man-made mechanism and its potent companion, the hydrogen weapon, have become endowed with human, or superhuman, characteristics. A purposeful malevolence has been read into their immense, obliterative power. Some feel that if only these monsters could be chained and sealed off, life would become simple, and the end of the rainbow would become an easy day's march.

Such thinking is not only futile and wishful —*it is dangerous in the extreme. It distorts the* realities of today.

The fissionable nucleus is, of course, no more or less malevolent than men make it. Apart from its applications in medicine and other benign fields, it has worked powerfully and effectively on freedom's side in the military field—a phase of its career worth a brief review:

- Atomic weapons, in their first assigned role, precipitated the sudden ending of World War II.
- Atomic weapons halted the postwar Soviet march across Western Europe. The Truman Doctrine drew authority from one fact alone—American possession of the bomb.
- Atomic weapons were the Sunday punch supporting the doctrine of "instant retaliation," spoken in the context of the Far East, but applicable around the world. This doctrine told the Kremlin that, between the alternatives of knuckling to Soviet world domination and fighting an atomic war, the United States would fight. The doctrine threw a chill into the free world—a reaction which produced some tremulous second thoughts in Washington. But it threw a bigger chill into the Kremlin.
- Atomic weapons, finally, established an unprecedented power standoff. Russia's own inevitable development of fission and fusion weapons produced a situation in which no nation or combination of nations could hope to conquer the world without being destroyed in the process.

This is the barrier which stands against the "*irresistible force*" *of the Kremlin's dogma of* world domination. Limited warfare is still possible; subversion can still go on. But the main highway of Soviet military aggression has been blocked by the A-bomb and H-bomb. So long as the United States holds these weapons and stands by the doctrines she has laid down, no massive march of Soviet armed power is likely.

Against this background, consider the new Soviet disarmament proposals recently advanced in the United Nations.

Andrei Vishinsky proposed what sounded like a breakaway from the long-standing Soviet opposition to any practical system of international control of atomic energy. He offered to buckle down to working out a plan calling for destruction of existing arsenals, and "inspection to the extent necessary" to verify the neutralization of weapon-producing facilities. He wrapped this proposal in a tight package along with proposals for reducing conventional armaments and armed forces to "accepted levels." He indicated Russia would view across-the-board percentage reductions by the various powers as the way to achieve those levels.

Trying to detect Soviet motives and intentions in Soviet words is always a baffling game, but this much can be depended upon: Soviet policy is precisely synchronized with Soviet interests as they appear at any given moment. Russian policy has been known to pause in full flight and take a 180-degree turn in response to this principle. This could be happening now; there is a good case for it.

The chances of Russia's conquering the world by direct military action in the present atomic standoff are nil.

But suppose that Russia could eliminate the atomic factor entirely from the power picture. Suppose Russia should elect suddenly and cunningly to match with certain deeds Vishinsky's cautiously advanced words regarding "inspection to the extent necessary." Suppose that by lifting the iron curtain to this moderate extent Russia were able to sweep away America's vast atomic military power at the modest cost of scrapping her own limited nuclear weapon resources.

Suppose that by this means the world balance of power were suddenly made to rest once more upon conventional weapons and forces.

Russia would be placed in a position to conquer all of Europe. Percentage reductions of conventional forces would in no way weaken this advantage. If both Russia's and the West's forces were reduced by one third (the standard Russian offer), the Kremlin would still have three or four million men with which to crush the million or so men left to the defense of Western Europe. She might not find it necessary even to use the force. The mere shadow of this strength was enough in Czechoslovakia; the political saboteurs did the rest.

The saboteurs are ready and waiting in every country of Western Europe—and throughout the world. Soviet power will flow into any vacuum that offers. That is the unholy doctrine of Marx and Lenin, of Vishinsky and Molotov and Malenkov.

Security, in the face of this doctrine, will not be found by the free world in words on paper, nor in any game of politics where the trump card is thrown away in the middle of the game.

Security, so long as this doctrine prevails, demands that Soviet power be counterbalanced by like or greater power, and by the willingness to use that power if necessary. It demands, in the face of the sheer bulk of Soviet manpower, that America not only keep her nuclear weapons, but that she be ready to use them at any time Russia may choose to put that readiness to the crucial test. This is not the counsel of recklessness; it is a plain statement of the kind of guts it takes to win a secure place for freedom in the world. If we did not know this in 1946 when the original U.S. proposals for international atomic inspection and control were set forward, we should know it after eight years of living with the steel-cold doctrine of the Soviet conspiracy. The strategic goals of that doctrine do not change; only the tactics change.

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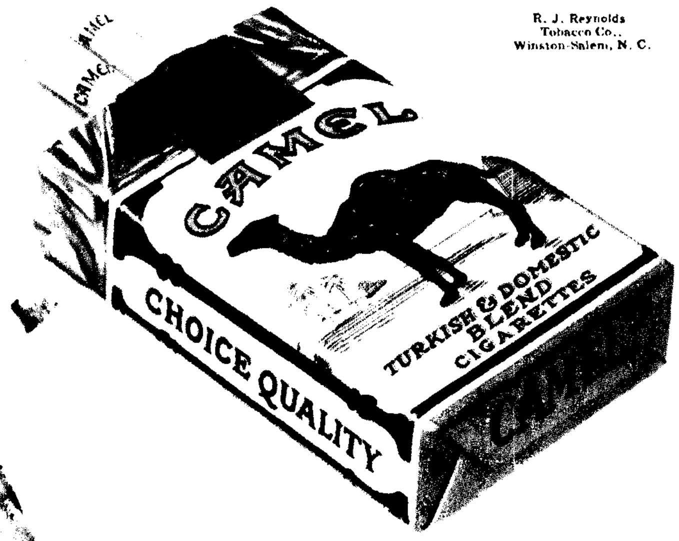

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